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FOR HEART& HEARTH

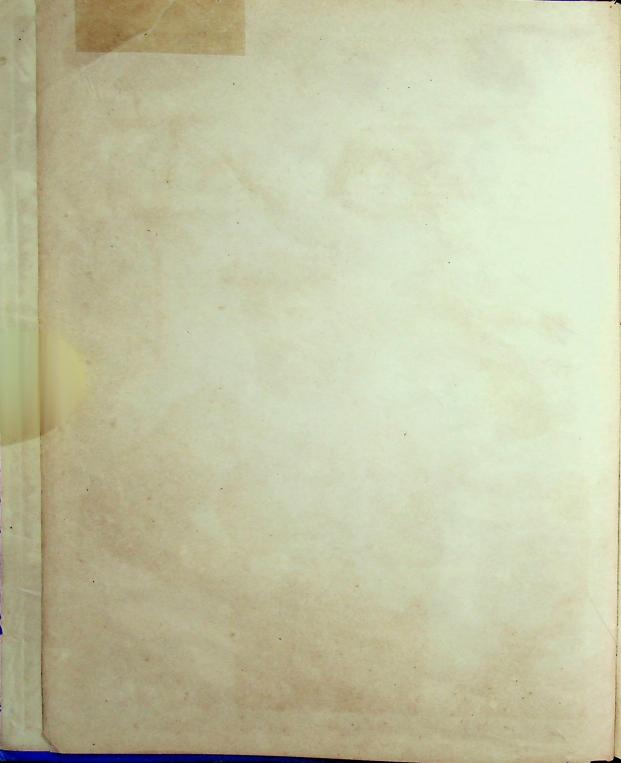
THE REDENHALL, HARLESTON & WORTWELL
PARTS B MAGAZINE



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING PLACE
BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME











"LOYAL SUBJECTS."

OR

THE FLAG WE LOVE!

HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;
EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

acoxes.

STAY, stay at home my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest:
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care:—
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander cast, they wander west:
And are baffled and beaten and blown about,
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt:—
To stay at home is best.

LONGFELLOW.

. . . Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
WORDSWORTH.

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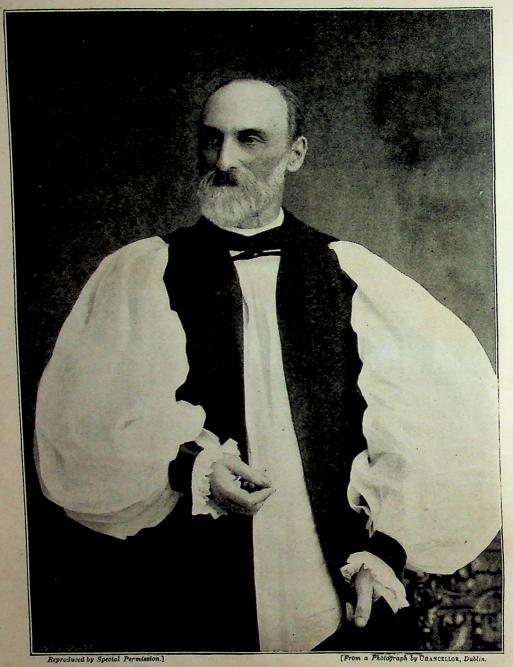
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THE MOST REV. J. FERGUSON PEACOCKE, D.D.,
LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

HOME WORDS

FOR



He was a victim to rheumatism as well as to asthma, and had a difficulty in walking, as well as in talking, after mounting a hill. His thin hairs were grizzled, and his shrunken figure might have seemed to portend no very long life ahead. But Mr. Flogg was every inch as keen still in his money-grubbing, as if he could have counted on at least fifty New Years to come.

This was New Year's Eve—a season generally supposed to waken the kindlier and softer side of human nature. Some people doubted whether there was any soft or kindly side to the human nature

of Mr. Flogg, owner and landlord of the row of cottages close to which he now stood.

Not one of the whole row boasted such immaculately clean steps as the two below the particular front door upon which Mr. Flogg had rapped, and no other displayed whiter muslin blinds at its windows. The pavement too had been daintily swept, and two little shrubs, in two little pots, had had all their faded leaves plucked off.

It was a cold morning; and heavy grey clouds, low down, might threaten snow. The wind had a sharp sting in it.

"Is—Mrs.—Fraser—in?" and again the old man rapped hard, after trying in vain to raise his husky tones. A window above was thrown open, and a clear voice said,—

"Who is there? Anything wanted? Oh, is it you, Mr. Flogg?" with a sudden change of intonation, and a little tremor as of fear. "Do you—do you want to see me?"

"Yes, I do. That's what I do want, Mrs. Fraser."

Another rap.

"I'll be down this moment."

The head was withdrawn, and in another instant Mrs. Fraser had opened the door.

She was a young-looking woman still, with a thin, pleasant face, which seemed to have gone suddenly white. Her faded cotton gown was tucked up in front, and her hands showed traces of soap-suds.

YOL. XXVIII. NO. I.

"Good-morning, Mr. Flogg."

"Why don't you make those children of yours open to people? I've been waiting ever so long."

"They're all gone out. I sent them for a good walk in the country. It's holidays, you see. You'd like to come in, wouldn't you? It's kind of you" — with a little catch in her breath — "to think of coming to wish us a Happy New Year."

Mr. Flogg grunted. Then he stumbled over the threshold, and muttered an angry word to himself. Mrs. Fraser led the way to the small kitchen; very small, but spick and span in neatness. There was a look about the kitchen's mistress as if dust and dirt could not cling to her; and something of this look seemed also to be imparted to her belongings. The metal covers hanging on the walls shone brightly; the bricks were scoured to their uttermost capabilities of polish; nicelytended plants were in the window; and pictures from the illustrated papers were on the walls.

"Please sit down"; and Mrs. Fraser offered a chair. Mr. Flogg complied, with no word of thanks. His sharp eyes gazed at her from under

shaggy eyebrows.

"I've not bothered myself to come round here just to wish you a Happy New Year, nor any tomfoolery of that sort. So you needn't think it. And you know better, Mrs. Fraser. That isn't my way of doing things. I'm a practical man; and when I come to see my tenants it means business. I'm come to speak about my rent."

"Yes, sir," faltered Mrs. Fraser.

"These houses are not almshouses. Nor are they meant to live in rent-free."

"No, sir!" in a frightened whisper.

"Three weeks due!" said Mr. Flogg, with sudden energy.

"Yes, sir, I know; and I'm main sorry it is so."
Mrs. Fraser's fingers played nervously with the
corner of her apron, twisting and untwisting it

mechanically.

"Three weeks overdue! This is Monday, and three weeks were due on Saturday. Now you know that, Mrs. Fraser. And you know I'm a just man. Nobody can say I'm not a just man to my tenants. So long as they can pay they can say. And when they can't pay they've got to go!" The last word was sent forth like a little explosion, and Mrs. Fraser started. "You understand? If they can't pay they've got to go! That's fair and above-board, I hope."

Mrs. Fraser's lips were white now, as well as her cheeks. She sat down upon another chair,

just opposite, and waited.

"Eh?"

"Yes, sir." A faint colour came to her face, and she plucked up courage. "We've been here ever since my husband's death," she said slowly.

"And that's two years and a half, pretty near, for he died in August. And all that time, Mr. Flogg, I've never once failed to pay my rent. Every single week, up to three weeks ago, you've had your nine shillings. It didn't matter how close I was run, nor how little besides we had to live on, nor how poor the food was I could get for my children. I've paid you always. As sure as Saturday came round you've had your nine shillings. And I've done a lot of things, too, in the house when I could afford it. Willie and me have papered and painted most of the rooms with our own hands, and we've kept things nice and in good repair. And now—"

"You've paid your rent, and you've stayed on. And now you are not paying your rent, and you don't stay on," declared the old man doggedly.

"Two years and a half nearly," she faltered. "And this year I've had a lot of trouble. You know I have, because last week when you came I told you all about it. It isn't my way to talk commonly, but I thought maybe you'd be sorry for me. It isn't things I could help, nor it isn't my fault. And all the savings that my husband got together have had to be used up."

One little sob seemed to breathe itself away through the quiet voice. Mr. Flogg looked up at the ceiling, and spat into the fireplace. Then he noisily cleared his throat, and rested his hands with his chin upon the top of the knobbed stick.

"It isn't that I've been extravagant,—it isn't really," continued Mrs. Fraser. "I've done my best every way. And the children's as good as ever they can be. They don't complain, not even now; though it is hard at Christmas-time that they shouldn't have one bit of holly, nor plum pudding, nor oranges. But I told them I couldn't, —it wouldn't be right when we were in debt to you and not able to pay our rent. You see now how it is, Mr. Flogg."

A pause followed. Mrs. Fraser's appeal had apparently made no particular impression. She looked in vain for any sign of softening.

It was all true. Until the last few months she had managed, since her husband's death, to keep herself and the children fairly well. She had rented the whole house, underletting some of the rooms, and thereby covering her rent. She had also toiled hard, in every possible way.

But in the past autumn and early winter a peck of troubles had come. Lodgers first had waxed fitful, and then had failed; for three months now the rooms had stood empty. A lady, Mrs. Maitland, who had chiefly, kept Mrs. Fraser employed, and who would certainly have helped her when need arose, died suddenly. Then little Annie fell ill with inflammation of the lungs; and when she recovered Mrs. Fraser had a bad attack of influenza, which robbed her for weeks of all her strength. Willie

lost, through no fault of his own, a place he had held for a time as errand-boy in a greengrocer's shop: and at present no other post could be found for him. The last of their savings, carefully hoarded in her husband's lifetime, melted away; and at length nothing of them remained.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong together; and when Christmas arrived, Mrs. Fraser, looking upon an empty purse and a bare larder, thinking of her unpaid rent and of the many family needs which could not be supplied, was disposed, like a certain patriarch of old, to lift her voice in the complaint, "All these things are against me."

Thus far she had not given in to low spirits, but had battled on bravely, trying to believe that all would yet be well, looking forward to still distant spring as a time when work would become more plentiful, and giving herself no leisure for useless repining. She had sent the children out, directly after their scanty dinner, for a walk in the country -the only treat she had it in her power to give them - and she had meant to meet them with a smiling face on their return.

And then, as if she had not already

enough to bear, her fortitude was put to a further test by this call from her landlord — evidently paid with no kindly intent. The grim face and solemn air of the old man, as he sat opposite, made it doubly hard for her to keep up a cheerful heart.

"That's all very fine, you know," Mr. Flogg at length remarked; "but rent isn't paid in talk, Mrs. Fraser. You've had your say, and now I'm going to have mine. The rent has got to be paid. And if you find the rent too much for you, why, you've just got to go somewheres else."

"If I'd ever failed before I wouldn't ask you to wait now; I wouldn't, really, Mr. Flogg. But I never have. All this while I've paid you as regular as regular. And you know I have. It does seem rather hard that you won't give me a chance to get straight again. That's all I'm asking. As soon as

ever a lodger or two turns up, and Willie finds a place, and I get a bit more work to do——"

"And what if you don't get no work to do, and if no lodgers turn up at all? Eh, Mrs. Fraser? What's to become of my money then? No, no, it won't do at all, no how. You've got to turn out of this next Saturday, if you please; and there's new people coming in. I've settled it all, so it's no manner of use your making a fuss."

"Next Saturday!" She seemed stunned. "Why, that isn't even a week's notice!"

"It'll be four weeks' rent due by next Saturday. If you can pay up the four weeks on Saturday you can stay; and if you can't, you'll go. That's

as much notice as you want, I reckon. If you make a fuss, and don't go out easy, I'll have the worth of my four weeks' rent out of your bits and sticks here. And if you go easy, and don't make no stir, then I'll give you three months to pay it in: Nobody can't say that isn't fair, and I'll wait three months to give you time. But you turn out Saturday, mind, before twelve o'clock."

Mrs. Fraser pleaded anew with the crusty old man. She could not at once submit. "You know quite well you can trust me," she said. "You knew my husband,

Mr. Flogg, and you know that for his sake I'd never stay in debt. It's only waiting a little, and I'm sure to get work. I wouldn't be so badly off now, but for Annie being ill, and me too. That's what's been the pull."

"And who's to say you won't be ill again?"

"Why should I be? I do believe things'll go better, and I do believe I shall be helped. Things have never gone so bad with me before, and it isn't through any fault of mine. If you'd only have patience, just for a few weeks, and wait a while, I'm sure I'll be able to pay all up. Won't you?"

But there were no signs of yielding in that hard old face. Mr. Flogg heard in her words no echo of the old old utterance,—"Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all!" Neither did he trouble himself to think of the judgment passed upon the man who had failed in patience.



"'You've got to turn out of this next Saturday."-Page 5.

Perhaps, if he had remembered those words of Divine condemnation, he might have felt startled. As it was, he only felt vexed with

her persistency.

He did not think it needful to tell Mrs. Fraser that the new tenant, whom he had found for the house, was willing to pay him one shilling a week higher rent than he had received from the Frasers. Mr. Flogg loved money, and he would have found it hard work

to forego that extra shilling.

He had no fear of losing in the end the four weeks' rent due from Mrs. Fraser, for he knew her to be a scrupulously honest woman. His one wish now was to get rid of her, before she should find it in her power to pay him. A certain rugged sense of honesty would have kept him from turning her out, or even from raising her rent, so long as she should continue her regular payments; but undoubtedly he was anxious to use this

opportunity for securing a higher rent.

"And where am I to go, Mr. Flogg?" she asked, with tears in her eyes. "You know there isn't a house

to be had in the place just now, at a lower

rent than this,—if there's another as low that's empty. And there 'll be all the expense of moving as well. Do you want to drive me and my children out of the town?"

Mr. Flogg declined to argue that question. He had said his say, and he rose stiffly to go. "Mind!—next Saturday," was his final utterance

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPTATION.

'M sure if ever your poor father could have thought we'd come to such a pass as this he would.

have been low. I don't know whatever in the world he'd have said."

Mrs. Fraser was "low" herself. The wordscame brokenly, and when her youngest child, Annie, put up a caressing hand, she kissed it with a sob.

"Such a pride as he took in having things nice.



" Mother,

don't fret; we'll

get along,' Willie said bravely."-

have been like Christmas this year. Everything's got askew; and what's to be done now I haven't a notion."

It might be asked, Why should not Mrs. Fraser go in her difficulties to the clergyman of the parish, or to some friend, for temporary aid? But Mrs. Fraser was not a woman who could easily stoop even to ask a loan the moment she was perplexed. Mrs. Maitland had indeed, as a very old friend, once or twice in the past given her some slight assistance at a time of illness or pressure, but this had been done without request. To go and suggest it herself would be another matter; also, she had no other friend in at all the same position as that held by Mrs. Maitland, who had known her from girlhood.

Nobody in the place would have guessed that the Frasers were badly off. Mrs. Fraser always looked the picture of neatness; and few suspected how hard she worked. Indeed, she had often helped others in distress. She had been brought up in a comfortable home in the country, her parents being a well-to-do farmer and his wife. Later on they had known troubles and loss of money; but by that time the daughter was married; and Mrs. Fraser's husband had been a worthy and respected man, never out of work. It was not till after his death that real difficulties had begun for her.

"Mother, there's two or three new cottages in

the road beyond the water-tower," remarked Willie, the eldest boy, aged thirteen. He felt himself to be the man of the family, and as such it behoved him to keep up. Peggie was eleven; Bobbie, the pickle, had not yet passed his ninth birthday; and Annie, the household pet, was hardly seven.

"Yes, I know. Every single one of them was bespoken months

and months ago."

"It wouldn't cost so much, if we were to get two or three rooms somewhere, and then wait till we can find a house."

Mrs. Fraser knew it would not, but her lips trembled. It seemed to her like a great step down in the world to go into two or three rooms, after always having a house of her own to live in.

There were no festivities for the children that New Year. People in general had plenty. The rich and well-to-do could afford to treat their own families. The very poor were provided for largely by the rich. But nobody for a moment imagined that respectable and neatly-dressed Mrs. Fraser, with her tidy, pleasantmannered children, to be bending over an almost fireless grate, with only a supper of weak tea and dry bread and a couple of herrings. Many would gladly have helped them, had the truth been known. It sometimes happens at such times that those who receive abundant gifts are the ones least needing them.

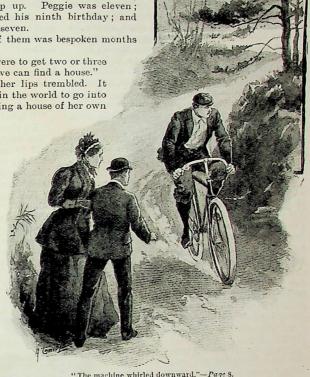
New Year's Day dawned, sharp and frosty and flooded with sunshine. Mrs. Fraser dressed herself and her children in their Sunday clothes, after nothing much of a breakfast, and they sallied forth to church together.

Certain observers remarked on the pinched faces of Peggie and Bobbie, but none guessed the reason. Annie had eaten the most, by common consent, and Willie seemed to thrive on poor food. Mrs. Fraser greeted acquaintances with spirit, remarking on the weather, and hoping that everybody was enjoying the season. "Such a nice time of year!" she said.

Willie and Peggie followed suit, holding up their heads likewise, and trudging along with the air of young people who had fed luxuriously. But the little ones could not resist casting wistful looks into the confectioner's as they passed. The window was full of such delicious new rolls, cakes, mince-pies, and other dainties.

No mince-pies awaited them at home on their return. Mrs. Fraser was determined to spend no needless penny. The thought of her unpaid rent weighed upon her like lead; and now she had the additional pressure of an impending move. Where to go and how to afford it she did not know.

Something had to be arranged quickly, if she



"The machine whirled downward."-Page 8.

would not soon find herself houseless. This was Tuesday. Only Wednesday, Thursday and Friday remained, before the day on which she and hers would have to turn out "bag and baggage." Mr. Flogg had not used this expression, but he might have done so.

"You'll all be good children, and keep house for me, won't you?" she said, after the mid-day meal, hardly to be dignified with the title of "dinner." She looked at each in turn, trying to smile. "I'm going to walk round this afternoon, and see what's to be found in the way of houses. It'll go to my heart to have to leave this, and make a new home, that it will. But as for scraping together one pound sixteen by next Saturday, there's no hope of such a thing. I know there isn't."

"Mother, don't fret; we'll get along," Willie said bravely.

"I don't mean to fret-not when it's all over and done. But it does go to my heart. And I am so sure lodgers would come, if only we might keep on a bit. It isn't that I don't know we'll be took care of, Willie. I do believe we shall,—as the Vicar said this morning. He told us to trust, and our needs would all be supplied; and he said that meant common every-day needs, too. But I don't want to have to move, and to start afresh in another house. It goes right against the grain."

"Let me come with you, mother. Mayn't I?"

She hesitated, with a wish perhaps to be alone for a while, since there was much to think over. Willie's anxious face settled the matter, however.

"Yes, come along," she said, sighing. "May as well. I don't know why you shouldn't have the walk; and Peggie can see to the little ones.

Only get your cap quick."

She set off with a certain forlorn droop of her head, yet with a brave step, as of one who would not be easily beaten. Willie trudged in a business-like manner at her side.

Houses to let seemed to be few in number. The town was still small; and new buildings had of late only kept pace with new requirements. Yet no great demand for rooms existed, as Mrs. Fraser had found to her cost. It was not a manufacturing town, and most of the limited number of working-men in it preferred cottages to rooms.

On the outskirts of the town, but in a different direction from the particular outskirts where Mrs. Fraser lived, they paused, after inspecting a row of tiny houses, all tenanted, and looking towards the country, where a road came steeply down a hill, with fields on either side. Behind where they stood the road descended still more abruptly, into the town, with cottages on either side. They had ascended the first part of the incline, and had stopped at the foot of the second part.

"You don't mean to go farther, do you, mother? There's only one or two tiny little houses up there; and I don't

believe they're to be had either. And you wouldn't like to be quite such a way off from everybody, would you?"

"No, it wouldn't do for finding work. It's too far. I'm afraid we shall have to put up with rooms for a time,—I really am afraid we shall. I don't like it; but I don't see what else is to be done. It'll give us time to look out. But it means

two moves, and that costs a lot."

"Maybe we'll find a house to-morrow."

Mrs. Fraser shook her head despondingly. "I know Mrs. Snell was hunting last week; and she said there wasn't one to be had just now."

Then, after a little pause,—"Willie, don't you go and tell people we can't pay our rent. You needn't say nothing about that. It's nobody's concern except our own. You can just say our

landlord won't let us stay, and has let the house over our heads. That's true enough, anyway. I don't want to set folks talking; and we shall get straight again by-and-by. If only we didn't have to move! That's what I mind."

"We've been there such a time, haven't we,

mother?"

"Yes, and it's home; and a new place won't be home—not for ever so long. I do think Mr. Flogg needn't be so hard as he is. But there! I s'pose he wants his rent; and maybe he's hard up, as well as us. What's that?"

"Where?"

"Up there!"

The outstanding figure of a man on a bicycle could be seen against a belt of clear grey sky, which lay between the summit of a hill and a mass of darker cloud above. He flashed downward towards them both, at a startling pace.

"It's run away, I do believe!" Willie exclaimed.

Bicycles in those days were comparatively new; and as yet they had scarcely made their appearance in this quiet country town. Willie, of course, had come across them—what boy had not from the first?—but to Mrs. Fraser the apparition was novel;



the rider became aware of a steeper descent lying ahead; and instantly his mind was made up.

Mrs. Fraser shrieked, which did no good whatever. One slight turn of the bicycle-handles had carried it, with its rider, in a sharp curve towards the opposite hedge, a very high and dense and thorny structure. The bicycle went with a dash right into the hedge, and ignominiously there stuck

fast. The rider left his seat, and passed onward in a wide curve through the air over the hedge, disappearing into the turnip-field beyond.

Then there was an ominous silence. Mrs. Fraser and Willie stared each at the other, waiting to know what would happen next.

"He's-killed!" Mrs. Fraser said, trembling all

(To be continued.)

"Three Times a Day." (Dan. vi. 13.)

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP HOW, D.D.

Our worship's lowly offering.

O Jesus, be our morning Light, That we may go forth to the fight With strength renewed and armour bright. And when our daily work is o'er, And sins and weakness we deplore Oh, then be Thou our Light once more. Light of the world! with us abide, And to Thyself our footsteps guide, At morn, and noon, and eventide.

"Thy Chard is Truth."

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.



EARCH the Scriptures": dig into the Bible mine: and you will find "a hid treasure" indeed: "hidden" only that you may be induced to dig for it.

A daily text in the heart, worked out in the life, is worth far more than a daily pound in the pocket. If only every one believed and acted

upon this most certain truth all the year round, what a Happy New Year it would be!

I want every reader of *Home Words* to think about this, and to test its truth in 1898. Our *Almanacks* are both specially designed to help us in this way. Think, whenever you look at them, that the 365 texts are really worth £365, and far more: and resolve that every pound shall be your own!

I should fill a volume—and the half would not be told—if I even tried to show how it is the Bible is of such infinite value—"more precious than fine gold." But I will just mention what I deem to be three leading features of this wonderful Book.

The first is this: the Bible is a Believing Book. It teaches us to believe, and tells us what to believe—not in human opinions or guesses about truth, but in God's own Revealed Truth.

To believe nothing is to put out all the religious light there is in the world, and a good deal of the intellectual light also. Some try to find out how little they need believe instead of how much they may believe. They try to find difficulties in the Bible, but not the "treasure." They want as little Bible wealth as possible! Let us be wiser. The Bible is a wonderful collection of Divine Cheques or Promises—no one can count them—

which are always cashed, if presented in the right way and time, at the Bank of Faith. Each Cheque is a blank cheque, with God's own signature at the foot. They are all "Yea, and Amen, in Christ Jesus." Each morning, and each night too, we may fill up not one but many Cheques—cheques for whatever we really need in the activities of life's calling, in the perplexities and sorrows of life's pilgrimage, and, above all, under the consciousness of life's sins. Pardon, Strength, Wisdom, Guidance, Sanctifying Grace—Love, Joy, Peace, Hope, and all the other graces of the Spirit—as we need them day by day in health or in sickness, in prosperity or adversity, in life and in death.

An aged Christian's Bible, after his death, was found with many verses marked by his pen, and at the end of the Book he had written-" All these promises I have tested, and not one has failed." Are our Bibles marked Bibles? Are our feet firmly resting on these "rocks of rest"? The promises which self-indulgence seeks are always broken to us in the end: but the Bank of Faith never refuses a genuine Bible Cheque. The "Rock of Ages" never moves! Our feet may sometimes tremble, but the Rock never! How grand and how wonderful to be able to say with simple, childlike faith, "I bclieve in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost-the Almighty Three in One! I am not alone, or in an orphan world. The Divine Father's infinite love—the Divine Son's perfect Atonement and Sympathy, the Divine Spirit's sanctifying and comforting grace, are all mine, as I need them." Oh! to learn and believe more and more this New Year about this Triune God-the

love and grace that pass our knowledge. Oh! to say each happy morning, "The Lord is my portion":—

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend:
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end."

A second feature of this wonderful Book is what I will term its Binding Character.

The Bible brings us to God and binds us to Him We were "far off," but we are "brought nigh" by the Atoning work of the One Mediator. Our Elder Brother leads us to the old Home from which we had wandered, and bids us say, "Our Father!" We talk with God in prayer, and He talks with us in His Book.

"The Spirit shines upon the Word, And brings the truth to light, Precepts and promises afford A sanctifying light."

"Increasing in God's Holy Spirit more and more," we grow in grace, and even in likeness to Christ. "The mind that was in Him," in some faint measure dwells in us.

And thus the Bible forms another Binding Link. In Christ, it binds us to our brother man. He who loveth God must love his brother also—must aim to "love his brother as himself." To bear each other's burdens, to scatter seeds of kindness, to help the weary and the faint, to soothe and sympathize, to find it every day more blessed to give than to receive—this is "a Christlike thing!"

Ah! what a happy world it would be if, constrained by the love of Christ, we all tried this New Year to walk in "the blessed steps of His most holy life, who went about doing good!"

Once more, I must sum up all I have said, and all I can say, by describing the Bible as a Blessed

Book and a Book of Blessing.

The Bible begins with Blessing, and it ends with Blessing. Our Lord's ministry began with Blessing: and "as He blessed He was taken up into Heaven." We are "blessed now with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus." God is able and willing—oh, how willing—to make "all grace abound towards us in all things," and at all times. His infinite love and glory are revealed and manifested in the Gift of His Son, and in and with Him "He freely gives us all things."

"May the Lord"—the Spirit—"direct our hearts" more and more "into the love of God in Christ Jesus" revealed to us in this Wonderful Book. May we realize that He is always waiting and watching at the door of our hearts, to enter and be our ever-present and Divine Guest.

"I need Thy presence every passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who like Thyself my Guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!" And then, as we thus value the "glorious Gospel of the Blessed"—Happy—"God" ourselves, we shall surely try to "live the Bible" by self-denying effort to plant it in every home and in every heart—a Blessed Book, and a fountain of blessing to all.

"Through the world far and wide Let there be Light."

II. "TILL HE COME."

BY THE REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D.

The best possible preparation for Christ's Table is a close walk with Christ's blessed Self; in repentance, faith, gratitude unselfishness, and love, to which every Christian is always called.

I kneel, and take, and then Pass refresh'd to life and men; In my soul the Word Divine, In my body Christ's own Sign. Sure as word and deed can make me That my Lord will not forsake me: That through Him my peace is sure, That in Him I shall endure: That the saving Fact holds fast Longer than the ages last: That amidst the glare, the strife, Jesus is my hidden Life: Feeds me with Himself for ever, Waters me with heaven's own river, Lights my darkness, bears my woes, Conquers for me all my foes: That in Him I yet am one With my blessed who are gone: That in Him, at that great day, I shall rise again, and they. Lord, I hail Thy Word, Thy Sign; Thou dost save me; I am Thine.

III. "LIFE ABUNDANT."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

WE take scanty views of the life-giving powers of Christ. We act and think as though He doled out life in drops, instead of flooding the soul with it in a stream. His word is, "Whosoever is athirst, let him come, and take, of the water of life freely." Many of us take of the water of life, but we do not do so "freely." We bring a little vessel, and do not come with faith to have even that filled. We are straitened not in Christ but in ourselves. When the Apostle speaks of the grace of Jesus and of the life that comes by that grace, abundance is the key-note of it all. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. v. 20, 21).

Alas! how few there are who can say that "their cup runneth over!" Even small as it is, they do not let Christ fill it. It is not held up to

Christ until He pours into it all that it can contain. Perhaps during the coming Year we shall be taught by the Holy Spirit to understand Him better. When He says to us, "I am come that you may have life abundantly," we shall say—"Fill me out of Thy fulness, O Jesus; make my heart a larger vessel to hold more of Thee; let

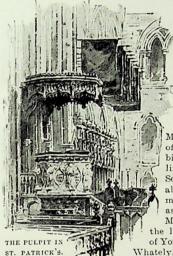
the life that comes from Thee be stronger and stronger in me. I want abundant life."

It is a large-minded Christ and a large-handed Christ that meets us at the beginning of a New Year. It is One who says, "I am come with both My hands full—with life, and all that belongs to life—that you may have abundantly."

Our Portrait Sketch.

THE MOST REV. J. FERGUSON PEACOCKE, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

BY HENRY T. DIX, AUTHOR OF "THE FAITHFUL DEAD."



E believe that no appointment in the Church of Ireland has given more complete satisfaction than that of Dr. Peacocke. Bishop of Meath, to the office of Arch-

office of Archbishop of Dublin. This historic See has been always filled by men of note, such as Archbishop Magee (uncle of

the late Archbishop of York), Archbishop Whately, Archbishop Trench, and the last

occupant of the See, Lord Plunket; and to succeed to such a position, with the approval of all his brethren, is a high testimony to the worth of the present Archbishop.

His career in the Church has been one of zealous and unceasing assiduity in the discharge of duty, and has won for him the highest esteem amongst Irish Churchmen. His powers of organization were first shown in the parish of St. George's, in the city of Dublin, to which he was elected in 1870. Here he wrought a wonderful transformation. He found the parish under the old régime fast asleep, and left it a centre of life and activity.

After six years, a vacancy occurring in the parish of Monkstown (a suburb of Dublin), where he had served as a curate and was greatly beloved, the parishioners pressed him to return, and he was elected

incumbent. In 1894, he became Bishop of Meath, and on May 19th, 1897, Archbishop of Dublin.

Dr. Peacocke is a man of earnest ability and scholarship, a thoughtful and interesting preacher, and a devoted and conscientious worker, who never spares himself in his Master's service. His firmness and consistency of character have made him greatly respected in the Church of Ireland.

He was born in 1835, and has five children, two of whom are clergymen. The Archbishop is a man of attractive presence, and his naturally dignified and reverent manner in discharge of his sacred office adds much to its solemnity. In fact, to sum up, he is in every way well fitted for the high office to which he has been called by the Providence of God, and which we are sure he will fill effectively for the good of the Church, of which he is a distinguished representative. Above all, the one motto of his ministry and teaching is—"In Christ, through Christ, both for pardon and for deliverance from the power of sin."



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

Last point of all that I've room for this month hasn't got a point at all, being a sort of small sack drawn tight at the top with strings. In this bag you carry your "wittles": since there's no manner o' hotel, no, nor an inn, nor even a cottage up among the snows, but only a rough-built hut, with no food kept inside. So you have to take your wittles and drink, as well as firewood, with you; and it weighs mighty heavy when you've been walking be-

tween twelve and twenty hours, which most climbs

But I must stop, for Betsy won't have her tea spoilt by waiting. Somehow it makes me solemn like to think of those great mountains all alone, and near up to the gates of heaven, and the cities and the towns and the villages all so small and flat below; and it's no wonder to me that prayer to the great God of all seems easier the higher you go.

(To be continued.)

• • From January 1st onwards twenty-five copyright lantern slides of the High Alps, together with descriptive matter for a lecture, will be supplied for the evening, free of charge (carriage expenses excepted), to any parish where Home Words is localised. For particulars apply to the Manager, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Doung Japan.

BY THE REV. WALTER WESTON, M.A., FORMERLY BRITISH CHAPLAIN AT KOBE, JAPAN.



ON THE SEA OF JAPAN.

who described Japan as the "Paradise of Babies," an enthusiastic traveller, more kind than critical or correct, has stated that in the Land of the Rising Sun not only have the birds no song, but that there alone of all countries "babies never cry."

Close observation proves the last assertion to be at least more correct than the first. Still it is an undoubted fact that in the sunny land the lot of the little ones is brighter, so far as kind treatment can make it so, than in many others. The love of children is a strong feature of Japanese character;

and the children are early taught to help one another. When a child, boy or girl, is strong enough, he or she will lay aside kites and dolls to strap a baby brother or sister on willing little shoulders, and trot them about for day-long rides.

There are some curious, and no doubt somewhat coloured, stories told of Japanese home life, which might even teach us some lessons in happy England. Is not independence of parental control not unfrequently regarded amongst boys and girls at home as a sign of strength of character? Might not the following Japanese stories not only amuse us, but suggest a measure of imitation? One fable tells of a boy, a paragon of excellence, who, when hunger's pangs pressed hard on the stepmother with whom he lived, too poor to buy the coveted food, betook himself to the slippery surface of the frozen pond, and selecting a likely spot sat thereon until a hole was melted at which he could catch the carp that came for light and air!

Another youth, well-favoured, in spite of hard times, finding his parents suffer nightly tortures from mosquitoes, whose attacks could only be warded off by a net they were too poor to buy, exposed himself in a chosen corner to attract the attention of the pests to his own plump flesh, and so to gain for the old folk the sadly-needed rest and peace!

Most famous of all, however, is the memory of Rōraishi, literally an old boy, whose filial affection seventy winters had not chilled. His parents, as they neared a century of years, grew greatly distressed at the reflection of the brief span that remained. To them enters one day their only child, dressed, despite his age, in the garments of boyhood, gambolling and playing pranks with an agility and gusto that made them rub their eyes and tell themselves that after all they must have been dreaming, for is not their darling but a lightsome lad and no grey patriarch of threescore years and ten?

It has been said that the Japanese as a nation play at working and work at play, so lightly do they take their tasks and so thoroughly do they cultivate the art of amusing themselves. Certainly it is true that from very early days the boys and girls of Japan seem to learn to mingle work and pleasure most cleverly,



WHERE THE BABIES NEVER CRY

In the month of March, when cherry blossoms strew the earth with the pink snow of fallen petals, a sort of general birthday party goes on for girls for several days. Dolls and toys galore are presented and spread

about, and for the time being each little maiden, her hair a garden of paper flowers and her gown reflecting the hues of the rainbow or vying with the peacock's tail, keeps house, with puppets for persons and toys that are but perfect models of utensils and furniture in daily use.

The fact that Japanese boys, from earliest infancy almost, wear garments of the same cut, and are treated with the same consideration as their elders, seems to beget a spirit of independence that often makes itself felt in rather startling ways. They

never are put into short clothes, for they begin with big garments very much pleated, and as they grow the pleats are let out a most economical method you will admit.

Generally speaking, the Japanese pay great respect to learning. They have seen enough of foreigners to recognise that "knowledge is power": and often say, "The pen is mightier than the sword." At present, however, the thirst for education is almost entirely of a secular kind, and the springs of this knowledge can never satisfy the deepest longings of

the human heart. Hence a missionary at Tokio writes of the strange sight of "so many modern improvements—electric-light, trams, telegraph-posts, etc.—side by side with the darkness of idolatry."



CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL OR BIRTHDAY.

The winning side of civilization and human nature, seen, as I have described it, in Japan, may well deepen our interest in this remarkable people, just as the winning side of the "young man's" character in the Gospel called forth the Saviour's love, and made Him long to confer the higher feeling of filial love to God, "the Author and Giver of all good gifts." Happily mission work is progressing, especially amongst the young. At the Poole Memorial School,

Osaka, one of the girls said to Miss Tristram, a daughter of Canon Tristram, "You not only say in this school that the Bible is all-important, but you show that you believe it, and make us believe it too."

The Japanese Student Class also now furnishes many enquirers after Christian truth, and it is through them, as they become enlightened by the "Sun of Righteousness," that we must look for the evangelization of the "Land of the Rising Sun."

True Lobe:

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO BROTHERS.



T the lower end of the Grand Pass of the Næordal, in Norway, the ravine widens. and space is found a few corn patches, some small potato fields, and a river-side planting of alder and birch bushes, whose young twigs and withered leaves will form the winter sustenance of the cows when they return from the sæters. In search of nutriment they make their way up the sides of the cliffs, which are terrific in

their awful grandeur, and the sweet clang of the cow-bells is heard amidst the grey rocks, hundreds of feet above the high road which winds through the vale below, and terminates at Gudvangen in the clear, still green waters of the Næröfjord.

Hardly a mile inland from the fjord stands a group of cottages. They are built of wood, and are a deep red brown in colour; the roofs project; the windows are small, and admit but very little light through the dull, thick panes. By each doorway stands a wood-stack. In winter, buried in snow, and all the sunshine, seldom as it comes at all, excluded by the awful heights of the Sjerpenut, it is indeed a dreary place. But the little hamlet lay warm and picturesque in the sunlight that summer's morning. The women came out to sit on the decaying beam which lay near the road-side, to watch the children as they climbed over the disused snow-plough, and gathered the flowers of the wild thyme, racing merrily to lay their offerings on the old grandmother's knee.

With the group stood Ammitta Loen, or, as she was generally called, Mitta Bersdatter. She was the fairest maiden for miles around. Light, supple, but strong were her rounded limbs; her fair hair hung in two long plaits down her back; her eyes were blue as the sky overhead, and looked out with calm cheerfulness from under her broad forehead; smiles lurked about her mouth, and dimples came and went on her rosy cheeks. She paid no attention at all to the children, for her eyes were fixed on the road, and down the whole length she looked towards the station. This structure consisted of two wooden inns, crowded often with English tourists, and beyoud both these one could see the pier and the green-grey waters of the Næröfjord. She was not alone in the eager watch she kept. At the window of the nearest cottage a white, attenuated face was seen, the face of a lad of nineteen. His dark eyes burnt feverishly, and his brown hair hung in dank locks about his forehead. No glimpse of his figure could be gained, only the gleam of the white face showed behind the glass. His eyes were sometimes turned to the distant fjord, but more frequently were fixed on Mitta; and then their impatient expression changed to one of peace and restfulness.

Presently there rang through the clear air the distant bell of the approaching steamer. Just then there strolled up to the group of women an English traveller, attired in cricketing flannels and a grey coat. He was a young-looking man, and pleasant, with a keen eye and kindly smile. Raising his straw hat, he politely wished the women "Good morning," to which they smilingly responded "Gud dag"; and then the stranger seated himself on the grass, and began to make friends with the children, showing them his watch, and letting them count the tag-holes in his boots. He glanced up now and again at the tall, fair girl, whose knitting rested so idly in her hands, but she, after her first bright look of welcome, took no further notice of him, but gazed away at the fjord. Suddenly a flush came to her cheek, a light to her eyes, and then she turned and walked away towards the cottages.



" 'I am a doctor; can I see him?"

The Englishman looked after her with some surprise, and, as he did so, caught sight of the white face still gleaming behind the windowpane, and pressed close to the glass. He could not see it distinctly, but it seemed both a sick and sad one. He motioned to Lisbet Loen to observe it. She nodded her head energetically, and, speaking quickly in Norse, pointed to another of the women. Then both tried to explain something; but what it was they wished him to understand he could not make out, neither could he comprehend their signs, which seemed to imply the breaking of something.

While they were busy speaking, a man, who had come in by the steamer and had walked quickly up to the hamlet, joined them, and was received with exclamations of welcome. He was of middle height, with dark hair and serious darkgrey eyes; his complexion was bronzed by the weather, and both dress and bearing proclaimed him to be a sailor. He listened to the statement of the women, and then turned to the foreigner and said in English: "You want, sir, to know who that is? That is my brother, Lars Olsson; he is sick."

"Is he?" cried the Englishman eagerly. "I am a doctor; can I see him?"

"Yes, with many thank you's, sir," said the sailor, taking off his cap and standing henceforward bare-headed. "Here we have only district medical officers; they come round but seldom, and a doctor costs much money. I have often said when at Liverpool or Hull, would that poor Lars was in the beautiful English hospital."

The man spoke with a singular accent, but though sometimes hesitating for a word, quite intelligibly.

"Then he has been long ill? Is it here?" asked the doctor, touching his own chest.

"Ah, no, it is his leg and his arm broken."

"I am a surgeon, a doctor who mends bones. How did it happen?"

"Tell the gentleman, Eric Olsson," urged Lisbet, who had caught the meaning of the conversation.

He nodded. His face had flushed; his eyes brightened, and he twirled his cap rapidly in one hand, as he pointed with the other.

"We are brothers, sir. Our father and mother died long ago; we live with our Uncle Agdur and our Aunt Kirstin," pointing to a thin woman, over middle age, who formed one of the group. "I ever loved the water. First I got on to a fish boat on the Sogne, which went down to Bergen, and thence on board an English ship which sails between Hull and Leith and Bergen, Christiania and Tronjheim. I have likewise been to Liverpool: wherefore I speak the English. Lars stayed at home; he is four years younger than I. He



"At the window of the nearest cottage a white, attenuated

was twelve years with Agdur, and helped with the farm. All went well for years, and we had sufficient of fladbrod, cheese, with potatoes and fish to eat, and good sheepskin for the beds. Then last winter it was cold, very cold; it snowed all day for three weeks. It was dark all that time here in Gudvangen; the beasts had to be fed indoors. Lars had much work. Then the snow ceased, and the frost grew strong again. Agdur had some hay up there," and the sailor pointed to the rugged side of the Slobjörgemit. "The fodder had not been brought down, because the hay house here was full: so they covered it over and left it, and now, because the beasts had little left to eat, Lars must go to fetch it. It was a dangerous climb, being slippery, but he brought one load down on his sleigh; then he went again, but he came not back. Kirstin and Lisbet and the rest of the women

grew afraid, but the men said all was well. Many hours passed, and it would soon be evening: so they went at last to look, and there "-pointing to a plateau some hundreds of feet up-"they found Lars. He was dragging a good load of hay, when he came on a great lump of 'gammel' snow. It broke away, and carried him down with the sleigh and many loose rocks; and his leg here," said Eric, touching his own knee; "and his arms were broken. They carried him home and fetched the hay next day, but poor Lars has been in his chair ever since. It was only the good Lord who saved his life."

"Yeg, Yeg," said the women eagerly. Their eyes had followed the sailor's gestures, and they now in a troop attended the doctor to the cottage, and waited about the door as the men and Kirstin went within.

(To be continued.)

The Old Parish Clerk.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

E was an important person, and he knew it. In not a few cases his father had been parish clerk before him. "Man and boy" he had rung the bell for funerals, opened the church door on special occasions (his wife or mother mostly did that at ordinary times), and made himself the

centre of attraction for many a year as to all parochial matters. Of course he had not acted as clerk when a boy; but he had been about the church and churchyard so much helping his father that he felt as if they were his own freehold. Learning ran in the family. His father, perhaps his grandfather, had

been able to read whenever the leading farmer found it hard to spell out the names and poetry on the tombs.

Fifty years ago the parish clerk was a very important factor in the public worship of our Church. When I knew him first his prerogatives were beginning to slip away from him. One was that of giving out the hymns. "What could the clergy expect if they upset time-honoured customs? Their turn would come. If they took to giving out the hymns themselves, just as if they had not enough to do already-and, worse still, encouraged the congregation to rob the clerk of his rights by joining audibly in the responses-need they wonder at those who wanted to do away with Church rates! Once get in the thin end of the wedge, and there was no

knowing what would be the consequence." There was one consolation: at weddings, funerals, baptisms, churchings, the parish clerk could hear his own sonorous voice without fear of interference.

Almost the biggest blow to his importance as a Church official was given when psalms began to be sung instead of said. There were parishes in which the clerk made funny blunders. A certain clerk read (Psalm civ. 26) "There go the ships, and there is that live thing," much to the merriment of certain naughty boys in the Vicarage pew. Another always read running the letters into one another "As 'twas in the beginning issnow and ivir shall be."

One parish clerk was a great friend of mine. Beside his vestry fire I spent many a winter's afternoon. Why he had a fire there, whether because he was waiting for a funeral or because the place needed airing (as I rather suspect) because he found it convenient for cooking potatoes, I cannot recall to mind-I am speaking of the "forties"-but I remember well the grand air with which he said to me: "You know, sir," (I felt myself quite a man when addressed as "sir" and liked the sensation), "I couldn't remit them fees. No, sir, I couldn't remit them fees. It wouldn't be right to my predecessors what'll come after me." I sat grave as a judge whilst he repeated the sentence for fear I might not, in my youth, understand him-"my predecessors what'll come after

Your parish clerk was, as a rule, a critic of reading and preaching. The one rule, easy of application, as "rule of thumb" always is, which our clerk at home applied to sermons was this-had the parson a manuscript, or had he not? My father preached extempore (please remember that the letters "pore" were always pronounced one syllable). This was a high crime and misdemeanour in the clerk's eyes. When a stranger came, he would go from his desk, sit where he could see, and if the parson had a manuscript, pay the most careful attention. "Now, that was a sermon," was his remark after hearing a read discourse, as, no doubt, it was.

It reminds me of a Scripture-reader's clever way of making himself popular in a parish. When he saw a baby of appalling ugliness, he would hold up his hands and exclaim, "Well, that is a baby!" By so doing he kept well within the limits of truth, whilst at the same time he gratified maternal vanity.

There lived in Liverpool fully fifty years ago

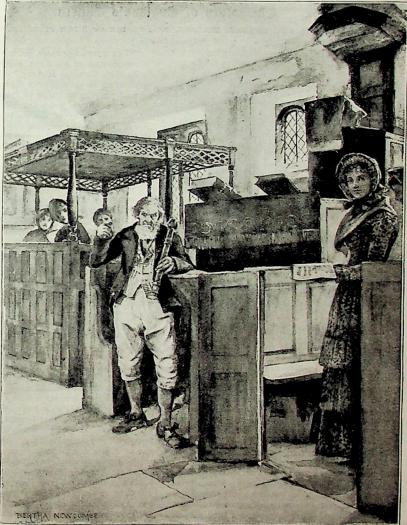
a parish clerk, with whom I becameacquainted morethanthirty years since as he was nearing the confines of the unseen world. He had served under at least three eminent preachers. One of them was that prince of preachers (in my judgment), Hugh McNeile. This good man delighted to give imitations that master of elocution, and I am disposed to think, regarded the imitation, so far as elocution was concerned, as being quite equal to the original.

Every young curate was made to feel that he had at least one competent critic in the congregation. Strangers who preached in the church he served when I knew him were quite sure have a word of advice if they showed the slightest inclination to listen to him. Nothing pleased him more than to get hold of a listener who

would allow him to dilate at length on the respective merits of McNeile, Falloon, and Lowe.

Nor were his criticisms without merit. "Dr. Lowe, sir," he would say, "is in some respects greatest of the three. He has not got the unction of Canon Falloon. I never knew his like for touching the 'eart. He has not got the grand presence, the matchless elocution, or the splendid rhetoric of the great doctor (i.e., McNeile), but he is mighty in the Scriptures, and he'd have been in his right place in a professor's chair.'

I think he had learned that sentence by heart.



Drawn by

THE PARISH CLERK : OLD TIMES.

[BERTHA NEWCOMBE.



ly drawn for Home Words]

I'se Jidying Up.

By the Rev. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Fop and Mop."

"Deary me! Oh what a sight!"
Dimple gives her curls a shake:
"Nuffin, simply nuffin, right:
Lickle Muzzers really might
Fink what dreffle work they make.

Fink what dreffle work they make Hasn't folks enough to do?
Mummy, I sall punis oo!"

Thimble, scissors, tapes, and reels
Patter, scatter, round the place.
Do you ask what Dimple feels
When the opening door reveals
Mother's mute astonish'd face?

"Pick vem up," she gives advice :

" Dimple help, if Mummy's nice!"

The Doung folks' Bage.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



HEN the heroine of the Crimea was a little girl she one day saw a shepherd's dog badly injured by some stones thrown by thoughtless boys. It was decided that the poor animal must be killed. But Florence went up to him, and patted his head, and at last coaxed him into letting the Vicar of the

parish examine his leg.

"There are no bones broken," he said: "but he is badly bruised. The leg ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down."

"How do you foment?" asked Florence.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," answered the Vienr.

"Then that's quite easy. I'll stay here and do it."

And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress, and spent the whole of that bright spring day in nursing her first patient-the shepherd's dog.

In the evening, when the shepherd came, not expecting to find visitors in the humble cottage, and dangling a bit of cord in his hand, Florence went up to him.

"You can throw that away, Roger," she said; "your dog won't die : look at him !

And Cap rose and crawled toward his master, whining with pleasure.

"Deary me! deary me! what have you done with him? He could not move this morning when I left him.

And when Florence told him what she had done,-

"Thank you kindly, I do indeed," said the old man huskily.
"It went hard with me to do away with him; but what can a poor man do?" And putting out his hand he stroked the dog. "I'll see to him, missy, now as I know what's to be done," and he stood his crook in the corner and hung his cap on the peg.

THE TWO VOICES.

THE Holy Spirit says: "Be kind, be generous, be unselfish; if you are not treated well, return good for evil; try to set a good example; never say an angry word, or an untruthful word, or an impure word." But another spirit-an evil spirit, Satan-is always prompting you-"Don't go out of your way; he never helped you. Why be kind to her?-she is never very kind to you. Why give it away ?- keep it for yourself. Don't bear that,-say something cutting back; be angry, and he'll be frightened, and not dare to meddle with your things again !"

Mind which voice you listen to in 1898. DEAN HART.

CATECHISM.

THE meaning of the word Catechism is, "Echo back." It is from two Greek words, and it means back echo. "Cat" means "back";

"echism" means "echo." That is to say, you are to echo me back: question and answer. The answer is the echo. Voice and echo. Now, you must be good echoes. It is a capital thing to ask a great many questions; and every wise person does.
"Searchers after truth!" Remember, that is your name.

Ask always of your father, and mother, and teacher, and clergy-man wise questions. That is "Catechism." Let us have plenty of questions if we wish to be wise. PREBENDARY VAUGHAN.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER FOR "ME."

God make my life a little light Within the world to glow A little flame that burneth bright, Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower, That giveth joy to all, Content to bloom in native bower, Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song That comforteth the sad : That helpeth others to be strong, And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff, Whereon the weak may rest, That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn Of tenderness and praise; Of faith-that never waxeth dim, In all His wondrous ways.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

"THE Bible is the language through which God speaks to us: the Prayer-Book is the language through which in public worship we speak to God."-Dean Howson.

John Wesley said: "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid Scriptural rational piety than the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of England.'

Robert Hall (a Nonconformist) said: "The fervour of its devotion, the simplicity of its language, and its evangelical purity, placed it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions.'

Dean Stanley said: "The Prayer-Book is a long gallery of the history of the greatest events and names of all the periods of the Christian Church."

The great thing is to "pray the prayers."

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

1. WHAT were the three things which the Apostle Peter considered precious?

2. What two great men pleaded with God that they were but children when called to do His work? 3. What was the last promise that Christ gave to His people, and what was the last thing He did for them, before He went to

Taking the Psalmist as our guide, should we spend more of

4. Taking the Psaimist as our guide, should we spend more of the day in prayer, or in praise?

5. What are the two things which take away the only one thing which God asks of His children?

6. Was there anything which Christ was ever asked to do for the young which He did not do?

7. With what important fact does God show that He connects the beauties of God Show that He connects.

Note that the beginning of the year?

8. What is it "of God" that the earth is full of now, and what is it "of God" that the earth shall be full of in the future?

9. Where is mention made of something still better than the best?

10. Where do we find the first mention of the art of spinning-

and weaving?

ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER No., 1897, p. 263).

1. Gen. iv. 21. Job xxi. 12.

2. 30 XXI. 35; Eccles. ii. 8; 1 Kings iv. 32, 4. 1 Sam. xvi. 23, 5. 2 Kings iii. 15.

6. Jer. vii. 34; Matt. ix. 23. 7. Isa. xvi. 10; 2 Chron. xx. 28. 8. 1 Chron. xxv. 1, with vi. 33-47.

9. Amos vi. 4-6.

Sunday School Prizes.

As in former years, PRIZE BOOKS, at an almost nominal price, are again offered for the best answers to our "Bible Questions." No answers are to be sent to the Editor : but the decision will rest with each Clergyman or School Superintendent. A list of the Prize Books, or the Books themselves, can be had on sending a stamped envelope to the Publisher, Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.



The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

OOTS .- Housewives may save themselves much trouble and anxious care, and their children many coughs and colds, if they pay close attention to the boots of the family. But, you say, boots cost a deal of money. They do; but a doctor costs more. Besides, we have not advised the purchase of brand new

boots. Rather see to it that the old boots are double soled, to resist the rain and snow of winter. When you know your children will have to trudge through thick snow, or when heavy rain threatens, try greasing the leather with mutton fat or common yellow soap; either will do much to keep out the wet. When the bairns come home, see to it that the boots come off at once, and if they are soaked through, stuff them as tightly as possible with hay or straw.

How to Keep a Fire Alight.—The simple plan which is so useful at night in making the fire burn slowly, may be applied with equal advantage during the day, whenever the cost of coal becomes a serious item in the expenses of a household. The plan is to lay an ordinary white fire-brick flatly on the top of the

fire, the effect of which is to throw the heat into the room instead of letting it go up the chimney. It is surprising to find how small a quantity of coal is burnt, and what an amount of heat is given out. The fire-brick costs 1d., and with about half the usual quantity of

coal the same temperature is obtained.

Wash Up.—Where is the housewife who would dream of going to bed without washing up? Yet there are hundreds and thousands, and even millions of our fellow countrymen and women who always forget to wash themselves up before tumbling into bed. If, however, you wish to be twice as healthy as you are, do not forget to wash at night. After a day of toil, probably in fog-laden, and probably in dust-laden air, no one can help getting dirty, but he need not thus creep between the sheets. Remember to employ warm water at night, and cold, or as cold as possible, in the morning.

A Temperance Note.—The following inscription is to be found on an old jug at Dunster:—

"Come, my old friend, and take a pot,
But mark now what I say:
While that thou drink'st thy neighbour's health,
Drink not thine own away.
It but too often is the case,
While we sit o'er a pot,
And kindly wish our friends good health,

Our own is quite forgot."

Chilblains.—Children should not be allowed to toast their feet before the fire. Such a plan is one of the most common causes of chilblains. Cold feet and hands are best warmed by an abundance of exercise, by thorough washing and rubbing. Fire for chilblains is a false friend. A coddled child is usually a chilblained child; indeed, we might say, almost invariably so. Bring up your children hardily rather than luxuriously, and then there will be little fear of their being afficted with chilblains; for if a child have broken chilblains, afficted he assuredly is, and for some short time will be.

Tight boots in the winter season, by interfering with the circulation, frequently chilblain the toes of a child. There is a quaint line of poetry worth remembering, for it is very true:—

"Water reddens the rose, and tight boots the toes."

TO OUR READERS AND ALL OUR HEARTY HELPERS.

Our Mission. We again wish the readers of Home Words a Happy New Year: and again we heartily invite them to continue their co-operation with us in our effort to utilize the Press as a help to Home happiness. More than ever we feel the Press is "the Church's second pulpit." The need is greater than ever. Bishop How's faithful warning words to parents as to "bad books"—"unutterably vile"—which "so disgusted" him that he could only "throw" one which came into his hands—circulating in high class homes—"into the fire in pure indignation," ought to be read from every pulpit. But the true remedy for printed poison in our homes is health-giving and health-enjoying mental food. Let this displace the "penny and the sixpenny dreadfuls."

To this end we want every reader to resolve to Our Helpers. do something in January, 1898, to extend the already marvellous circulation of Home Words publications for which we cannot be too thankful. We need no Society funds to sustain or extend our work : we simply rely on the interest of our readers. A few shillings, or a few pence, expended on our January Numbers will place our Magazines in tens of thousands of new homes-no doubt for the entire year. We especially want Hand and Heart and The Day of Days to go wherever Home Words goes. Threepence a month is little enough for Home readingthe mind-food of a household: and yet threepence will supply more than sixty pages, of a thousand words each, to brighten the home fireside every month. All booksellers will obtain the magazines, or three penny stamps sent to the Publisher, Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, will bring them post free to any home.

Our Annuals. For friends at home or "across the sea" we would suggest nothing would be more acceptable for Christmas and New Year's gifts than our new Annuals, sold at 2s, each. Foreign book postage is the same as in England.

Our Penny Almanacks.

Home Words Almanack and The Fireside Almanack will, we think, be said almost to excel themselves this year. The key-note of the themselves the year. The key-note of Texts in the heart are worth bank-notes.

Our Coloured Presentation Plate. "Loyal Subjects: or, the Flag we Love," by E. R. White, who painted "Dear Old Granny," needs no word from us. We hope all our readers will order the attractive cheap frame from Home Words Office (1s. 4d.), and decorate their homes with this National Picture.

The News. "A weekly penny newspaper," says the Church Guardian of Montreal, "puts help and life into a parish." One secular paper in England is read by at least one sixth of the entire reading population. We want this to be true of The News. The Queen has read it "with much pleasure," and Bishop Thorold said he was "more delighted with it than ever."

"The Queen's Resolve."

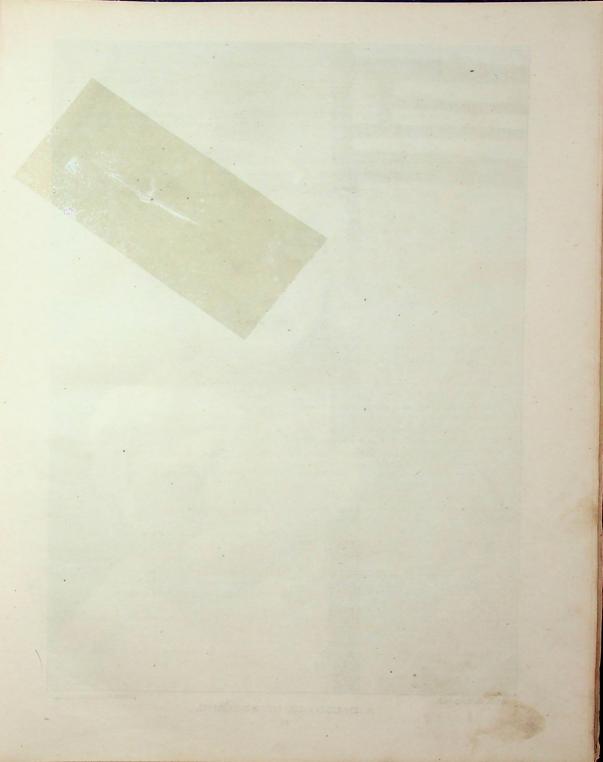
Resolve."

A quarter of a million copies were sold before the Jubilee Celebration. Two new chapters and many fresh illustrations have been added, describing and depicting the Celebration itself. The price remains the same (1s. 6d.). In quantities they are supplied at 10d. each, from Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

THE EDITOR.

A Mappy Aew Bear to All!





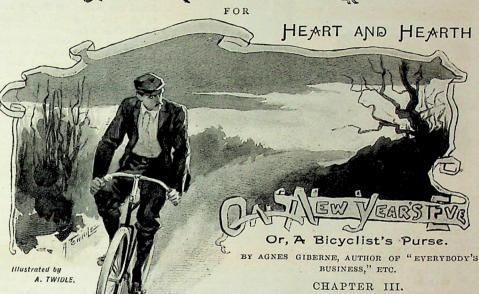


From a Photograph by)

A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

[Messrs. Lapayette, Dublin.





off was a stile, leading into the field opposite; and, after the seconds of bewilderment, Willie made a rush thither, Mrs. Fraser following

From the top of the stile a figure could be seen lying prope upon the rough corth. "Willed" and

A LOST ARTICLE.

From the top of the stile a figure could be seen lying prone upon the rough earth. "Killed" was again the word on Mrs. Fraser's lips, but she did not utter it aloud, only hurrying along after Willie. As they approached, a young man, in a grey and mud-bespattered suit, had begun slowly to pull himself together. He looked white, but he tried to laugh, leaning on one elbow.

"That was a spill!" he said, with a gasp. "I'm rather-breathless. Not much harm done, I

think." He tried to stand up, but subsided promptly.

"I'd wait a minute if I were you, sir," suggested Mrs. Fraser. "I shouldn't wonder if you'd got a sprain somewhere."

He was feeling himself carefully over.

"No broken bones, at all events," he remarked, and there was a little laugh. "I've barked my shins pretty well. Might have been worse. I hadn't a notion what sort of hill lay ahead. But when I saw that awkward slope coming, it seemed best to go at the hedge. Less risk than the other."

"Your face is bleeding, sir."

"Got cut by some of these rough stones, I suppose. Thanks," as she offered him a clean pocket-handkerchief, and he dabbed his cheeks gingerly. "Now I'm getting on all right. I must see to my machine. Whew!" as he tried again to rise. "I must have strained my side somehow. What a bother! That'll stop my bicycling for a day or two. Well, I must get a fly instead. I'm bound to be eight miles off from here this evening, at Ashton Grange."

"Shall Willie run for a fly for you, sir? It wouldn't take many minutes. They've got flys at

the inn down yonder."

"Yes, please let him. As quick as possible, my boy. I've certainly got a twist in my side—a regular stitch there, when I move."

Willie bounded away, and as the young man endeavoured to get up, Mrs. Fraser offered her help.



He laughed at first, and said, "Oh, I can do all right, thanks!"—but the next moment his hand was on her arm. The space between them and the hedge was crossed slowly; and when the stile had to be climbed, the young fellow turned white and set his teeth firmly.

"What an awful bore!" he muttered, on the other side. "I shall be good for nothing for the

next three days."

"I'm sure you'll have to be careful, sir, for a

good bit."

"Careful!" He had meant to bicycle forty miles on the morrow. "Well, I shall see—after a good night's rest. Now I wonder, Mrs. ——I don't know your name——"

"Fraser, sir."

"Thanks,-Mrs. Fraser. And that is your boy?"
"Willie's my eldest, sir-the eldest of four.

And one of the best boys that ever lived."

"Come, that's good hearing. I'm afraid my mother would have given me no such good character when I was his age. Now, I wonder whether you could kindly get my machine out of the hedge, while I wait for the fly. Perhaps, on the whole, I'd better keep quiet."

"I'm sure you ought, sir"; and Mrs. Fraser went after the wheel, which required careful coaxing before it could be induced to retreat from its thorny bed. She succeeded at length in extricating it, and brought it to its owner.

"Thanks, very many. I hope it isn't much

damaged. There's a fly in the distance, I see, coming from the town,—mine, probably."

"Yes, sir; I can see Willie on the coach-box. He must have found one ready. If they'd had to put the horse in, it would

have taken longer."

"He has been very expeditious, and I'm awfully obliged to you both. I don't know what I should have done without you. And I have hindered you a great deal. I meant to ask you to accept a little present for your trouble -" he hesitated, looking sharply to see if she were disposed to take offence. She flushed up, but said nothing: for with the impulse to protest came a keen recollection of her hungry little ones, and she was mute. After a trifling pause, he went on,-" But the fact is I've lost my purse. Can't imagine how, unless in my fall I sent it spinning somewhere about here. I know I had it in my pocket less than an hour

ago, for I took it out to pay for a bottle of lemonade at an inn. So I shouldn't wonder if your boy could find it presently. If he can, just keep it, please, and whatever is in it, for your own. It is pretty nearly empty, but there is one coin at least, I know,—two shillings, if not three. And if you can't find it, then write a line to this address,"—he handed her a visiting card,—"and I'll send you a postal order for half a crown. I shall be at that address in three or four days,—and till then at Ashton Grange."

"Thank you, sir, very much. I'll tell Willie. But wouldn't you like the purse back?"

"No, no; keep it. Either for yourself, or for Willie. It's not a bad purse, and I have another. Tell me where you live, and I may be able to see your boy before I leave Ashton Grange."

The fly was now close at hand, and the young man seemed in a great hurry to be off. "Mind, if you don't find the purse, be sure to let me know," he said. "I fancy it is lying somewhere near—

either on the road or in the field."

Getting into the fly was slow work, and he needed a good deal of help. "I'm afraid he's more hurt than he thinks," remarked Mrs. Fraser, as he drove off. "I don't like to see him turn so pale." Then she told Willie about the lost purse, and he forthwith instituted a vigorous search. It was growing dark fast. Willie undertook the field, and Mrs. Fraser went along the road. Presently they came together again, equally unsuccessful.

"No chance now, mother. We couldn't see it if it was ever so near. I'll come round with Peggie to-morrow morning, quite early, before anybody is likely to pass. Shall we? I daresay we can find it then."

"Yes, that'll be best; and I do hope you'll find it. Half a crown would be a real help just now; and somehow I don't feel that I should like to write to the gentleman and ask him for it."

"And then there's the purse, too," observed Willie.

They turned to go homewards, and not six yards down the road Mrs. Fraser's foot struck against some firm little object hidden in a patch of grass. She stooped with an exclamation,—

"Here's something. I wonder if- Yes, I've

got it. Willie, it's the purse!"

"Why, mother, I thought you hunted here?"

"So I did. I must have missed over that bit of grass." She pressed the spring, and the purse sprang open. Inside lay one florin and one shilling, also a threepenny-piece and two stamps. It was a small neat purse, of some kind of smooth leather.

"Three shillings and threepence. That isn't a half-crown, is it, mother? It's a two-shilling piece. Won't you get something nice for supper? New Year's Day, and you're so tired. Do, mother."

Mrs. Fraser could not resist the coaxing voice. "We'll spend one shilling and threepence of it," she said; and all the way back they discussed how to lay out the fifteenpence to the best advantage, until the shops near home were reached.

Late that night, when the children were in bed, Mrs. Fraser sat, with weary eyes and fingers,

darning some of the muchworn socks. She would have a great deal to do the next day and the day after, for she had no hope at all of the old landlord relenting. Either an empty house or some unfurnished rooms had to be speedily found: and if it was to be a question of rooms only, she would have great difficulty in bestowing all her furniture in them. Yet to sell that furniture would be the height of imprudence, since she hoped very soon to be able to settle in another little house, and again to take lodgers. Some few things might have to be parted with, just to enable her to pay her way at present, but that she hoped would be all. Work would surely soon turn up.

It is not easy to trust, under adverse circumstances, when the way ahead looks dark, and money is short, and work threatens to fail. But Mrs. Fraser did believe and did feel sure that she and hers would be cared for; that work would be sent; that real needs would be supplied.

What she did not feel sure of was that they would be allowed to remain in their present home: and she shrank with all her heart from the thoughts of a change. In her whole life she had known only three homes. She had lived in one till she was married; in another during her married life; in a third during her widowhood; and it grieved her sorely to think of starting afresh in a fourth home.

Only, if it were necessary,—if it had to be,—if it were the Divine Will for her?

But Mrs. Fraser did not feel as yet that she could say, "Thy Will be done." She wanted her own way; not the Divine Will.



-Page 29.

viewed it with interest before going to bed. It was of good leather, with three pockets. In a half-mechanical fashion Mrs. Fraser felt each of the pockets in turn, examined it outside and inside, and came upon three more stamps, hidden away out of sight. That made her look farther. One division between two of the pockets seemed curiously thick in make; and she felt it carefully.

Strange to say it held within itself a minute extra pocket, hitherto overlooked by all of them-a pocket so exceedinglysmall and compact and so oddly placed, that she had much difficulty in getting at its opening at all. However, presently one finger found its way in, and encountered a piece of paper. Mrs. Fraser worked away quietly at this paper till she managed to bring it out.

It was tightly and neatly folded together; and there was printing on it. At the first glimpse her heart beat faster. She hastily opened it out. Before her eyes lay a Bank of England note for five pounds.

Mrs. Fraser gave one gasp of amazement. Then she held the banknote closer to her candle. The word "Five" and the figure "5" were both quite clear. There could be no mistake.

She folded up the paper, slipped it back into the purse, and put the purse into her pocket. Then she sat down to think—trembling all over.

A sudden and strong temptation—such as she had never experienced before—overshadowed her.

Here was money enough to pay up her four weeks of over-due rent on Saturday; enough to ensure their remaining on in the dear little home; enough to keep them for a while, till the tide had turned, and work had flowed in upon them again.

Who could have dreamt of such a thing? Five pounds—and had it not been given to her by the owner? "If you can find the purse, just keep it,

and whatever is in it, for your own!" Yes; the young man had said those very words. "Keep it, and whatever is in it, for your own!"

A sharp little stab of doubt shot through her. Had he meant this?"

"Well," she began to reason, "he, had said 'whatever is in it.' People should not say things, if they did not mean what they say. She had found the purse; and was she not entitled to keep it, and 'whatever was in it'? Who could condemn her for doing exactly what she had been told to do?

"To be sure, he had said also that the purse was 'pretty nearly empty'; that

it contained either two or three shillings; and that, if she could not find the purse, he would send her half a crown." But she tried hard to forget all this. She wanted to think only of his other words. She clutched the purse tightly. She even kissed it in a sudden excitement of joy and relief. The difference, oh, the difference, that this might make to her! In one moment the burden would be lifted from her shoulders, and



"A Bank of England note for five pounds."-Page 30.

daylight was ahead! To be able to go on as they had done: not to have to turn out on Saturday; not to have to hunt for rooms. Oh, the difference!

Mrs. Fraser broke down into tears, and cried vehemently. She hardly knew why she cried. Partly with joy and relief; partly with dread and self-reproach; partly with a feeling that she would not be able to do what she was now purposing, that the joy was all a delusion, that the relief was all a dream. Only, while the joy lasted it seemed a comfort. She tried not to think; tried not to look ahead.

Somehow she could not say her prayers that night, as she was wont to do. When she knelt down, a great shadow seemed to wrap her round, and a great silence was overhead. No one appeared to be listening. Was that true, or was it only an imagination of her own? She stood up quickly; frightened, bewildered, yet still bent on her own way, and she hurried into bed, burying her face in the pillow, striving to smother thought.

But the temptation seemed to grow stronger and stronger. The tempter knows how to picture the gain of doing wrong in glowing and deceptive colours. "No need now to leave the house. No need now to half starve her children. They had been so good and patient; never once grumbling -not even at the absence of Christmas dainties, which in former years they had always had. That might all be set right now. Next day she could go out early, and pay the landlord's rent the very first thing. She could settle to remain on, instead of turning out on Saturday. And if Mr. Flogg made enquiry as to how she had come by the money, she would tell him that it was none of his business. All he had to do was to give her a receipt.

A long night of restlessness followed. Mrs. Fraser could not sleep. The hours seemed almost endless.

CHAPTER IV. WHICH WAY TO TURN?



watched their mother with puzzled eyes next morning. She seemed to be unlike herself. When she spoke, it was in a sharp tone, and she did not speak much. At breakfast, after feverishly drinking a cup of hot tea, she pushed her plate away.

"No, I don't want anything to eat. bother me, Peggie. I can't eat."

"One wee little bit of bread, mother."

"No, nothing. I only want to be let alone."

Peggie glanced at Willie in bewilderment. "She's tired," Willie said in an undertone. "Don't you mind, Peggie. We went ever so far, and we didn't find any house; and this is Wednesday, you know. I think she's worried."

Mrs. Fraser left the table, and sat down idly near the window. It was not in general her way to sit idly anywhere. She was the busiest and most active of little women. Now she remained thus, with her hands on her lap, and her eyes fixed vaguely on the houses over the way, seeming to see nothing.

Presently she took out the little purse, opened it, and peeped at the folded bank-note lying inside. With wistful eyes she studied that scrap of paper. It meant so much, so very much to her. And the young man had plainly said that whatever was in the purse she might keep for her own.

A step outside brought the blood in a swift rush to her face, and she hurriedly slipped the purse into her pocket. That rush of colour came from a feeling of shame; and the feeling was a new one to her. She had always been strictly true and honest. But such a temptation as this had never before come to her.

Nobody entered the room. After a moment she felt the purse again with her hand; and as she did so her fingers met the visiting card, which had been given to her by the young man. She took that out, gazed at it, and read aloud, "Mr. John Matherson." The address in one corner was of some London street.

"But he is at Ashton Grange now," she thought; and she remembered that once, two years earlier, she had done some work for the lady living there.

A voice seemed to be speaking in her heart-Was it one side of her brain speaking to the other side? Was it Conscience? "Take it back! Take it back! Be honest!" the voice said.

"I am honest," Mrs. Fraser answered indignantly. "I would never take a penny that wasn't my own by rights. He gave this to me."

"Did he mean to give it to you?" the voice asked. "If he did, why can't you thank God, and be happy?"

Mrs. Fraser shivered. She was not happy; far from it. And she had not thanked God. could not feel that this had come from God. It seemed to her that morning impossible to pray. Everything was out of gear in her spiritual life. And yet-yet-to give up the five pounds !- to revert to her former state of poverty and dread !who could expect it of her? the tempter whispered.

Then she decided to wait. She would not do anything directly. She would not go to her landlord that morning. There was no need for hasty action. She would allow a few hours to pass. Perhaps Mr. Matherson himself might call,—if he had missed the money. It would be the natural thing to do. And then she could tell him that she had found it—that she had felt—that she had thought—that she had doubted—oh, well, she could leave until the time came the question of what she would say.

She started up, and began to be active. First she went out shopping, and she refused to have a companion. She was gone so long that the children felt sure she must have been house-hunting; but when she came in she said nothing about it. She only cooked, and cleaned, and was busy. The children were relieved to see her more natural, though she was not like herself. At dinner time she had a nice little meal for them, and she pressed them all to eat heartily, and talked a great deal. But there was a sharp sound still in her voice; and she would hardly touch anything herself.

"I can't! I seem to turn against it," she said.
"Is mother going to be ill?" Peggie asked.

They had seen a good deal of illness, and they were old for their age.

The afternoon was wearing away, and darkness had begun to fall. Mr. Matherson had not come, had not sent any message. If he had missed the five pounds, surely he would have come or sent. True, he might be ill from his accident-too ill to attend to business; but Mrs. Fraser put this notion aside. The strain was telling on her. All night she had been awake, with only a few stray minutes of uneasy sleep; and all day she had been under a weight of uneasy suspense, as well as half unconsciously fighting a fierce battle. All the braver and better and truer part of her was in arms against this threatened failure, which would have belied her whole past life; and if she could not pray now, earlier prayers were being answered, and she was not allowed easily and lightly to yield.

When dusk set in, she had suddenly a sense of being unable to do anything more. There was nothing to be done but to wait till the morning. Nothing at all. And then—she would see.

She sat again near the window, as earlier in the day. The fire was small, and the room had grown very cold. Some of the children were present, which of them she hardly knew. A dead indifference had crept over her. It was as if life had changed, as if something always in it before had gone out. In her mind she was saying, "I shall pay the landlord to-morrow, and then it will be all right." But the other voice had begun to speak again. "No," it was saying, "you will not!

you will not! you will not! It would be dishonest, dishonest!"

Nobody could have guessed from her quiet face the underlying strife. She sat quite still. Her feet were like ice; and her head was aching.

"Mother's sleepy," one of the children said

softly, and she answered aloud,-

"Yes, I'm going to try to get to sleep for five minutes."

Peggie enticed the two younger ones into another room for a game of play, and Willie sat as still as a mouse. After that she managed to forget herself, though only for a few minutes.

No outer sound aroused her. She crept quietly back to partial sense; but a voice seemed to be ringing in her ears, a clear brave voice, which said distinctly, "She will never do it." Then she saw her husband's face vividly, like a picture—a good honest face, sober and straightforward. "Peggie!" he seemed to say, the lips moving—after which the half-waking vision faded away.

Mrs. Fraser sat up in her chair, thoroughly aroused. Body and mind were both awake. It was as if she had come out of a bad dream; but that dream had been in waking hours, not in sleep. Now she saw how things really were, and what a narrow escape she had had.

"No, I'll never do it. I couldn't," she said aloud. "What was I about to think for one moment of such a thing? I couldn't!"

Willie came near, half afraid, for there was a touch of wildness in her manner. He fell on his knees at her side.

"Willie, mind you're a good boy always always. Never do anything that you'd be ashamed of if you saw father coming. Mind you don't."

"No, mother, I won't."

"I've been tempted—sore tempted. And God has taken care of me. Mind you thank Him for me to-night. Don't say anything to anybody, and don't ask questions. I've got to write a letter now, this minute; and I'll go to post it, for fear I'd change my mind. Maybe it 'ud come over me again if I were to wait."

Hastily, with shaking fingers, she directed an envelope to Mr. Matherson, at Ashton Grange, then enclosed in it a half-sheet of paper, at the head of which she had written her own address, and below the words,—

"SIR,—I found the purse, and there is a fivepound note in it. Please tell me what to do. I

hope you are getting better."

After this she put on her bonnet, and went out to post it, disregarding Willie's offer to go for her. As she dropped the stamped envelope into the slit, peace came quietly back to her spirit. She felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted away—as if she could almost have broken out, there and then, into singing.

"Mother's all right again to-night," Peggie whispered to Willie; and Willie only answered "Yes." He did not tell Peggie what his mother had said to him; for she had treated him as a friend, and, young as he was, he would not betray what he felt to be her confidence.

Next day, after a night of placid sleep, Mrs. Fraser felt like herself again. She was blithe and cheery; and even the thought of leaving her home did not seem quite so dreadful as two days earlier. Worse things may happen in life than a change of home; and Mrs. Fraser had been guarded from a far worse thing-from the loss of the

good name in which she and her husband had always rejoiced, and

She meant to go out, when house work should be done. to hunt for rooms, and, if possible, to get matters train for Saturday's move. But before she could start, a telegram was brought to the door, which she opened in some trepidation. It contained these words,-

"Mr. Matherson will call soon. Please stay in."

So there could be no lodginghunting until after his visit. Nearly two hours passed, and then the

Grange carriage, which she knew well by sight, drove up to the door. Mr. Matherson walked in, moving slowly and stiffly still. He greeted Mrs. Fraser kindly, asked for a chair, said that he was better, but not right yet, and remarked,-

"That's queer about the bank-note."

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Fraser produced the purse, explained how she had made the discovery, and placed it in his hands. They were alone together, for she had sent the children away.

Mr. Matherson opened the purse, and unfolded

the bank-note.

"Odd!" he said. "Yes, I remember. Comes

back to me now, you know; but I declare I'd forgotten all about it. Just as I was starting on this trip the five pounds came in, at the last moment. And to save time, I slipped it into that pocket, which I hadn't often used. Afterwards, the whole thing went out of my head."

"You'd have found out your loss later, sir."

"Might have done so. Not at all certain. I've an uncommonly bad memory for money affairs; and my accounts are-well, not exactly dependable always. Even if I had remembered about the note, I shouldn't have felt sure-not quite sure of my own recollection, I mean. Anyhow, I couldn't

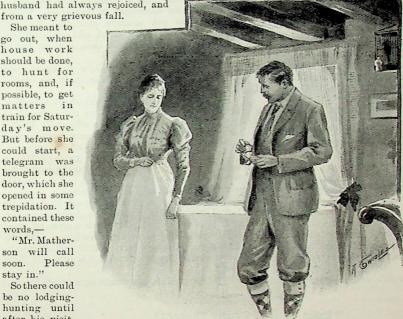
proved have anything." He looked fixedly at Mrs. Fraser. "I say-I suppose it never came into your head that you might, if you chose, have kept it for yourself, and nobody been the wiser!

Mrs. Fraser hung her head.

"I shouldn't wonder very much, if you had just thought of such a thing. Didn't I tell you to keep the purse, and whatever might be in it? Eh ?"

" Yes, sir." "And didn't that give you the right?"

"No, sir." Mrs. Fraser's cheeks were



" He put the bank-note slowly into his purse, watching Mrs. Fraser as he did so."—Page 34.

scarlet.

"Ah-" was all he said.

Tears rushed to her eyes. "I won't deny, sir, I was tempted-sore tempted," she said very low. "You did say that; and you said too that the purse hadn't more than two or three shillings in it. I've always been honest; but it came at a time when I was wanting help; and it would have saved us from-from a deal of trouble. It's right I should tell you. We found the purse almost directly after you were gone; and late that same night I found the bank-note. And I didn't say anything to the children, but I did think of using

it next day to pay the rent. I tried hard to believe it was right; but somehow, when the morning came, I couldn't. And I waited, and said nothing. And then—I thought of my husband, and of what he'd have said. Seemed as if perhaps he was looking on, and saw me. And I couldn't face the thought of that. I couldn't go on. So I wrote in a hurry, for fear I'd change."

"Ah-yes," murmured Mr. Matherson.

He put the bank-note slowly into his purse, watching Mrs. Fraser as he did so. She hardly seemed to notice his action. Her mind was elsewhere.

"It would have saved you from-what? Some

sort of trouble?"

"We've got to turn out of this house, sir. It isn't my fault, but I'm four weeks behind in my rent, and the landlord won't wait. He says I may pay and stay, or else I must go; and he only gives me till Saturday. I've been here ever since my husband's death, and it does seem hard. That's why I was tempted, sir,—and I wouldn't have been else, I do believe. We've had illness, and things have got wrong with me. And so—"

"But if you had kept the note, I don't think you'd have felt - comfortable," suggested the

voung man.

Mrs. Fraser's handkerchief went to her face in quick assent.

"I'm very very glad I didn't," she said.

- "The lady I'm staying with knows your name," Mr. Matherson said. "She says she gave you work once, and she means to give you more work—now at once. You'll come out and have a word with her presently. She is in the carriage."
 - "Yes, sir,—thank you. It's work I want."
 "But about your rent,—how much is due?"
- "One pound sixteen, on Saturday, sir. Four weeks."
 - "Well, I'm not a rich man myself, and I can't

easily afford to lose five pounds. Of course I didn't know of its being in the purse, and I didn't mean to give it to you. I might have never known where it was gone, but I should have found the loss very inconvenient, of course. So I'm not offering to return the whole note into your hands, Mrs. Fraser——"

"No, sir, and I shouldn't like you to do it, please. It would make me feel more how nearly I'd done what I'd never have been able to forgive

myself for doing."

"Yes, I understand. Still, some little reward is only fair, after the way you've acted. And, under the circumstances, I should like to help you with your rent. So I'm going to give you this." He placed two sovereigns in her hand. "That will help to put matters straight. No, you needn't object. It's all right, and quite settled. Better see your landlord at once, and get everything arranged."

"I'm sure I don't know how to thank you enough, sir," sobbed Mrs. Fraser, quite overcome.

Having reached the lowest ebb of the tide, Mrs. Fraser found thenceforward that things began to improve all round. Work was offered for Willie, as well as for herself, by her new friends; and in no long time a permanent lodger appeared. Mr. Flogg had to do without his extra shilling a week. He did not like it; but having passed his word, he held to what he had said, and the Frasers were not turned out of their little home.

But for many a year afterward Mrs. Fraser looked back to that time with a shuddering sense of fear, as one might look back to a scene of great bodily peril, and of escape therefrom. Had she yielded to the temptation, which had so nearly overmastered her, what a sad life it would have been!

[A New Tale commences next month.]

"boly Spirit, Truth Divine!"

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."-John xiv. 16.

OLY Spirit, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love Divine! Glow within this heart of mine; Kindle every high desire; Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!

Holy Spirit, Right Divine! King within my conscience reign; Be my Lord, and I shall be Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace Divine! Still this restless heart of mine; Speak to calm this tossing sea, Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

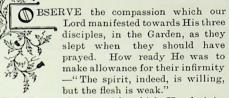
Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. Longfellow.

"The Word is Truth."

IV. THE GENTLENESS OF CHRIST.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



Mark the gentleness with which He administered rebuke. When His disciples quarrelled among themselves about precedence, "He took a child and set him in the midst of them, and when He had taken him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever receiveth one of such children in My Name, receiveth Me." When James and John made their presumptuous request, "that they might sit the one on His right hand, and the other on His left in His Kingdom," He simply reminded them, that for His disciples the way to the crown was through the cross; that they must be united with Him in suffering, if they desired to be sharers in His glory; and be content to accept whatever place might be assigned to them by the Father's appointment.

We note, as another instance, the look which brought Peter to repentance and to tears—the loving thoughtfulness which prompted Him to send a special message to him, after His Resurrection; and, lastly, the tender mingling of rebuke and love when He reinstated him in his office, with the thrice-repeated charge—"Feed My sheep—Feed My lambs—Feed My sheep."

And such as He was, when He walked in our world in lowliness and suffering, such He is still. "He is the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." If He were only man, we could have no further interest in His life and character than that which we have in the life of any good man who has passed away; but, as the Apostle Peter, writing forty years after His death, speaks of Him as "the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls," so we believe that though we see Him not, He still puts forth the same care that He did of old. He watches over His flock with the same tender sympathy for their weaknesses, and guides them with like wisdom and love.

Do we then feel Him to be our Shepherd? Are we trusting to the cleansing power of His blood? Are we leaning through life's journey on His strong arm? Are we seeking to follow in the paths of holiness where He has led the way?

V. WHAT FAITH IS.

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ECHOES FROM A VILLAGE CHURCH."

FAITH is the hand that lays hold on Christ. There is a Latin motto which I think very beautiful—"I hold and am held." I hold Christ, and am held by Him.

Faith is the eye that looks to Christ. When the Israelites were bitten by the fiery serpents, God appointed a remedy. Every one who looked at the serpent of brass lived (St. John iii. 14, 15). So now, "There is life for a look at the crucified One."

Faith is the ear which hears the voice of Christ. "My sheep hear My voice," said Christ. And again, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live" (St. John v. 25).

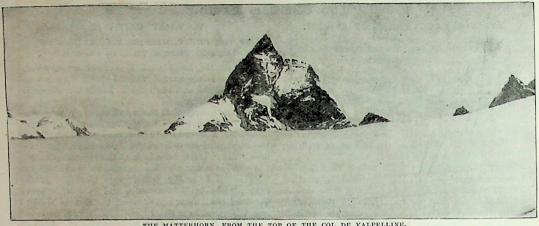
Faith is the mouth that feeds on Christ. Jesus said, "I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst" (St. John vi. 35).

Faith is the finger that touches Christ. "For she said within herself, If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole" (St. Matt. ix. 21).

Faith is the key that unlocks the treasures of Christ. You have a precious jewel in a case; but you need a key to open it. So in Christ are hidden blessings beyond all price—pardon, peace, justification, sanctification, comfort, grace, and glory. The question is, How shall they become mine? Faith is the key. But Faith is not the jewel. Faith does not save. Christ saves, and Christ is mine by simple appropriating faith. Faith unlocks the stores of grace. Faith receives the free gift, the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

Faith, we know, is spoken of in the New Testament as a coming to Christ. For coming to Christ is the same thing as believing on Him, as He Himself says in St. John vi. 35: "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." Only remember for your great and endless comfort that there is weak faith and strong faith. You may not have the strong faith of Bunyan's Greatheart, but be thankful if you have the weak faith of him who said with tears, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

And be very sure, too, that real faith is as St. Paul says in Ephesians ii.: "The gift of God." It is not simply that God assists men to believe, but he actually bestows faith. He implants it in the hearts of His people. Only ask Him for it. He loves to give it! He bids thee "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be sayed"; and His "biddings" are His "enablings."



THE MATTERHORN, FROM THE TOP OF THE COL DE VALPELLINE.

Our Parish Lantern Lectures.

I. "THREE MEN ON A ROPE." (Concluded.)

BY A MEMBER OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

VE heard tell of a woman who once put an advertisement in the paper saying as how she wanted washing. She needn't have wasted her money; people could see it for theirselves-likewise that most of her belongings hadn't been in a tub this side o' Christmas. But with Betsy the matter's contrariwise. "There baint a speclet nor a dusticle showin' their heads for two minutes be-

fore Betsy has wiped 'em out." That's the identical observation of the squire's wife, beggin' her pardon for putting it home-like.



Betsy feelin' sky high proper pride, floatin' right above the likes of us earth grubs, when out comes our lecturer with the confession that he couldn't wash up nohow! I mind how our vicar that married us told me that if I just happened all unintention-

'twouldn't matter so very much; I'd be sure to worship right away if I undertook to wash-up for Betsy. But this is what they call a personality, and nowise a report of the lecturer.

"You see," said he, "when we want to do something special, we stay out a night." (That's so. I thought, minding Jubilee Day, which lasted more'n

forty hour.) "The Swiss climbers," he went on, " have very kindly put up huts or cabins high up, above the ordinary hotels and inns, and in them you have your supper, sleep as sound as you can, and then make away with your breakfast, and off you go up the mountain before the sun begins to yawn over the horizon. You see, we make hay before the sun shines, for fear it should melt the ice and the snow and send 'em sliding down atop of us."

But I reckon they made hash afore they made hay. 'Twas like this. There bein' no waiter, with yards of shirt front, and no cook, dressed up in white calico, at the hut to do for visitors, the three men "off the rope" had to make shift for theirselves. First it was laying a fire, then 'twas getting water by melting snow, then dusting the cups and saucers you find in a wooden cupboard as bare as Mother Hubbard's, then putting their beds o' straw in order, and wrapping theirselves up in rugs. In the morning there was more tea to brew, which meant more cups and such like to wash up, with precious little water for the job. D'you mean to tell Betsy and me that they didn't make no manner o' hash of that! "We found a damp handkerchief by way of a dish cloth did best, and used up least water," said the lecturer. A damp handkerchief!

How Betsy laughed when he described the way they swept out the hut, and because they hated to see a litter, threw the waste stuff down a crevasse.

"In fifty or sixty years," he told us, "those crusts of bread will come out of the ice at the foot of the great ice river, or glacier, that is always flowing down from the mountain to the valley slowly but surely." Aye, 'tis slow! 'Twould come in last in a race with our stream, which is well-nigh stagnant. It won't beat the record at ten to twenty inches a day! But if ever it was to melt they say 'twould make the biggest floods ever seen. Thank the Lord it isn't allowed, for doesn't the Psalm say, "Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over "?

On looking at what I've written down, I find it's teri'ble flavoured with Betsy. But you must mind that she's just talked and talked and talked about the wittles till I could think o' naught else myself. But there's room for some more yet.

The Swiss chaps pick out some little platform of rock, may be four or five hours from the nearest village, and up to this sort o' refuge, p'raps in the middle o' acres and acres o' snow and ice, or

perched on a shelf above thousands of feet of climbing as a sailor might say "no" to, they carry the timber to make the hut. Fancy hanging on by your evebrows, so to speak, with a beam on your

Of course all the building has to be done in the summer; in the winter the place would be snowed up. Sometimes they make one room, sometimes two, but you wouldn't care to live in 'em long. The first may have a sort of long shelf filling up half the room-say six feet by ten or twelve. On this is



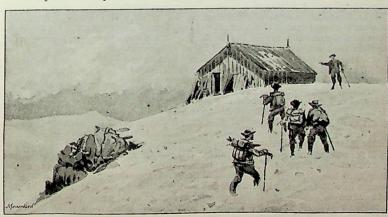
NEW ARRIVALS AT THE HUT.

piled more or less clean straw, and a few coarse rugs. In the second room you'd find a rusty stove, and a cupboard in which there'd be a number of metal cups, saucers, and saucepans, together with spoons and forks. There'd be no wood for the fire unless you'd brought it yourself. Once, the lecturer said, he'd had to cut up some logs with a small penknife and a chopper loose at the head, and that the same chopper had been injured in breaking up some bread which a weather-bound party had found and lived on for several days after eating up all their own provi-

sions. The bread was a year and threequarters old!

A night in the huts generally seems to be a sort of forty winks, multiplied a bit. You get there maybe at seven in the evening, and you have to be up and off on your climb by three next morning.

Do Betsy and I want to go and do the likes o' that? No, thank you; we're quite content to see it all on a sheet, only Betsy would like to have them cups and saucers to wash.

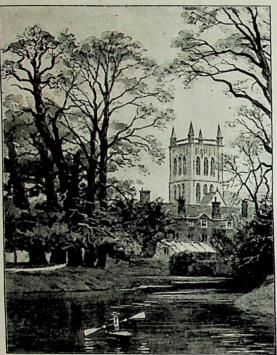


CABANE AT THE TOP OF THE ROCHERS ROUGES.

Our Portrait Sketch.

II. THE REV. HANDLEY CARR GLYN MOULE, D.D.

BY THE EDITOR.



FROM THE BANKS OF THE CAM

HE name of the Rev. Handley Carr Glyn Moule, D.D., is a household word in many thousands of English homes. As an author, he knows how to write for all readers. A scholar of no mean order, some of his books are the treasures of learned men, whilst others are the loved companions of those who dwell in quiet homes, or are engaged in the busy discharge of the claims and duties of active and public life. But chiefly, Dr. Moule, as the Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, has now, for many years, practically exercised far more than a Bishop's influence, in training and influencing students for the ministry, who are now planted in all parts of England, and, as we may truly add, as missionaries throughout the wide world. Many hundreds of worthy men have thus gone forth, at home and abroad, eminently fitted for their high and holy calling, carrying with them the clear Scriptural instruction they have received-the light of the blessed hope in which they have been strengthened, and the patient continuance in well-doing of which they have had so bright an example.

Dr. Moule was born in 1841 at Fordington Vicarage, Dorchester, where his father, the Rev. Henry Moule, a devoted pastor and large-minded philanthropist, was for fifty-one years rector. His mother's grandfather was Robert Hall's tutor and friend. Two of Mr. Moule's brothers, Bishop and Archdeacon Moule, have long been associated with the Church Missionary Society's China Missions.

Dr. Moule entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1860. He won prizes, took honours, and gained a fellowship in 1865. After holding the post of Assistant-Master at Marlborough College for two years, he experienced deep religious teaching, which has been the spring of his life work ever since. He was soon after ordained, in 1867, to his father's curacy. In 1880 he was appointed first Principal of Ridley Hall. Soon after he married Mary Elliott, niece of the author of "Just as I am," and of the widely-known author of "Horæ Apocalypticæ," the Rev. E. B. Elliott, of Brighton.

Happily Dr. Moule's influence is not confined to his work at Ridley Hall. He is evening preacher at Trinity Church, where Charles Simeon used to preach. Those who tell us that "the old Gospel ever new "has lost its power, and is to give place to the new light of modern speculation, should read their New Testaments and the late Charles Simeon's Life by the late Canon Carus, and then listen to a sermon by Dr. Moule at Trinity Church. If they could discover any new truths in the teaching we should indeed be surprised; and we think they would admit that in this case "the old is better." The Bible knows no change in its testimony to Christ; and this is the one characteristic of the "one faith" in all ages. It is needless to say the Gospel in its sim-

plicity attracts those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness." The writer will not soon forget the crowd of young men who helped to fill Trinity Church in every corner on a Sunday evening when it was his privilege to be present. The ofttime "Forgotten Truth" of the Divine Spirit's work was not forgotten by Dr. Moule. When during the next few weeks the offered See of Sydney was declined, important as the new sphere would have been, the feeling of thankfulness prevailed, that a more important post at Ridley would not be vacant.

Dr. Moule's devotional books, "Thoughts on Christian Sanctity," "Union with Christ," and "Spiritual Life," have been widely blessed, as well as his "Life of Simeon." His more scholarly works, "Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon," and "Outlines of Christian Doctrine," are invaluable helps to all real students of the Word of God. Nor must we omit to mention Dr. Moule's poems. Those who read them will find a real treat, and abundant evidence of that deep filial love for the old home, holy and happy in its parental influence, which so mainly influenced the formation of the future character.



THE REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D. PRINCIPAL OF RIDLEY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

True Anhe:

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER II.



T was a strange change from the brightness, space, and grandeur of outside nature to that cottage interior. They stepped down into a low-roofed room; the floor of beaten earth, the ceiling of heavy brown beams. The whole furniture of the place consisted of a

couple of beds in rough bedsteads, a table, a bench, and two or three chairs. In one of the chairs, which had arms, but could not be called easy, and seated on a couple of poor cushions, with a pillow at his back, and wrapped in an old thin blanket, sat, as close to the window as he could be placed, Lars Olsson, much wasted by his long illness. The doctor bent down and examined his leg; the right knee was bent, and had become fixed in that position; the bones of his left wrist had sustained what is known amongst medical men as "Coles's fracture," and was fearfully misplaced and out of shape. The doctor looked about for something to make a splint of, but in vain, so Eric ran out and brought in a piece of chip from the wood pile, but it would not bend. At length the Englishman espied, on a shelf made by one of the cross beams on the low ceiling, a few old books, and tore the covers off the largest one. Lars clasped his hands and cried so earnestly, "No, no, not my books!" that his brother went to his side, took his hand tenderly, and tried to console him. Kirstin, too, could hardly restrain her tears, when the doctor coolly seized on a poor dish-cloth, which was drying on a string after being washed, and tore it into bandages.

"Now, Eric, kneel here. Hold your brother's footso: I am going to straighten the knee. Now!"

The women at the door started back as they heard poor Lars' piercing shrieks, and the tears rolled down Eric's cheeks as he knelt without flinching, and saw his brother clasp his thin hands, and turn round in his chair, appealing to Kirstin, who stood by his side, trying to comfort him in her thin, trembling voice.

"Soon, soon it will be over," she said. "Drink some water, my little one; oh, my poor one, drink. Be patient, for the Lord's sake!"

It was over in a few seconds, and then the doctor swiftly and skilfully bandaged on the improvised splint, and helped Eric to place the lad in his bed.

"If I had your brother in the Stanley Hospital at Liverpool, I could cure this leg, and I think this wrist too—at all events, make it serviceable; but I dare not do more to-day. He must stay in bed with his leg thus for three months to come. At any rate, it is straighter, and I hope may improve."



"I am going to straighten the knee.' "-Page 40.

"Mange tak, mange tak," cried Lars, looking up to the kind face of the doctor, and kissing his hand fervently.

"My brother thanks you, sir," said Eric.

"Yes, I see that. Poor lad, I only wish I could do more for him; but, to make a cure, he needs carefully watching and nursing for months, and I fear you have no means of that kind here."

"Sir," said Eric slowly, "if I could bring Lars to Liverpool, could you put him in that

hospital you mention?"

"Yes, certainly. See," said the doctor, smiling, "I promise, if you will bring him, I will look after him myself. This is my card; on it is the name of my home, and the hospital in Liverpool."

"What does the gentleman say?" questioned

the sick youth eagerly.

His brother translated the opinion. Lars' pallid face flushed, then his eye moistened, and he turned his face to the wall and wept—at first silently, then soon with but half-stifled sobs.

"Do not cry," said Kirstin; "it is the will of God." But her own voice trembled, and she hid

her face in her apron.

"It is easy to say that," cried Lars; "but look at Eric. If it is the will of God, I say," he cried passionately, "it is a hard will—a very hard will—and why should it come to me? What harm have I done? Why should I be for ever lame and ill, when a little money would take me to England, and I should return hither as strong as Eric or any one else? I do not like the will of God, if that it is."

"Oh, hush! my little one, hush!" cried his

aunt, who was shocked.

But Lars sobbed on in passionate grief. The doctor, though he could not understand the words, guessed at the despair the lad's tones conveyed, and was glad to escape from the painful scene. He came out from the dimness of the hut into the Pass. The blue sky was flecked with filmy clouds, and the sun shone warmly on the high cliffs of the Næröfjord, and glittered on the surface of its deep blue waters, which reflected the surrounding cliffs and the motionless steamer, with its lazy trail of white vapour.

Eric remained by the bedside. He held the card in his hand. He could not thank his friend, but he wrung the gentleman's hand fervently, and waited for an hour at the door of Helland's, till the Englishman again appeared, and then, lifting his portmanteau, carried it on board the boat. As the moment of parting came, he gained courage

again to speak.

"Sir," and there was a wistful look in his eyes, "are you *sure* my brother could be cured if he came to England?"

"As certain as it is possible to be, where there



"'Farvel! Farvel!' she cried from the little pier."-Page 41.

must be a doubt. We have treated worse cases in the hospital successfully."

Eric gazed down the fjord, but he did not see the circling gulls or the beetling rocks; he looked farther than the vista of blue waters, even over the untravelled years of the future—his brother's future and his own. His eyes enlarged, and the gloom of a deep anguish darkened them.

Just as the steamboat was preparing to throw off, he roused himself, for Ammitta Loen stepped across the deck, and with a smile offered the Englishman two red grouse and a basket full of ripe raspberries, and then darted back again. "Farvel! farvel!" she cried from the little pier, waving her hand, and the Englishman thought she made a pretty picture, with the Norwegian sailor by her side, and a background of the long vista of glittering rocks and golden misty light about her.

A week later he was back in all the rush and

whirl of a busy life in a great city, and the remembrance of his last morning at Gudvangen faded, and became indistinct as a shadow from another world. Each day, many cases of bitter distress and suffering crowded in upon his notice, and in doing the Christ-like work of healing the

sick and ministering to the poor, he forgot the pale, discontented face of Lars Olsson. But in Gudvangen the English doctor was well remembered. He had brought new thoughts into many minds. To do good is a certain road to the kind remembrance of others.

(To be continued.)

The Sunday Schools.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM-Illustrated by W RAINEY.



THINK there is no part of parochial work more important than the Sunday School. It is pleasant to know that now-a-days Sunday Schools are much better managed than was the case, as a rule, in olden times. No doubt there were good Sunday Schools long ago, well-disciplined, well supplied with well-taught teachers; but they were the exception, not the rule. Where they were found it was, as a general thing, because the clergyman's wife or elder daughter was superintendent, and his family supplied the most of the teachers.

When I first became a teacher myself I found some difficulty in distinguishing between p and q, and could there-

fore hardly be regarded as a well-taught teacher—though I was one of the parson's sons! But this is

the exception that proves the rule. One thing I did which it pleases me to remember—I diligently read, and as regularly recited, for the benefit of my class, which consisted of three small boys, "Lille Henry and his Bearer." In those days teaching children to read was part of the Sunday School teacher's work. That part of my work I gladly got over as fast as I could, being very doubtful of my own knowledge; but it was a delight to me to tell in my own words Mrs. Sherwood's delightful story.

May I say in passing that the system of reading story-books in class is to be condemned; but a teacher who will get up and tell carefully stories which illustrate the truths he wishes to impress on the youthful mind, will not fail to win attention. Teachers to-day have a great advantage over those of my boyish days. Except in very

junior classes, the scholars can read moderately well. I can remember a very big boy who used to make random shots at the names he came across in the Bible. One day he came across the name "Arphaxad," which, bold as brass and without the slightest hesitation, he gave out with no gentle voice, as "Jack Baxter." I am afraid he was a bit of a wag as well as most certainly a very ignorant boy for his age. But does it not look as if the teacher was letting his boys read straight ahead without much thought of what would benefit them? Genesis xi., from verse 11 to verse 27; or St. Luke iii., from verse 24 to the end of the chapter, might be a stern test of power to read hard names, but would hardly furnish food of a digestible character to ignorant country lads.

Amongst Sunday School memories comes back a story I heard years ago from a clergyman's daughter. She had been giving a lesson on Peter's deliverance from prison, and had given a very vivid description of the dreary darkness and dulness of prison life, when a little girl, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face with a sort of fearful fascination, suddenly startled "teacher" by saying, "Please, Miss, was you



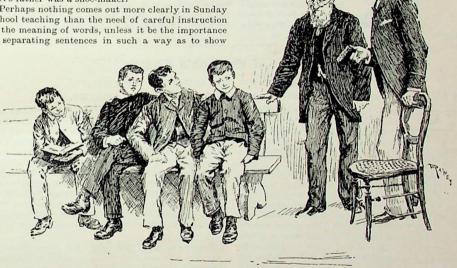
iver took up?" It says much for her readiness of resource and presence of mind that she at once replied: "No, my dear, but my father was chaplain to a gaol, and I have often been inside its walls with him."

It is rather upsetting to a teacher's gravity when, as happened to one of my sisters, as she was giving what she felt to be an impressive account of Eli's failure to keep his sons under due discipline, a scholar burst out with the remark, "Please, mum, Mr. Eli was a nicet old gentleman, wasn't he?" I think that little girl felt that justice was hardly being done to Eli's excellent character.

Almost more trying to the risible faculties must the following circumstances have been. A teacher asked her class," Now, children, can you tell me what the soul is?" There was silence, not unnaturally I think, for some seconds; then a hand was held out. "I know, mum." "Very well, tell me then." "Leather, mum." I am not quite sure, but I think that little girl's father was a shoe-maker.

Perhaps nothing comes out more clearly in Sunday School teaching than the need of careful instruction in the meaning of words, unless it be the importance of separating sentences in such a way as to show

President, give me leave to ask you a question I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged or so learned as yourself." "He looked so kindly at me," adds the Dean, "that I thought I might go on. 'Every studious man, in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?' He bade me explain, evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance. He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up and said, 'I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice' (here he looked me archly in the face)



OUR NEW TEACHER.

what each really means. For months, perhaps years, I myself, as a little lad, thought the words in the third commandment "him guiltless" were one word, "himguiltless," and were intended to apply to a withered wrinkled old woman, who sat at church in the pew behind ours. I used to turn round and look at the poor old lady, wondering that she did not seem at all abashed at being thus publicly referred to, and, as I thought, held up to reprobation! A brother-in-law of mine used to declare that he always thought, when a child, that "filthy lucre" meant sour small

Dean Burgon, in his valuable book, "Lives of Twelve Good Men" (vol. i. p. 73), tells us that he once said to that learned divine, Martin Joseph Routh, D.D., President of Magdalen College, Oxford, "Mr. 'always to verify your references, sir.'" Dr. Routh was then about ninety years of age. Now I am neither so old nor so learned as he was, nor is my advice worth so much; but if I might give a word of advice to teachers it would be, "Explain every doubtful or difficult word in your lesson, and ask questions to see whether the children understand the explanation." - " Verify " everything.

This is of special importance in teaching the Church Catechism. Young people, old ones too, often get a jumble of words in the memory to which they attach very little meaning, or quite a wrong meaning. Not only words, but their use in sentences, and the relation of one clause to another, must be explained if teaching is to be efficacious. "Not many things but much" is a good motto for teachers. A clear notion



of one passage of God's Word is worth more than a confused idea of many chapters. Of course the Sunday School Teacher should aim at winning souls for Christ, and will only regard knowledge of words, and indeed of Scripture itself, as a means to an end, not the end itself.

It is a great delight to meet, as I have done many times, with proof that Sunday Schools are thus blessed by God. I have in my mind now two young fellows who are excellent Sunday School teachers. They do

not live in the same town and one is, perhaps, getting almost beyond the stage of youth, but both have one thing in common—they were trouble-some lads in their respective classes. They were wont to turn teachers, and fellow-scholars, and God's truth itself, into ridicule. They were ringleaders when mischief was afoot. Both were brought to feel their need of a Saviour through the instrumentality of their Sunday School teachers; both became very earnest Christians; both exercised an excellent influence in class after conversion; both are now able and devoted Christians. Yes, and I have known many another case of direct good done, not to mention the immense amount of indirect blessing which has followed faithful work in the Sunday School

It was only "a grain of mustard seed" when sown, in great humility, by Robert Raikes: but God has blessed it to a wonderful growth. Think of 500,000 teachers and three millions of scholars, at least, in happy England now; and then who will not say with the Founder of Sunday Schools—not, "See what I have done," but "See what God hath wrought!"

The Storp of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE."

. CÆDMON, WILFRID, AND THE COUNCIL AT WHITBY.



story of Cædmon, our first great Engle poet, is a poem in itself. A herdman and keeper of the stables in the religious "house" or "home" founded by Hilda at Whitby, in a "wondrous dream song" he discovered the gift he possessed. The verses he had composed he was able to repeat and sing to Hilda: and

giving up his daily work he became henceforward a poet-bard. "He sang," we are told by Bede, "the praise of the Celestial Architect, the power and design of the Creator, the deeds of the Father of Glory, and how He, the Eternal God, built up a home for the sons of men—heaven for their roof, and then the earth." He sang, too, much concerning our Lord—the Incarnation, the Passion and Resurrection, the Ascension, and the descent of the Holy Spirit on His apostles at Pentecost. One feature of the poems of Cædmon and his successors unhappily indicated an imaginative and unscriptural exaltation of the Virgin Mother of Christ, and the influence of growing superstition is apparent. His calm and peaceful life ended at Whitby about the year 680.

At this period great efforts were being made in Northumbria by Eanfleda (a grand-daughter of Ethelbert and Bertha of Kent) the queen of King Oswin, to introduce Roman customs, rites, and forms, and Roman discipline and obedience, into the northern Celtic Church. Wilfrid, a young scholar of Lindisfarne, threw himself into this Roman party, and resolved to visit Rome. The pomp and display he witnessed there increased his resolve to change the

simplicity of Celtic worship, and introduce a rule of Roman obedience and subjection. Of course there was resistance. Strangely enough, but showing how superstition makes much of trifles, the question as to the right date of keeping Easter brought the dispute to a climax. The real question of course was whether the Churches of Britain were to acknowledge or not the supreme and utterly unscriptural authority and usurpation of Rome. Oswin, the king, followed the use of the Celtic Church; the queen favoured Wilfrid's innovation. Mainly to settle this test question the Council of Whitby was summoned by Oswin.

Bearing in mind that only a few years before the worship of Woden and the pagan gods of the North prevailed amongst the Engles, the large attendance at the Council was a remarkable proof of the missionary success of "the handful of poor Celtic preachers from Iona and Lindisfarne," who had so faithfully laboured. But the under-mining process of error was now at work; and error too surely prevailed.

Colman, the Bishop of Lindisfarne, the successor of Aidan and Finan, appealed to the constant practice of the Celtic Church. Wilfrid professed to have discovered "a more perfect way" at Rome, and claimed for the Pope the authority of Peter! The scholarship that might have asked for proof that Peter was ever at Rome at all, or consecrated any Roman bishop, was lacking in those days: and King Oswin, gathering from Wilfrid's words that "Peter was the gate porter of heaven," gave his decision in a form which says little for his Christian Scriptural

knowledge: "I will not dare to oppose Peter. I will obey him in all things, lest when I reach the doors of heaven those doors open not to me if I am the

enemy of the one who carries the keys."

It seems almost childish logic; but, nevertheless, it prevailed: and the Engle king thus struck a blow at the influence of the Celtic Church which was soon followed by dark and growing superstition. Certainly what has been termed the "great Whitby Council" was not a council in which "wisdom" ruled. The only other "important" topic seems to have been the question of the tonsure! Rome triumphed: but the noble Colman, as a testimony against the decision, resigned his bishopric of Lindisfarne, and retired to Iona and to Ireland.

Soon after, aided by Royal influence, Wilfrid himself became the head of the Northumbrian Church. The Celtic section of course regarded him with great

dislike and distrust: and his imperious disposition soon manifested itself. There was, he held, one supreme head of the Church, the Pope; and he was one of his representative bishops. He would not even be consecrated by any of the bishops of his own country: they were to him schismatics: a fact which Dean Spence well observes shows how entirely the Christianity of England was still really Celtic. The consecration took place at Compiegne, in Gaul, "with extraordinary pomp": and the new Bishop of York was carried through the church of Compiegne on a golden throne borne by bishops.

[** The First Series of "The Story of England's Church" is now ready, in a handsome volume, entitled, Sunrise in Britain: How the Light Dawned, with many Illustrations. Cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. We hope it will find a place in Parish Libraries and Reading Rooms. (London: Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.)]

"GEMS OF TRUTH FOR EVERY ONE."

Five minutes devoted every day to make one of these gems truly our own, would make each of us a millionaire.

"HE Old Gospel is the only Gospel.

One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

Prayer oils the wheels of the wagon of life. Pray against sin, but don't sin against prayer. SAINT MONDAY is one of the devil's saints.

Tears of repentance are good for the eyes.

RATHER look on the good of evil men than on the evil of good men.

PROVIDENCE provides for the provident.

The place to spend a happy day-Home!

THE seeds of great things are often small. C. B.

"Tell It Out!"

II. FACTS AND QUESTIONS.

BY THE VERY REVEREND DAVID HOWELL, B.D., DEAN OF ST. DAVID'S.

I. Facts.

1. ESS than one-third of the human race is even nominally Christian, and the population of the heathen world is increasing at a far more rapid ratio than its evangelization.

2. The British Empire now covers one-third of the whole territory of the globe, and includes one-fifth of its popula-

3. One-seventh of the entire population of the globe are Mahomedans, and more than one-fourth of these are citi-

zens of the British Empire.

4. The entire sum contributed by the Christians of Great Britain and Ireland in aid of Foreign Missions amounts to less than a million and a half per annum, whereas we spend nine millions a year on tobacco, and more than one hundred and forty millions on intoxicating drinks. In other words, we spend, as a nation, an average of three guineas a head on drink, and only ninepence a head on missions.

5. Nevertheless, the work of evangelizing the world, in "open doors" everywhere, is most hopeful, and never so hopeful; but not as we are going on now. We want to study the Day of Pentecost as the Divine object-lesson of the Church. God is challenging us to "ventures of faith"

in answer to our prayer "Thy Kingdom come."

II. Questions.

1. Do we try to interest our own and other people's children in foreign mission work, by setting the missionary vocation before them as the very highest which Christian men and women in any station in life can adopt? When

- Dr. Carev's son, who had been his father's assistant in missionary work, was appointed to a high post at a native Court in India, and the father was congratulated on his son's preferment, his reply was: " Alas! yes, it is only too true that my son is shrivelled from a missionary into an ambassador!"
- 2. Do we take pains to put the missionary duty of the Church before others as that for which, in Archbishop Temple's words, the Church exists-her supreme mission in the world?
- 3. Do we specially pray that God would call forth from among the devout youth of our parishes those whom He has endowed with aptitude for spiritual work, that they may be led to consecrate themselves to missionary service? In the market-place of life there are many ready to be hired, and only waiting a word of encouragement in the Name of the Lord.

4. Do we keep ourselves in living touch with mission work by the study of missionary literature, and by circula-

ting missionary information?

5. Do we sufficiently value the pence of the poor, and the prayers of those who are only "rich in faith" and in the power to prevail with God? A poor woman in Gloucestershire was accustomed to spread out a missionary map on her little round table every morning, and used to pray for each missionary station in turn.

6. Why don't we plead for the impossible—"the impossible with man," but "the possible with God"? Let us aim to live as though our Lord had died yesterday, risen to-

day, and was coming again to-morrow.



AT FULL SPEED DOWN AN AMERICAN TOBOGGAN.

Che Doung folks' Page.

HOW TO TOBOGGAN.

BY ROBERT S. HENSON.



OU can toboggan on ice, on snow, on grass, and even on mud. What then can tobogganing be? You will not find the word in any but the most modern dictionaries, and if you go to a shop and

ask for a toboggan you would probably be stared at almost as much as if you were to ask for a ton of



A SWISS TOBOGGAN.

feathers. Yet you may see tobogganing in nearly every part of our country where there happens to be a hill and a dale, if frost and snow are forthcoming. But what the Americans call tobogganing we call sledging. They have made sliding down steep slopes on a sledge a favourite pastime in winter, demanding much skill and nerve, while in England only our boys and girls delight in the sensation of rushing through the still air at a pace which even a bicycle would find it difficult to rival. Perhaps Switzerland is the place where one may see tobogganing at its very best. The "runs," as the slides are called, extend for three or four miles, and even more, and they are used for business purposes as well as for pleasure. Two kinds of sledge are popular-the Swiss sitting sledge, and the American toboggan, illustrated in two of our pictures, upon which you are expected to lie on your chest. This latter sledge is the faster of the two, and with practice is more easily steered. But how are they steered? The Swiss pattern

is guided by means of two pointed sticks, as well as by the heels of the tobogganer; the American by means of spikes which project from the toes of the tobogganer's boots. These he kicks into the snow or ice when he wishes to turn to the right or to the left, or to put on a break. It sounds easy, but in actual practice the least bit too much pressure ends in the slider unintentionally leaving his sledge and landing in a snow-drift, if he is happy enough to find one handy. His vehicle has to be recovered later. A good deal of balance is necessary, as well as clever guiding, before a sharp turn can be passed without mishap. In America the "runs" are usually quite straight, and a great pace-even as much as sixty miles an hour for a short time-is attained, but in Switzerland, except on some parts of the specially prepared ice runs, the speed is very much less, an average of ten to twelve miles an hour on snow being good going.

In England we have small opportunity for any but quite short expeditions on a running sledge. Our slopes are far too gentle, or far too diminutive. We can, it is true, start from the top of some grassy down and descend a couple of hundred feet, but the toil of dragging the sledge up the hill again is scarcely sufficient return for the pleasure of the brief descent. In Switzerland you may slide down for three or four miles and come up by train or sledge-coach.

If a sledge is not ready for use when the snow



AN AMERICAN TOBOGGAN.

comes, I have known many boys have excellent fun with the aid of a thick piece of sacking. Three or four sitting close together may descend a snow slope at a good pace, and run very little risk of being separated from the sacking and finishing the course by a roll and tumble. I have seen a party of Alpine climbers come down as much as two thousand feet on

nothing more substantial than a piece of cloth or sacking. Still, a sledge is very much more convenient, and one can be knocked together in a very short time by any one who is handy with hammer and saw.

JANE SMITH.

A SHORT time ago, the Bishop of Derby said at a public meeting that he was once staying at a friend's house, and on the wall of his bedroom hung a framed

sampler nearly two hundred years old, full of quaint devices: a white silk gentleman with a black silk hat and stick standing on the steps of a pink silk house, and round him were scattered groups of divers animals of strangest shape and colour. But what pleased him most in Jane Smith's (that was the name worked at the bottom) sampler was the motto. It was this :-

"Shine, lovely maid, in needlework, but shine not only

Whate'er thy hand findeth to do, do it with special care." He didn't know who Jane Smith was, but he was tolerably sure of this; she must have had a good mother.

IN TIME OF NEED.

In far-away Kandy, many of the native boys are trying to live Christian lives. Two missionaries wrote home in their Annual Letter to the C.M.S. as follows :- "That Jesus Christ can help boys on weekdays with the ordinary lessons has been realized as a matter of experience by several of the boys. It was suggested to one little boy that he should in silent prayer seek the help of Jesus Christ for his lessons. 'Yes,' was his answer, 'I have tried it and found it true.' And this is not a solitary instance. As one of us was trying to explain to one of the boarders that there are Christians and Christians, and that the power of Christ reached beyond the checking of words and deeds, he acknowledged that he knew by experience that Christ could keep his thoughts."

THE BAND OF HOPE.

THERE are now upwards of 21,000 Bands of Hope and other Children's Temperance Societies, with a membership of three million young people.



WHAT THE QUEEN THINKS OF CRUELTY.

Some years ago, speaking on the subject of cruelty to animals, Her Majesty the Queen said: "No civilize. tion can be complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

It is not generally known that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, dedicated a volume of sermons to the Rugby boys, as written "by one who would gladly sacrifice every other aim if, by so doing, he could help any of his pupils to live in the spirit of the Bible, and to love the Lord Jesus Christ."

THE QUEEN'S FIRST SHOES.

SIDMOUTH folk recall with no little pride the fact that Her Majesty's first shoes were made in their little town. The Duke and Duchess of Kent went there to live in 1819, and a local shoemaker was entrusted with the order for the first pair of shoes for the little Princess Victoria. Whilst making this diminutive foot-gear for his future Queen he made three shoes, instead of two, one of which he retained as a memento, and it has actually been preserved until now. The dainty little thing is of white satin, laced and tied in front with pale blue ribbon.

ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., 1897, p. 283).

Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

OUESTIONS.

1. WHEN was a cripple, who only wanted money, healed in the same way as another who believed in the Divine power?

2. Name some distinct and precious gifts mentioned in the Gospel by St. John as bestowed by Christ on His people.

3. What may we expect Satan to do when the Word of God is faithfully preached, and when the Word of God is faithfully

used?

4. What remarkable illustration does the Gospel furnish that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom?

5. When did the wrong reference to a touch lead to trouble? and the right reference to a touch lead to blessing?

6. What is the total number of Miracles recorded in the four Gospels?

Gospels?

- 1. Exodus xviii. 16. Moses.
- 2. Isa. xxxiii. 2. Isaiah.
- 3. Habakkuk i. 14. Habakkuk.
- 4. 1 Kings xvii. 18. The widow woman of Zarephath.
- 5. Joshua vii. 19. Joshua.
- 6. Exodus xviii. 15. Moses.
- 7. Luke xix. 41; xxiii. 28.
- 8. Luke vi. 21. 9. Ezra vi. 10.
- 10. Esther, Cant.



the Queen's Service. Earl Carrington, the other day at a meeting, said when he was Lord

Chamber-

lain found out that if one trait more than another distinguished the Queen, it was that nothing would induce her to forgive unkindness to her servants. Having got a return respecting the large staff in the Lord Chamberlain's Department, he found that all the men were paid at a proper rate, and their hours of work were reasonable: that if they were sick they were carefully looked after by doctors and received full money, and that when they left the Queen's service they were pensioned.

Before Gas Lamps .- In the time of William III. housekeepers were required to hang out a lamp or a light every night as soon as it was dark, between Michaelmas and Lady-Day; but they were only bound to keep the light burning until midnight, and the penalty for non-lighting was the sum of one shilling.

A Hint in Time .- A mattress should be cleaned at least every two years, the ticking washed, and the hair cleansed. Take out the hair and plunge it into a tub of lukewarm water, in which a handful of soda has been dissolved. Move it up and down in the water, squeeze it as dry as possible, and put it into a basket placed on the top of another tub or in the open air. After it has dripped for about an hour, spread it out on a sheet in the sun, or in front of the fire. It dries very soon, and will be found as crisp and full of spring as when new. The ticking may then be refilled and bound and stitched down.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

*HE Secret of Longevity .- SIR JAMES SAWYER has been confiding the secret of longevity to a Birmingham audience. Like so many other secrets, it consists in "paying attention to a number of small details." Here is a list of them, collected from the reports of Sir James Sawyer's lecture :-

- " 1. Eight hours' sleep.
- 2. Sleep on your right side.
- 3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
- 4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
- 5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
- 6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
- 7. Exercise before breakfast.
- 8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
- 9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
- 10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
- 11. Avoid intoxicants which destroy those cells.
- 12. Daily exercise in the open air.
- 13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
- 14. Live in the country if you can.
- 15. Watch the three D's-drinking water, damp, and drains.
- 16. Have change of occupation.
- 17. Take frequent and short holidays.
- 18. Limit your ambition; and
- 19. Keep your temper."

Keep all these rules and regulations, and Sir James Sawver sees no reason why you should not live to be 100. But we take exception to "drink no milk." We add a word, "drink only pure milk," and take trouble to get it. We do not see why what is good for the young is not good for adults.

Points for the Temperance Platform.

HAT MR. CHAMBERLAIN says: "If I had an enchanter's wand, and could destroy to-morrow the desire for strong drink in the people of England, what changes we should see!

"We should see our taxation reduced by millions sterling a year-

"We should see our gaols and workhouses empty.

"We should see more lives saved in twelve months than are destroyed in a century by bitter, cruel war.

'We should transfigure and transform the whole country." Some interesting facts have been published

ance Village. respecting the temperance colliery village of Roe Green, in Lancashire. Five-and-twenty years

ago the houses of the village belonged almost exclusively to the Bridgewater trustees, who employ most of the men. To-day, out of 140 houses, 81 are inhabited by their owners. One temperance association has a membership of 270; another-the Band of Hope-285. There is a co-operative store, the property of the village, yielding a profit of 3s. in the £. The church and Sunday school have been built by the workmen themselves at a cost of £2,700: and while, in the United Kingdom as a whole, one in four of persons over sixty years of age receives parish pay at least for a part of the year, in Roe Green there is not a single one over this age receiving pauper relief. Clearly there is something to be said for a temperance village.

BOOKS FOR EVERY ONE.

UR NEW ANNUALS : The Fireside (7s. 6d.), The Day of Days (2s.), Home Words (2s.), and Hand and Heart (2s.) should be in every Parish and Home Library. No books can possibly be so cheap as magazine annuals. Order the January Numbers and judge for yourself.

OUR NEW BOOKS include Wonderland Wonders, by the Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S., with fifty illustrations (5s.). Morning Songs for a Happy New Year, by the Editor of Home Words (4d.). A Nine Days' Wonder, by Edward Garrett (1s. 6d.). Sunrise in Britain: How the Light Dawned, by the Rev. C. Bullock, B.D. (1s. 6d.)

"THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE" is the book for every loyal boy and girl in our Sunday Schools (1s. 6d.). More than a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Supplied in quantities from Home Words Office at 10d. each.

A NEWSPAPER FOR EVERY HOME.

THE NEWS has gained a circulation exceeding, we believe, that of any other Church journal of its class. Every Friday, 1d. New series of topics on The Parish at Work, by leading writers. The Press reaches the million, and may win them to the House of Prayer. Order a copy of The News, and you will want it for the year.





FOR HEART AND HEARTH



BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. DALE.

NTHONY! I say, Anthony! You're wanted. Make haste, will you? Folks can't dawdle round the whole day, while you're pottering about upstairs. What are you doing? Do you mean to come, or not?"

"All right, my dear," a man's voice said in the

distance, not exerting itself.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. III.

Mrs. Cragg tapped her smart parasol impatiently on the dusty floor. Although her words held another sound, she was addressing her husband, and not a shop-boy. Mr. Cragg's better half had a reputation for smartness of tongue.

Generally she liked to make her exit at the private door, from which business was excluded; but for once she had gone round by the warehouse, and had travelled down by the uncarpeted wooden staircase at the back of the shop, to a door which led into a side-street. At this door she had stumbled on two people, waiting patiently for attention-a tall man, wearing a shabby coat, and a girl.

Shabby people were distasteful in Mrs. Cragg's eves. She counted herself a very fine lady, and loved gay clothes, which she looked upon as a 51

mark of gentility. Mrs. Cragg was not the first person in the world to fall into that mistake.

At this moment she wore a gown of bright blue, while a large scarlet wing stood forth aggressively in her green straw hat. She had a high colour, beady black eyes, a profuse fringe of vellowish hair, and marked features. Not everybody would admire this combination, but Mrs. Cragg was wont to feel very well satisfied when she looked into her mirror.

Six years earlier, when she had figured as the only and hard-worked home-daughter of a thirdrate and unsuccessful country attorney, with a sickly wife and eight lubberly boys, she really had been rather a pretty girl. But then she had worn no fuzzy fringe, nor had she dressed in blue and green and scarlet, or rattled and laughed in loud and self-important tones. This new development had taken her husband very much by surprise; and he was not yet used to the change.

"You needn't expect me to stop here, if you mean to be a whole week getting from the top to the bottom of the stairs," she cried. "I've got something else to see to."

"There's no need. If you'll just ask the gentle-

man to step inside --- "



"We can wait where we are. You need not trouble yourself. Perhaps we have come to the wrong door," suggested the tall man. "I dare say we ought to have gone to the front entrance in High Street."

"It don't matter. May as well stop, now you are here," said Mrs. Cragg. "He'll be down directly. He's always slow. That's his way."

She had meant to go out this side to save time, but, on second thoughts, she turned back and met her husband.

"Well, I hope you've been long enough," was her greeting. "It's somebody after that new house of yours; and if I was you I wouldn't have anything to do with him. He's as shabby as shabby. Got on a coat that shines like anything, and a pair of gloves that our cook wouldn't look at. And I should think his trousers was made at a slop-shop. If you let him have that house, you won't get any rent for it."

"It isn't always the finest-dressed folks that pay their bills the quickest," replied Cragg, with a wisdom born of experience.

"He won't. You see if I'm not right." Mrs. Cragg liked to be always in the right, and seldom admitted that she was not. Having once committed herself to this particular view of the question, she was certain not to regard the tall

man in future with favourable eyes. Cragg knew this, but he said noth-

"You see," repeated Mrs. Cragg, "I know a man that can't be depended on, when I see him. He's as poor as a church-mouse, and he just wants to get a house rent-free. If you take my advice, you'll pack him off in a hurry."

Cragg was not in the habit of taking a woman's advice in matters of business; though he obtained

> plenty of it, gratis, from his wife. Her opinion, given lavishly and unasked on all occasions, lost value from its cheapness.

Mrs. Cragg passed on, and Mr. Cragg finished the descent of the stairs, with the air of a man who prided himself on being never in a hurry.

"Good morning. This way, please," he said, and led the strangers to a room be hind the warehouse.

Cragg was a vendor of new and second-hand furniture, and indeed of everything required in house-

plenishing. The main warehouse or shop, which opened on the High Street, was chock-full of furniture of all kinds, piled together, with lanes running amid the piles. This lesser room in its rear held rolls of carpets and heaps of rugs. One chair stood in the middle, and upon it the new-comer slowly lowered himself, with a sigh of relief, as if he had had enough walking. The girl leant against him, drooping her head, as she had done all along, so that the wide-brimmed hat quite hid her face. From her height Mr. Cragg supposed her to be about eleven or twelve years old, but he did not pay much attention to that matter.

With a business-like air of expectancy Cragg stood opposite, waiting. He was much older than his wife; nearer fifty than forty, while she was still under thirty. He had a sensible face, with horizontal lines of care on the forehead, and absent eyes. People talking to Mr. Cragg often fancied that his thoughts were elsewhere; yet he generally heard what was said.

"I am a stranger in Putworth," was the first remark. "My name is Dale; and I am told that you have a house to let."

"Yes. About the only vacant house just now in Putworth."

"So I hear. One that you have just built. I

went to the postmaster, and he advised me to come to you. My daughter and I arrived yesterday afternoon. We want to find a quiet home, somewhere on this line of rail. Easier to get my furniture than if we go elsewhere. I may want one or two things from you—possibly"—glancing round—"though we have nearly enough; very nearly enough."

"Putworth is a healthy place. You have not

seen the house yet, of course?"

"The outside of it. We walked round yesterday evening for a look. Too late to do anything. It seemed to be the sort of thing I want."

"Extremely well situated."

"Well, yes. That meadow in front looks damp; and the surroundings are not pretty. Still, one can't have everything."

"Not pretty!" Cragg bristled up in a mild fashion. "There's green grass and a stream of water. What more can you want? And the meadow's drained."

Mr. Dale did not enlarge on his desires. A faint smile worked its way to his lips. He merely said:—

"What rent do you ask?"

Cragg looked him over carefully. He wanted the highest possible rent; but also he wanted not

to lose the chance of a tenant. Not that he was by nature a grasping man; but business was slack in Putworth, and Cragg had an extravagant wife. Her extravagant ways had grown upon her gradually; and Cragg had hardly yet begun seriously to try to check her. Yet he knew that there was need; for difficulties were increasing upon him, unknown to his most intimate friends. At the same time he had a stronger motive to make money and to save than ever in past years. This motive was not so much his wife as his little girl. He had not ceased to feel affection for his wife, though he found her a growing trial; but his very heart-strings were wound around the child. Each moment that he could spare from business was devoted to Dot.

The building of a new house had been a sudden notion, no long time back, awakened by the sight of a slip of waste land, outside the town, put up for sale. The price asked

had been merely nominal,—"dirt-cheap," he said to himself, though not to the seller,—and having a passion for bricks and mortar, he had been unable to resist the temptation; even though that passion had already landed him in difficulties. This was by no means the first speculation of the kind on which he had ventured.

Bricks and mortar are expensive, no matter how cheaply they may be put together. Now that the house was ready for an occupant, even to the extent of being painted and papered, which some said he should have put off till he had found a tenant, he was naturally anxious to get it off his hands as early as might be.

"Depends on the length of lease," he made

answer cautiously.

"I don't want a lease. I want a house by the year,—yours, if it suits. Not much doubt that it will. I have had a lot of trouble, and I want a quiet corner to rest in. May as well say at once that I can't give more than twenty pounds. That's enough for a poor man to undertake. Will it do?"

Cragg knew that he was not likely to obtain a larger sum. The house had been run up very cheaply, and it lacked modern conveniences. He had recently let another house, of very much the



same size, only in a decidedly prettier position, for only eighteen pounds a year; but that was on a lease. Twenty pounds for this, taken by the year, would be as much as he had any right to demand. Yet, with the instincts of a business man, he hesitated. It would not do to snatch at the proposal.

"Perhaps you would like to come and see the

place."

"Yes, I should. But I must know your terms first. We don't want a long trudge for nothing;

do we, Pattie?"

The girl lifted her face in response; and a thrill of surprise shot through Cragg, seasoned though he was in varieties of faces. Hers was not a common countenance. It could hardly be called beautiful, in the full sense; but it was full of goodness and purity; the features were small and colourless; the eyes were of a deep and wistful blue; the sensitive lips were sad. She looked

"Do we, Pattie?" repeated her father, and she

said softly,-

"No, daddy."

older than Cragg had expected.

"So if you want more than that, we'll give up at once, and go elsewhere. I've been doubting between this and the next village."

"Well-I don't know-" began Cragg.

There he stopped. Those blue eyes came to his, full of a nameless, beseeching sorrow, and a faint flush of unshed tears passed over them. Cragg's business instincts suddenly went down before a stronger impulse of fatherly pity. Pattie's look made him think of Dot.

"Yes, that will do. Twenty pounds, taken by

the year," he said.

"Oh, thank you," breathed Pattie; "I'm so glad." Then they started for the house, which was a good twenty minutes' walk distant. Cragg's suggestion of a cab was negatived at once. There was no need, Mr. Dale said; they would enjoy the walk.

Tokens of enjoyment were few; but they managed to get along, though at a lagging pace. Mr. Dale talked fitfully, remarking how the town was grown since his boyhood. Mr. Cragg observed that he could not recall any one of the name of "Dale." Mr. Dale said, "No,"—he had been for three years at the big Boys' School, and he would not be known to the inhabitants, unless by the former owner of the "Tuck Shop."

The house stood forlornly alone upon a patch of rough ground, which might in the course of time grow into a garden. At present it lacked soil, plants, and shrubs; in fact it was no more than a stony little enclosure, just surrounding an ugly small house. There were two rooms on the ground-floor, with a kitchen behind, and three rooms overhead.

"Precisely the right size," Mr. Dale said.

Flat fields lay to one side; and to the other, after a space of untilled earth, lay a stiff row of red cottages. In front flowed a muddy stream, with flags along its edge; and behind were six or seven prim Lombardy poplars.

Mr. Dale was resolute in refusing to undertake "outside repairs"; and for a minute Cragg felt disposed to show fight. But again those eyes came beseechingly to his; again he thought of Dot, and again he was vanquished; he could not have told why.

The whole affair was quickly settled; and Mr. Dalo strolled back to the Inn with his daughter,

Cragg going ahead at a brisker pace.

"That's a nice man, Pattie. A good sort of man, I'm sure. One is glad to have a pleasant landlord. It was quite a sort of instinct that brought me here, wanting to see again the place where I was at school. All schoolboys are not happy, I suppose; but I was—happier than I have ever been since. Cheer up, little girl. We shall get on all right—now—I don't doubt. Eh?"

A slight sob shook the girl's slender frame, but she allowed no sound of it to escape, and when she looked up there was a little smile on her lips.

"Mr. Peterson won't be likely to find us out in Putworth, daddy."

"No, child, no."

"He won't think of looking for us in such a place."

"No, no, of course not. Why should he?"

"And since you've grown your little beard, you do look so different. I wish you needn't. I like you to look as you used. But even if Mr. Peterson did see you, I shouldn't think he would know you."

"We needn't talk about Mr. Peterson, Pattie.

We'll try to forget all that."

"Only, I do wonder sometimes why he should

be unkind to a nice dear daddy, like you."

"People have their reasons for action, my dear; and one can't expect always to understand. So many mistakes, you know; and harsh judgments. But the comfort is that my Pattie knows her old father."

"I should think I did!" Two tears fell.

"And now we have to consider what to do. A good many things to be seen to—and the house cannot be quite ready to take us in till—how long did he say? A week was it? I must have another talk with Mr. Cragg, and settle all minor points. But we will go back to the farm for a week. You can write and tell them so; tell them to expect us to-morrow. Dear me, I like that man, Cragg, very much. Shouldn't wonder if he would help us to find a servant; some nice respectable body, who will do for us."

"If only we could have kept on Susan. She would have liked so much to come."

"No, my dear." Mr. Dale spoke nervously. "I think we arranged all that, you know."

CHAPTER II.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR COLLAPSE.



R. DALE stood in the doorway of his new home, looking out.

He and Pattie had arrived nearly a week sooner, and already the house was in pretty fair order.

Furniture was not too abundant,and he had shown himself un-

willing to make many purchases, even though Cragg named the lowest possible prices for

things that really could not be done without. Over each one Mr. Dale had mused dubiously; and over each, when he gave in, he did so with a deep sigh.

A girl had been found for them by Mr. Cragg; clumsy and slow and dull, it is true, but good-tempered; and Pattie had toiled like a horse to make up all deficiencies.

Such carpets as they possessed were squares, needing only to be laid down on well-scoured boards: and old curtains fitted the windows, almost without alteration. Mr. Dale had given fitful help, but he was not a handy sort of man, and most of the things that he did had to be undone and done again by Pattie, when he was out of sight.

He was tired now, even with the exertion of doing so little; and he made his way to the open front door, for a breath of fresh air.

It was a very soft and balmy air which met him, this delicious June evening; and the world around seemed to be full of life. Insects buzzed and flashed to and fro, and birds were singing at the utmost pitch of their voices on all sides. The sun had just dipped below the horizon, and long red clouds lay over the spot, bright still with his radiance. Though the country round could not be called pretty, it looked pretty now, as almost any country does on a fair June English evening.

A bush near by was clothed in wild clematis, and wild white rosebuds were bursting into bloom upon the hedge beyond. The muddy little stream, flowing amid grass and flags, carried quite a gleam of red.

Mr. Dale did not seem to enjoy the prettiness. His eyes had an unhappy careworn expression, and he sighed profoundly, so soon as he found himself alone.

Perhaps the sigh was loud enough to penetrate into the room behind, where Pattie was busy, putting a few last touches. It was easy to see that Pattie was tired with her week's toil; very tired indeed. The blue eyes were heavy, with dark shadows under them, and the small face was quite colourless. Yet as she came out to the door, perhaps in response to that sigh, she smiled and spoke in a cheerful tone; for when Mr. Dale was depressed, Pattie was sure to wear a bright face.

"How the birds do sing, daddy! Isn't it sweet?"

"My dear,—a man has to be pretty easy in himself, before he can enjoy birds' singing."

"Do you think so? They comfort me. Poor little things—they all seem so happy."

"For how long, I wonder?"

Pattie was silent, and Mr. Dale made a doleful attempt at a rally.

"Come,—this won't do. I get a fit of the dumps now and then—not much wonder if I do—considering! But you mustn't mind me, my dear. Things can't be helped. How are you getting on with the house? Pretty nearly got everything shipshape?"

"I have just finished the books, father. They look so nice. Come and see them."

She led him in, as if he had been a child, and showed him the small book-case in their tiny dining-room, neatly filled.

"That is nice, isn't it? We must read all my books through together. I think books are such friends,—don't you?"

"The only friends you and I are likely to have, Pattie!"

"Oh why, daddy? Why shouldn't we make new kind friends in Putworth? There are nice people almost everywhere."

Mr. Dale shook his head lugubriously. Then he surveyed the ceiling with doubtful eyes.

"Seems to me this house is not too well built," he remarked. "Just look at those cracks. A house that hasn't been standing six months! I don't understand it. Wonder I didn't see them sooner."

"It is a cracky house altogether," laughed Pattie.
"There are cracks in the sitting-room as well; and all up the side of the passage. I never noticed them either till to-day; at all events I didn't see they were so big. And in my bedroom they are

just as bad. Oh, well, it can't be helped. They don't look pretty, but we mustn't mind that. When you can spare a shilling or two, I'll get a few pretty Japanese fans, to pin over the worst of them; and then they won't matter."

"Let me look at your bedroom, dear. I certainly

did not notice anything there."

Pattie felt disinclined to go upstairs. "It doesn't signify," she said. "Lots of houses have cracks in them."

"Not new houses, like this, only just built.

They ought not."

He began to mount the staircase, and Pattie followed slowly. She wanted to see all the best points in their new home. not the worst: and she knew her father's tendency to get into a mournful mood over small discomforts. Naturally, these big cracks, which oddly enough had made no previous impression on them, seemed less important to a young girl than to a man.

Mr. Dale went round her little bedroom, which lay above the

dining-room, — his own being over the "sitting-room," so-called, while the maid slept over the kitchen. He examined the various cracks with anxious eyes, felt those that were within reach, murmured to himself, went into the other rooms on the same floor, and presently came

back to Pattie, who had scated herself on the window-sill. She was much too tired to remain standing. It was a rather low and wide window-

sill, and afforded a comfortable seat.

"Pattie, I must have a talk with the landlord. There's certainly something wrong. Cracks in my room, too, and in the girl's—some very bad ones. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Cragg has been taken in somehow. He wouldn't have taken us in, I'm sure, on purpose. Those cracks weren't there when you and I first looked over the house. I know they were not. I should have seen them directly. Nor when we came last week. I believe

they have all begun in the last day or two. We couldn't have overlooked them, you know. It's impossible."

He inserted the tip of his finger into one very wide one, near the bed.

"Just look at this. Impossible that we shouldn't have noticed it. Quite out of the question. It must have come in the last day or two. Something must be wrong with the foundations."

Mr. Dale stood surveying the wall with a gloomy

air.

"Some people never seem to be allowed to settle

down anywhere. I did really think we had found a quiet corner in the world. where we might be in peace. And it seems I was mis-No sooner taken. are we here than fresh troubles begin. It really is hard. Such a nice little house, and just the right size; and now I dare say we shall have to turn out and go elsewhere."

"Oh no, father. A few marks in the walls don't matter much. Perhaps our landlord will have them seen to. I'm sure he will do what he can."

"My dear, if the foundations are unsafe, we could not remain. It would not be safe. Really it is very unfortunate."

"We can't do anything to-night, at all events,"—and Pattie tried not to yawn. "We must go to bed and get rested, the first thing. To-morrow you might see Mr. Cragg, and ask him what he thinks. But I daresay he will say that the cracks don't matter, and that they have always been there.

"The house has not been built many weeks, months, at all events. And the cracks were not there one week since, I am positive. Quite positive.

Pattie turned her head to look out of the open window. The sky was of a clear pale blue, and



the red cloud-streaks had turned to a faint yellow. A bird flew past, uttering impatient little cries; and then a moth swept near. Pattie was gazing down the road which led from Putworth, and she saw a figure advancing along it. Something in the outline of the figure seemed familiar, and she studied it earnestly.

"I do believe that is Mr. Cragg himself, coming to see us. Or perhaps he only means to take an evening walk. But you could meet him if you

like, daddy."

No answer came, and Pattie turned her head, to find that her father had left the room. He called, after a moment, from the passage,—"I'll be back in five minutes. Just going out on the roof to take a look."

There was easy exit, Pattie knew, by means of steps and a good trap-door; but it seemed to her unnecessary trouble that evening. She remained where she was, glad to be able to rest; and silence followed.

The door of her room was wide open, and the trap-door also. Suddenly a shout in her father's voice startled her. Something in the tone seemed to portend disaster; and a cold shock of fear went through the girl. She did not catch any words; it

was the tone only which alarmed her; and she would have sprung up to go nearer to him, but there was not time.

She was seated in a somewhat cramped position on the sill, her feet inside, her face turned the other way. Till that instant she had been looking down the road.

Afterwards she never could recall exactly what had happened next. She was vaguely conscious of a whirl of noise and confusion, everything about her seeming to give way together, yet she herself remained where she was. She had indeed no power to stir. A numbness seized her limbs, a kind of paralysis overwhelmed her, as the flooring of the room sank away, together with the whole opposite wall and part of the two side-walls. Only the front wall of the house, which held the window in which she sat, and parts of the side walls stood firm. The greater part of the house was gone, collapsing into some large hollow below.

Of the roof hardly a trace could be seen; and with the roof was gone Mr. Dale, who had been standing on it. Pattie found herself left behind, seated on the sill, with no flooring beneath her feet, and with a tumult of terror and agony surg-

ing in her brain.

(To be continued.)

Thy Word is Truth.

VI. "THE LORD'S LOOK": FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. F. HARPER, M.A., RECTOR OF HINTON-WALDRIST.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—St. Luke xxii. 61.



shall keep Lent well if we keep it in the light of "the look of our Lord upon Peter." St. Peter was one of the most favoured Apostles. When Christ raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead He suffered no one to go into the room with Him but Peter, James, and

John. On the Mount of Transfiguration the same Apostles were with Him. In the Garden of Gethsemane they were there too. And, moreover, St. Peter was one whose preaching was more blessed, perhaps, than that of any preacher of the Word in any age—3,000 souls were converted to God by his sermon on the day of Pentecost.

Let us notice the downward steps even this blessed Apostle was permitted to take, that we may not be highminded but humble ourselves during Lent and entreat the Lord to hold us up that we may be safe.

In the first place, the beginnings were very small. St. Peter forgot Christ's Word. His Master had warned him of danger ahead, but he had forgotten all about it (verse 61). When a man kneels each day beside an open Bible I am not afraid of him. He will not go far wrong. But I tremble when I see the best Christian

neglecting his Bible. Peter fell through forgetfulness of Christ's Word. We should "read, mark,
learn, and inwardly digest it." Reading is not
enough, marking is not enough, learning is not
enough (though that is far in advance of the first
two). Those by the wayside heard—the stony
ground marked—the thorny ground learned—
only the good ground, beside doing all these, inwardly digested, and so the precious food became
their life. But Peter forgot and fell.

Another downward step was Presumption. St. Peter even boasted of his own strength—"Though all men shall be offended because of Theo, yet will I never be offended" (St. Matt. xxvi. 33). "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee" (35)

Another downward step was Sleeping (St. Matt. xxvi. 43). Sleeping when he ought to have been praying! Suppose the keeper of a lighthouse lets the light go out, and in consequence the coast is strewed with wrecks and dead and mangled bodies, while the wailings of widows and orphans are everywhere heard, and when brought out for examination confesses he went to sleep! And did not Christ say His disciples were "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world"?

Another downward step was in following the

Lord afar off (St. Luke xxii. 54); even when his Master was being tried for His life. If I have a friend in danger or trouble my right place is with my friend. St. Peter's right place was near his Lord, but the fear of man bringeth a snare.

A last downward step was sitting down with the scorners. He had better have been cold than warm himself at the fire of the ungodly (2 Cor. vi. 17). The men of the world may be clever and witty and exceedingly good company: their pockets may be full of gold and silver; they may be the great ones of the earth: but there is no narrowness in saying that "whosoever will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." You must have One Master. Peter tried to appear quite at his ease: "I have nothing to do with the trial that is going on in the next court-I have no connection with Him." Things would have gone on from bad to worse had not the Lord turned and "looked" on Peter.

I suppose Peter must have been, at this moment at least, looking at Jesus when Jesus looked at him, else he would not have been conscious of his Master's eye. "Peter's eye was still towards Christ." Mark this distinction between a wicked man and a true though backsliding disciple. The true disciple, however far off he be, still looks Christward. And that Look which met the anxious restless eye of Peter! No painter has, I think, ever tried to paint it. They have painted nearly everything from the manger to the Cross. but never dared to paint this! I am sure it was a look of compassion, tenderness, and love. Peter felt-"I have forsaken and denied Him: yet He loves me still. He has not changedmy loving, loving Lord!" There was the power of the Eternal Spirit in that Look, unreproaching sweetness, and omnipotence of tenderness. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

We must learn very briefly two more lessons

from this touching story:

1. Those who look to Jesus find Jesus looking at them. They may fall, but He will "restore." Blessed truth, sweeter than the light of the

morning. "He loved unto the end."

2. Our safety depends on the Intercession of our Master. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not" (St. Luke xxii. 32). That Prayer was answered: for Peter's faith faltered, but never failed. And every humble believer may hear his own name in the prayer of the pleading praying Saviour.

Christ looking at Peter—what a beautiful commentary on this picture are the words "He restoreth my soul." Many Christ-loving hearts need restoring: the love has grown faint, the faith has grown weak. We believe in the springtide of Nature. There is a springtide of Grace.

Let us this Lent catch the eye of the great and gracious Saviour: then we shall weep and love as we wept and loved when we were first drawn to the Cross.

Are any mourning over their hard hearts? Let me say, if you mourn over a hard heart there must be some softness in it. Perhaps you are taking your hard heart to Sinai. Sinai never broke a man's heart yet. It may alarm, and convince, and condemn him: but as to softening his heart, Sinai has no power to do it. A hammer can break the ice, but a hammer cannot melt the ice. The sun can melt ice, not a hammer. So one view of Calvary, one look at Jesus, one look from Him, will break the hardest heart.

"Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break this heart of stone."

If thoughts like these are your desires and prayers, then you will know something of what that Look was, which, as I said, no painter has ever dared to put on canyas.

VII. NEVER FURTHER THAN THY CROSS.

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh."
-Gal. v. 24.

Never further than Thy cross, Never higher than Thy feet; Here earth's precious things seem dross, Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sin we see, Learn Thy love while gazing thus; Sin which laid the cross on Thee, Love which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give, And, rejoicing, self deny; Here we gather love to live, Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty And our service here unite; Captives, by Thy cross set free, Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can, Still to this our hearts must tend; Where our earliest hopes began, There our last aspirings end.

Till amid the hosts of Light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.
ELIZABETH CHARLES.

VIII. WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

CHRISTIANITY has a history, but is not a history. Christianity has a Book, but is not a book. An idea may be great, a history may be great, but a person is greater. Luther's work is now linked to his ideas or his history, and to nothing else. We have the ideas and the history of Christ in the Gospels and Epistles—the most true and living of all history. But Christ's work continues linked to Christ's life.

Listen to the last words of the Life in the second Gospel—"They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them." Listen to the first line of the first history of the Church: "The former treatise have I made of all that Jesus began to do and teach." Just so. The Gospel itself is but the beginning of that voluminous speech, of that crowded epic of works of love and wonder. Christ is not merely the central figure of the Galilean idyll, nor a form nailed to the

cross, nor a pathetic memory. Our relation to Him is not merely one of idea, or of recollection, or of literary sympathy. It is a present union of life with life. He does not say, "Because My words shall be gathered up and written down with absolute truth, My religion shall live." He does say, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

So long as man remains man, religion is indestructible. And to speak of religion is practically to speak of Christianity. An infidel lecturer in America once said, "The upper rock of Niagara is being cut through at the rate of one foot in a thousand years. The ledge is thirty-five feet of solid rock. In 35,000 years down it will come. Now, apply this to Christianity." But in nearly two thousand years not one inch of the original Gospel rock has been worn away. As at the first encounter with pagan philosophy, as at the Reformation, renovation awaits it, not destruction. The voice ever comes to us from the Throne proclaiming the master evidence of Christianity, "Behold, I make all things new."

A Life Lesson for Workers.

BY SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, FORMERLY M.P.



HAVE shared the lot of British seamen; I have lived with them. For months and months I once lived in one of the model lodging-houses established by the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury. There is

one in Fetter Lane and another in Hatton Garden, and indeed they are scattered all over London. went there simply because I could not afford a better lodging. I have had to make 7s. 91d. (3s. of which I paid for my lodging) last me a whole week, and did it. It is astonishing how little you can live on, when you divest yourself of all fancied needs. I had plenty of food, wheat bread to eat all the week, and the half of a herring for a relish (less will do if you can't afford it, for it is a splendid fish), and good coffee to drink; and I know how much, or rather how little, roast shoulder of mutton you can get for 2d. for your Sunday's dinner. Don't suppose I went there from choice-I went from stern necessity (and this was promotion too), and I went with strong shrinking, with a sense of suffering great humiliation, regarding my being there as a thing to be carefully kept secret from my friends. In one word, I considered it only less degrading than spunging upon friends, or borrowing what I saw no chance of ever being able to pay.

Now what did I see there? I found the workmen considerate for each other. I have seen a man (who had returned dispirited after an unsuccessful search for work) sit down wearily by the fire (we had a

HINDERERS.—WE say an unkind thing, and another is hindered in learning the holy lessons of charity that "thinketh no evil."

Wrong feeling is more infectious than wrong doing; especially the various phases of ill-temper, gloominess, wickedness, discontent, irritability. Do we not know how catching these are?

common room for sitting and cooking and everything), with a hungry, despondent look—he had not tasted food all day—and accosted by another, scarcely less poor than himself, with, 'Here, mate, get this into thee," handing him at the same time a piece of bread and some cold meat, and afterwards some coffee, and adding, 'Keep up your pecker.' And all this without any idea that they were practising the most splendid patience, fortitude, courage, and generosity I had ever seen. You would hear them talk of absent wife and children sometimes—these in a distant workhouse (trade was very bad then)—with expressions of affection, and the hope of seeing them again soon.

It was impossible to indulge self-pity in circumstances like these: and, emulous of the genuine manhood all around me, I set to work again: for what might not be done with youth and health? And simply by preparing myself rather more thoroughly for my business than had previously been considered necessary, I was strong enough to live more in accordance with my previous life, and am now able to speak a true word for the genuine men I left behind, simply because my dear parents had given me greater advantages than these men had had. But I did not leave all at once. I wanted to learn the lesson well; and, though I went reluctantly, I remained voluntarily: because the kindly feeling I took with me had changed into hearty respect and admiration, and I was busy thinking.

Shall we not watch and pray that this day we may only help and not hinder in the least thing, and that no one may have virtually to say to us, "Hinder me not!"

May we never be the helpers of the great hinderer. When "Satan hindered" St. Paul, he probably found human agents.

F. R. H.



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A BABY DONKEY.

[From a Photo by Mr. CHARLES READ, Wishaw.

Our Parish Lantern Lectures. II. DONKEYS AND DONKEY-DRIVERS.

BY A DONKEY-DRIVER.



RE'S no more knowing what our next lecture's going to be about than calcylating what's to be for tea o' nights. For Betsy's been attending Cook'ry Classes in the village, and the fust time she come back and said she was no ways sure but she wouldn't be home herself some day nicely roast to a turn, or a reg'lar

jelly creation, for all the new-fangled notions that were buzzing in her head. Ay, and they've buzzed out of her head too: and now, for all I knows to the contrary, I may be eating snails and egg shells, or baked beetles with sauce. Anyway, everything's downright tasty. Which likewise applies to our lectures. You don't know what you're going to get, but you can take it as sure and certain it'll be good.

Why, last time Colonel Saunders spoke a few words, as they say in the papers when they mean a

long speech. How we did laugh! He'd been an' come ever so late, and we'd got "welcome" on the sheet mixed up with curtains that pulled back and showed you the fust slide. Up he got on the platform, and began straight away. How glad he was to see the Hall so full, and how pleased he was we were going to have a reg'lar informing dizzytation on the Eastern Question, and China, and Japan; how delighted he was so experienced a traveller as Mr. Robert Long was going to tell us all about the Japanese.

Dear, dear, it was a dizzytation! For hadn't the Lecture Committee arranged to have Mr. Long a month later? and wasn't the lecture on "Donkeys," and not on the Eastern or any other question at all? They pulled his tails—Colonel Saunders' I mean—and at last he sat down, quite flustered with the force of his speechifying. They simply couldn't stop him before for laughing. But what did it

matter? Whether it's climbing up higher than the clouds, or motor-carting, or going t'other side o' the world among the Japanese Johnnies, or just donkey-driving, it's bound to be "stimilating to the higher faculties," as one of our chairmen beautifully put it. All I know is that after a course of our lectures if you don't feel a inch taller you must have done growing.

But that night we had a rare donkey show. I reckoned we must have had a portrait of well-nigh every kind o' donkey there be except the two-legged ones. That were informing to start with: for there wasn't one of us as didn't admire the furrin mules. and declare England could turn out as fine goers if we put our hands to it. "Well," said the lecturer, "you must first set to work to learn how to treat them properly. If you've ever been to the Donkey Show at the People's Palace, started thirty years back by Lord Shaftesbury, you'd understand the difference there is atween a half-starved neglected creature and a reg'lar groomed coster's donkey takin' fust prize. Why, there were two hundred of the beautifullest donkeys from London alone at the Show last year."

Betsy kept nudgin' me times and again as each picture popped out on the sheet that she must have one like that one, and that and that. If she'd had half she wanted to, there wouldn't have bin a dozen less than a round century o' donkeys for us to feed and do for.

'Tis quite out o' reason for me to write down what the donkeys do all over the world. As George Bean said to me after, "The wonder is there's room fer 'em all and what they does." But they're uncommon useful. Fust they live to a good old age, and die in harness like as not over twenty year after they're born. Then they're next to never ailing. You'd find it a hard job to put your finger on a sick donkey. They're the healthiest, uncomplainingest creatures alive. It's even difficult for downright cruelty to force 'em to drop, for they've got the thickest of hides. And they need 'em, for nowadays they serve as beasts o' burden where horses fall sick in no time. In South Africa the stings of the poisonous flies scarcely touch 'em at all, and the donkey that gives up for being ill is quite a rare bird, as you may say. Why, a donkey can carry from 130 lb. to 150 lb. weight all day long. He can eat well-nigh anything, and can go without water at a pinch for a couple of days.

But, best of all, the donkey's a cheery creature. I know you'll object and say he's a rare one to be stubborn. But how d'you know your donkey isn't standing up for a principle, or sitting down for one maybe? I remember myself once seeing a half-starved animal, hired out day after day on the sands, start off with Matilda

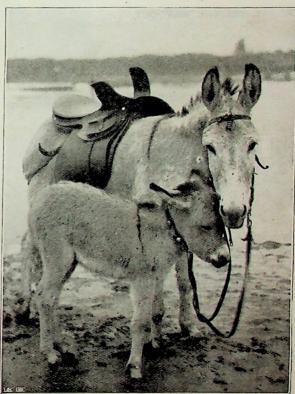
on his back. You'd say "Poor thing," if you knew the size and weight of her. Well, that donkey trotted bravely into the country till a bank of thistles came in sight. Then he stopped, and nothing would induce him to go on. Matilda was overweight, as you may say, and she had to pay a shilling an hour for watching a donkey eat thistles.

Not a word did she say to the donkey owner when she got back, for to be tricked by an ass shows a deal o' cleverness—in the ass.

I can't say as I've ever had a chance myself of pleasuring donkey-back, and it beat me when our lecturer passed on to give an account of a chap that took his holiday marchin' through furrin' parts alongside a donkey, which carried his traps. What tricks the critter played him, but for all her obstinacy he got to love her in the end. Here's what he said when he had to part from her, the lecturer kindly copyin' it down for me: "I had lost Modestine; now she was gone,

'And, O, The difference to me!'

For twelve days we had been fast companions; we



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[From a Photo by Mr. Charles Read, Wishaw,

MOTHERHOOD.

had travelled upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along with our six legs by many a rocky and many a boggy by-road. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience, and as for her, she loved to eat out of rny hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the colour of an ideal mouse, and remarkably small. Her faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own."

When we'd seen pictures o' the Queen's donkey, and Her Gracious Majesty in the kerridge behind, there wasn't one of us who didn't feel inclined to say, "Ditto" to our lecturer's final words, as they call the fireworks at the end.

meant to them you may be able to guess after you

possibility. The hot burning sun beats down day

after day, but its heat is tempered by a cooling

breeze. We are about to start on a pilgrimage to the

Our first stage is by steamer on the mighty river

-the river Nile. My schoolday memory is refreshed,

and I appreciate with more pleasure than in the past

the dry fact that for the immense distance of 1,350

knots the river rolls from Ilak in Nubia without receiving a single tributary stream to its final out-

have had some small account of a day in Egypt. Imagine delightful weather. Rain seems an im-

Pyramids of Zakkarah.

let into the Mediterranean.

"Kindness," says he, "is the cheapest thing on earth, and goes furthest. Can't some of you find time to lighten even a donkey's load? A word of admiration to the master possibly may often prove a word in season. There is a feeling far too widespread, that a donkey is of little value, and certainly not worth kindness. If you would make up for the many times you misused the donkey's name, go and talk to the owners on the heath or in the street, and praise their animals, and encourage them to treat them better. The pathetic, tender eyes of even a donkey can thank you; and if you can save them one cruel kick or one harsh word, you have done something worth the doing."

And on this point Betsy and I agree,



THE GREAT SPHINX

We were sharp to time in casting off for our inland voyage, and were soon deep in admiration and wonder-the perpetual companions of every traveller. High tide and low tide were duly remarked. Every year in the month of June the river begins to rise, until, three months later, it completely floods the surrounding country, swamping the fields and hiding the islands under its muddy waves.

We remember that on the one hand, if the river fails to rise to a certain level, famine is the sure result, while on the other, if it exceeds a certain height whole villages are swept away-corn, cattle, and inhabitants: and yet again, that the waters very rarely overpass the bounds, which have been

the same for century after century; that so regular is the moving of the water that within a few days the inundation may be fixed, though the immediate cause exists at least 2,000 miles away.

But enough of the vellow "Father Nile"-suggestive in more ways than one of the Eastern countenance. At the landing-stage we have reached the starting-point for our donkey ride. The scene on disembarking one does not easily forget. Forty or fifty donkeys, with their excited and garrulous owners, are awaiting our arrival, the latter dressed in a light flowing robe, a corner of which, when the wearer runs, is held up in the mouth. The former -objects of even closer scrutiny-are adorned with necklaces of beads or chains. With a view to future comfort we carefully choose, so far as a hasty glance permits, a strong animal, and at the same time a soft saddle, and mount in company with some thirty or thirty-five fellow-travellers. Thus, caravan-like, we begin our two hours' ride to Zakkarah. We are very quickly in the midst of a typical Bedouin village, with its mud huts, overhanging palms, sleeping natives, and importunate begging children.

A little further and we enter the ancient Memphis, once the capital of Egypt, now only a ruined heap, with two massive statues of once all-powerful rulers of the land, Rameses I. and II., the former fashioned in granite, the latter in limestone, and both in a

remarkable state of preservation.

After a short rest for our donkey boys-of whom the words of old were strangely true, "They shall

them-we advanced through grand plantations of palms, some quite low, being not more than eight or ten feet high, with a luxuriant undergrowth, which I had not noticed before.

At length cultivation ceases, and having passed through another small village we enter upon the region of the sandy desert, on the outskirts of which several of the Pyramids are situated. The travelling now is very slow, thick sand forbidding anything faster than a ponderous walk, while the heat of the sun does not encourage great activity. After another half-hour we thankfully dismount at the base of the Steppe Pyramid, close to which is the tomb of Phtah-Hotep. From the summit of a neighbouring hill eleven pyramids are easily counted, and the contrast between the desert sand,

which stretches as far as the eye can see on the one side, with the fertile plain on the other, is very marked. A short delay is necessitated to allow the more dilatory members of the party to arrive. One had experienced the not unmixed joy of embracing Mother Sand, owing, of course, to a regrettable error on the part of the donkey. "It stepped into a hole," he insisted; but what man could be destitute of excuse under such circumstances?

Having gathered ourselves together we descended into the catacombs, or underground passages, upon the walls of which are some of the finest Egyptian engravings, or "steles," in the world. They represent various scenes in ancient Egyptian life-foot and horse racing, rowing, the triremes much resembling those which we had seen upon the Nile, prisoners being haled to justice, oxen, goats, asses and birds most accurately portrayed, though all in profile.

Remounting our willing steeds we went on our way through thick sand to the tomb of Ti, close to the rough shed which does duty as the hotel, where we are to lunch. The tomb itself is conspicuous by its absence under sand and rubbish, but the long chambers which lead from the mouth of the sepulchre are adorned with the most wonderfully preserved inscriptions, such as I have referred to above.

Of greater interest, however, we found the tombs of the "Apis Bulls." Descending by a short, sandy approach we enter a gateway, which leads directly to the tombs of the Sacred Bulls. Immediately with-



the catacombs at Rome, only they are probably larger and better ventilated. Almost at once one sees the tombs, in most cases uninjured by lapse of time, the enormous lids having been forced from the original position. In the faint light of our candles there is a weird uncanniness about these chambers of silence, and we pass tomb after tomb, three hundred in all.

The majority are formed of plain granite, but one, the last that is shown, is most beautifully polished. Its length is about 18 ft., its breadth

10 ft., and the depth of the stone 11 ft. The weight of such a tomb, all being of the same gigantic size, save only the tombs of the "baby bulls," must be immense. By what means these massive stones were brought from the nearest quarry, some 800 miles away, and placed in their present position, none can certainly say. Not many years ago an attempt to move one of these monuments of a bygone age (far more marvellous than the Pyramids themselves) failed, the promoters of the scheme acknowledging their defeat.

True Love:

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER III



HAT the English doctor had done for Lars Olsson became the talk of the hamlet, and the remembrance of his brief

amongst the neighbours than would have been the case in any place where stirring events more frequently happened. The peasants saw hundreds of English men and women come and go. Some even stayed weeks in the gorge, but they came and went without any care for the sorrows or trials of the natives; without remembering that God has made all of one great brotherhood, and has redeemed all nations by the same awful Sacrifice.

The strangers came to enjoy themselves, and they did so; they were kind and cheerful because they were happy, but that was all. Here, one had come with a touch of natural sympathy, and so he was not forgotten; and when his brief visit had passed, he left influences behind him which remained in these peasant hearts and lives for many a day.

To Lars himself, who for nine months had been a cripple, it had been a revelation. At first he had fought against his hard lot. He had insisted on being helped from his bed to the seat by the window, although the pain was very great; but, at length, even his hope that he was progressing towards recovery dwindled away and died. Eric was seldom at home; his Uncle Agdur and his Aunt Kirstin having now extra work to do, had no time to devote to him. After breakfast, when he had his piece of fladbrod, and his dip into the gröd bowl, the same as they, he was left alone for

hours, sometimes even until the evening. His one pleasure was when Ammitta Loen came in to see him. Then she would shake his pillows, give him water to drink, bring him at dinner-time a potato, or a bit of fish hot from her mother's fire, or tell him the news of the hamlet, which, trifling as it was, interested him.

The four precious books they possessed he had read and re-read till he knew them by heart, although in the book of Psalmody, with the darkly-worn wooden covers and leathern clasps,



"She slipped it quickly back into its place."-Page 66.

he took little interest. The Psalms spoke too much of resignation, and of the Will of God, and he loved to think of neither. He rebelled, he did not submit, and he had no wish to submit, for his heart was fierce, not softened by his great sorrow. He read simply to distract his attention. After all, however, his chief comforter was Mitta. Sometimes she would bring her horn, on which she could play well, and would make for the invalid as soft music as the instrument was capable of giving out.

Her grandmother, the old Ammitta, after whom she had been named, had ever been fond of telling her numerous grandchildren the legends of the olden times. Mitta had loved to hear her; and now, as she sat by Lars, either knitting or weaving the thick gay coverlets called aaklveder, so much sought after in the Vosse, she would while away the long hours with tales of the old Sagas of Norseland: partly based on truth, but chiefly the poetry and romance of legendary lore.

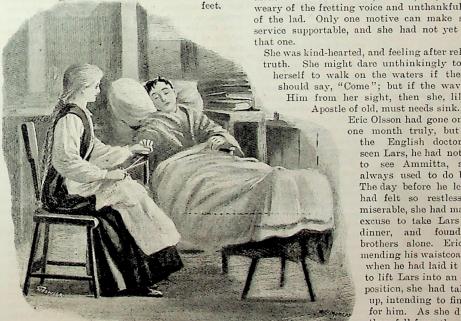
As Mitta told the tales and legends, the sick young man's eyes never left her face. When she ceased, he would hold out his thin hand, clasp hers, and so fall asleep. Mitta would sit very still for fear of waking him, and would smile as she thought of a happy visionary land which some day she should step on, and find solid beneath her

She was full of compassion for Lars, but nothing more. He, as the days went by, grew to love her, as the poor plant in some dark cellar loves the sun, and with all the longing strength of its imprisoned nature, turns yearningly towards the light which shines down through a distant crevice. Even so Lars watched for Mitta, and the day was sad to him when she came not. But now, since the English doctor had been, he cared no longer for the Sagas; he could think of one thing only, the words of the doctor, "If I had him in England, I could cure him." He said to his aunt and uncle, "If I could only get to England, I should be well"; and they answered, "But you cannot go; it would cost many kröner, and we have no money at all. Be content, the good Lord may take you to heaven soon, and there it matters not if your legs are straight or bent. Be content."

Lars knew it was true that they had no money; but as he lay on his chaff bed, he wondered all day long how he could get to England. He spoke of nothing else to Mitta, and from being outwardly quiet and patient, he grew impatient and complaining. He became more cross every day, so that all the neighbours kept away, and the children were no longer glad to bring him raspberries and cloudberries, but peeped through the window at him, and then quickly ran off again. Ammitta alone continued to come, but she, too, was often weary of the fretting voice and unthankful spirit of the lad. Only one motive can make such a service supportable, and she had not yet learnt

She was kind-hearted, and feeling after religious truth. She might dare unthinkingly to trust herself to walk on the waters if the Lord should say, "Come"; but if the waves hid Him from her sight, then she, like the

> Eric Olsson had gone only for one month truly, but after the English doctor had seen Lars, he had not tried to see Ammitta, as he always used to do before. The day before he left she had felt so restless and miserable, she had made an excuse to take Lars some dinner, and found brothers alone. Eric was mending his waistcoat, and when he had laid it down to lift Lars into an easier position, she had taken it up, intending to finish it for him. As she did so. there fell from the pocket a little paper parcel; she



"Mitta would sit very still for fear of waking him."-Page 65.

picked it up, and as Eric was still busy with his brother, could not resist opening the paper. contained a "minde" ring of gold, with two golden hands thereon, clasping each other. She slipped it quickly back into its place, and neither Eric nor Lars knew she had seen it. But night after night, when the children were asleep, she used to be awake wondering, as she had done all the previous day, until her head ached and her eyes smarted, for whom Eric had bought his "minde" ring. It certainly was not for herself, or he would have given it to her; then for whom could it be? He, a sailor, would know scores of girls beside Ammitta Loen-girls no doubt in a better position than she-shopkeepers' daughters in Bergen, or even girls in England, that great, rich, mysterious land across the ocean. And she had been so foolish all these years, believing that he loved her. Some days she felt so miserable; she would take her knitting and climb the Sjerpenut, and stay there alone for hours.

She would sit with her hands clasping her

knees, and gaze across the ravine at the Kils Foss. The waterfall possessed a fascination for her; she would begin looking at it, thinking of Eric and the ring, but after a time, the fall would absorb her interest, and she would grow calm, and go home comforted. She would look at the Upper Fall, that long, filmy veil hanging clear of the rocks for many, many feet, swaying and fluttering in the breeze, a dazzling, sparkling, living column of light; till it seemed to her fevered heart the abode of an angel who knew all her trouble and soothed it to rest. She did not put the thought into words, even to herself; but the superstition of her grandmother was in her mind, though she knew it not, and exercised an influence of which she was not aware. And yet her quiet hours on the Sjerpenut, though they soothed her at the moment, were, she was well aware, no real comfort. Day-dreams may distract a troubled mind, but they cannot ease it. Sometimes she remembered this, and bent her head on her hands and prayed; then she got comfort.

(To be continued.)

The Diocesan Enspector.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Illustrated by W. RAINEY.

HE Diocesan Inspector is a product of modern times. He became a necessity after the Education Act of 1870. Before that time H.M.I. (that aweinspiring, in his public, though often kindly, personage in his private capacity) used to report on the religious as well as on the secular attainments of the pupils in Elementary Schools.

Pupil Teachers in those days had to satisfy the Managers that they were attentive to religious matters. In these more enlightened times (!) no account is taken by Her Majesty's Inspectors of such matters as morals and religion. Nor, indeed, can it well be otherwise under present conditions. There is, therefore, now no pressure brought to bear

upon teachers or pupils to show that accurate Scripture instruction is given, even in Denominational

Schools, from any official source. Where teachers are conscientious, where they are really religious persons, as, thank God, a great many are, they do not need outside pressure. The Scripture lesson is a labour of love. Yet it is desirable for the sake of the teachers, the taught, parents, managers, subscribers, that some real test should be applied as to the sort of religious teaching which is given.

In many cases volunteers have done this work, and done it well. But in most dioceses it has been found necessary to appoint paid Inspectors, who give their whole time to the work of inspecting and reporting on the Religious instruction given in Church Schools. The chief Inspectors have, as a rule, a number of honorary helpers.

Experience proves that this annual inspection is of great value. Both teachers and taught like it, where religious instruction is well given; and where it is not, the Clergy and School Managers have their attention drawn to the fact.

One reason why the visit of the Diocesan Inspector creates pleasurable excitement rather than the reverse, is the fact that he nearly comes as a friend. He wants to find out what the children know. He has no desire to puzzle them. Unlike H.M. Inspector he has no Department to pull him up, or make it hot for him, if he is too lenient in his report. No money depends on what he says. The only persons who fear him are lazy, incompetent, careless teachers, or clergy who are indifferent to the well-being of the children in their parishes. And these, thank God, are in both cases an inconsiderable minority.

Naturally, the Diocesan Inspector meets many



The girl who is never late.



The boy who prepares for the Inspector.

amusing incidents in the course of his work. In a certain school, which I know well, the Inspector in his own kindly fashion enquired, "Well! and what do you mean by 'pomps and vanities'"? "Please, sir," replied a bright child of about eight years of age, "thinking too much about the parlour curtains!" An excellent answer!

In the same school the Inspector was asking questions about the parable of the Prodigal Son, and wished to know what the children thought was meant by "wasting his substance." "Spending it in beer," was the ready reply of a child who knew what that meant for children whose father so "wasted his substance."

On the same occasion the Inspector enquired what the father said to his son when he saw him again. Possibly he put the children off the track a little by saying, "Now, what do you think your mother would say to some one who called upon her, and whom she had not seen for a long time?" At any rate, an eagerfaced girl held out her hand, and being bidden to speak said, "I know. She'd say, 'Oh! how old you look!" And, indeed, in certain circles that seems to be a favourite remark. Perhaps it is thought that, like the Chinese, people at home think it a compliment to be thought old.

In another school with which I was well acquainted in days gone by, an Inspector asked, "What did Herod do when the wise men did not return to tell him where they had found the young Child?" "Kep' on looking out of the parlour winder to see was they a-coming." Which, though a rather feeble reply, was certainly as good as the one given by a young man—not less than forty years

ago, if tradition does not fail—to the question, "What became of the locusts brought as a plague on the land of Egypt in the time of Moses?" "Well," said the youth, when he told the story, "I didn't know how to answer: so I thought a minute and said, 'Oh! John the Baptist ate 'em.'"

It must not be supposed that answers such as these are at all typical of those generally given. As a matter of fact, it is delightful to hear the intelligent replies to questions intended to test whether children understand the words they have been taught to repeat by rote. The infants in a school whose Head Teacher bestows great pains on the Scripture lessons, had to repeat the text, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" "And now, children, will you tell me," said the Inspector, "what He meant by the words, 'wist ye not'?" "Why, He meant, 'don't ye know,'" came at once from the dear little dots. "Ah!" said the Inspector, "it is a pleasure to visit a school like this."

But I am afraid that my readers will care most about the amusing answers. This is not easy to beat; and, like nearly every one already given, I heard it myself. "And now, my dears, tell me what you were taken to church for when you were wee little things?" Wanting, of course, the reply, "To be baptized." To his astonishment, a sweetly pretty fair-haired beauty of four years old lifted up her blue eves and said. "To be married, sir."

I doubt whether many workers in the Lord's vineyard are doing more effective work for their Master than those teachers who, by their faithful instruction and excellent example, are giving to children in Ele-



The Storp of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE."

III. WILFRID, CHAD, AND THEODORE.

URING Wilfrid's prolonged absence in Gaul, King Oswin, moved, it seems, by the neglect of his bishopric in Northumbria, appointed Bishop Chad, an Engle by birth and a former pupil of Aidan, in his room. Great was the contrast between the two. Columba and Aidan were Chad's models. Instead of Roman ambition and dis-

play, he and his Celtic followers studied simplicity a n d the Scriptures. Dean Spence gives a charming picture of Chad: "He was ever moving about in his diocese. Travelling always during his restless life on foot, he was equally at home in the hovel of the serf or in the hall of the thane or noble. And thus he won the love and admiration of the yet half - pagan Engles, to whom he preached with passionate fervour and moving eloquence."

Later on, Chad, whose character was gracious rather than strong, resigned his Northumbrian charge, and

did a grand work in the evangelization of the Mid Engles, Lichfield being his new headquarters. At the end of about two years and a half he was carried off by an attack of pestilence. Bede tells us "He rejoiced to behold the day of his death, or rather the day of his Lord."

Wilfrid, after his return, regained power, and, as the result, the Roman practices he encouraged made

rapid progress. Even the appointment of Theodore, an Asiatic Greek monk, to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, was left to the Roman bishop known as Pope Vitalian. This Theodore greatly furthered Wilfrid's work in undermining the Celtic Church, aided by Hadrian, an African who accompanied him. Between them they brought about Chad's

resignation and restored Wilfrid.

Superstition now advanced still more decisively. Wilfrid lived a severe, austere life. Unlike some of the mediæval "saints," he held that " cleanliness " was a virtue: for his biographer, Eddius, tells us "he washed from head to foot every night in cold but consecrated water." His zeal, however misplaced was untiring. building and adorning churches, in outward pomp and ceremony, in the "vesting of altars with precious coverings of purple and gold," he delighted. He built Hexham Abbey, and accumulated in it treasures such as reli-



A BRITISH MOTHER.

quaries, shrines, etc. When he went abroad he was escorted by a train, dressed and armed with all the splendour of royal guards. His influence told sadly in the court of the king, and led to the wreck of his home in Egfrid's wife renouncing her husband and the marriage tie, and taking the veil at Wilfrid's monastery of Coldingham; "affording," says Dean Spence, "a terrible demonstration of the danger

which had arisen, even in this early age, that in furtherance of a gigantic ecclesiastical system all other human interests, however sacred, might be trampled under foot."

Theodore's equally ambitious longing for power at length brought the two men into conflict. Acting with Egfrid the king, Wilfrid was deposed and his diocese divided into four, one of which only was offered to him. In vain did Wilfrid remonstrate and term it "simply plundering." The king and Theodore would not change their determination, and Wilfrid's Roman principles issued in the first appeal to Rome for a judgment on the part of an English subject.

In a.b. 670 Wilfrid appeared in Rome. The Pope welcomed his opportunity. It was a first step towards putting the ecclesiastical foot on the neck of a king. Fifty bishops, with the Bishop of Rome presiding, decided that Wilfrid should at once be restored to his northern see, thus usurping the king's authority; and then the astute Bishop added, to conciliate Egfrid, Wilfrid might divide the see, but he must appoint the coadjutor bishops.

Happily Englishmen were Englishmen even in those days,—and to some extent Protestants as well. Wilfrid presented to the king the Bishop of Rome's instructions. Egfrid convoked an assembly; the instructions were read, and the council decided that the judgment in favour of Wilfrid had been bought. But Wilfrid's Roman teaching had so far prevailed that the council failed to denounce absolutely Rome's usurpation in giving any judgment at all. Hence, Wilfrid gained sympathy, and his winning tongue and clever policy, as well as his former position and zealous work, added to Theodore's desire to please the Pope, gave him favour with many.

The days were indeed darkening rapidly. The sun that had risen on Britain was becoming sadly eclipsed. In time Wilfrid obtained fresh power and position. He regained influence over Theodore, and backed by him recovered his vast monastic estates at Hexham and Ripon, and was even reinstated as Bishop of York. Intrigues and counter-intrigues succeeded each other. Theodore died. Wilfrid seems to have been deposed again, but somehow obtained the vacant see of Lichfield, and later still Northumbria again. Fresh difficulties arose. Another appeal to Rome followed. The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Berchtwald, denounced Wilfrid, but the Pope once more favoured him. He is said to have forbidden him to continue the cold bath "in consecrated water" which every

night Wilfrid imposed upon himself by way of mortification. On his return to England, Berchtwald decided to obey the Pope; but in Northumberland the king, who temporized at first, at last refused to comply. "I will change nothing out of regard to what you term a mandate of the Roman see." It was a noble resolve, but illness alarmed the king, and superstition then led him to "charge his successor, whoever he might be, for the repose of my soul and his own, to make peace with Wilfrid!"

At last Wilfrid was called himself. It was a sad ending, and showed how little Scriptural light the great ecclesiastic possessed. Rome had certainly not taught him "the Old Gospel Ever New." Dean Spence (with whose estimate of Wilfrid and his services to the Church of England we cannot agree) tells us: "He had a large treasure of gold and silver and gems laid up in his great monastery at Ripon. These he divided into portions. One-the largesthe devoted as an offering to two of the Basilicas of Rome; another to the poor, "for the salvation of my soul"; another to the future abbots of Ripon and Hexham; the remainder to "the companions of his last exile." One of his dying injunctions was very strange and superstitious. He wished the sheet in which his dying body was clothed, still moist with his last sweat, to be sent to a certain abbess, Cyndreda, who had been always his devoted friend. This curious relic was at once dispatched to her. The darkness of the age finds further illustration in a story told of a meeting of abbots and monks at Ripon, the year after his funeral, to "sing compline in the open air," when "they saw the whole heaven lighted up by a great rainbow, the full radiance of which proceeded from the grave of the saint." His tomb, of course, became at once a favourite object of pilgrimage, and the profitable scene of many reputed miracles!

It is very doubtful, however, whether Wilfrid's body lies at Ripon or Canterbury: although an Indulgence of Archbishop Grey, in the thirteenth century, positively states that the "remains" of Wilfrid at Ripon were perfect, and were exhibited to "worshipping beholders."

Such was the man who mainly aided in this rapidly corrupting age in the introduction of the absurd claim of Rome to that ecclesiastical supremacy in England which has ever been so disastrous in its consequence, and so utterly subversive of civil and religious liberty.

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

HEN a congregation prays in public, and when a minister has to suit his petitions to the general wants of all, then I know of no plan so good as an appropriate form of prayer. We need not be always thinking what will come next, or how the clergyman will finish his prayer, or whether he prays well or ill. All we have to do is to throw our whole souls into the prayer before us and pray it with our very hearts."—Archibion Orenden.

"This 'form of sound words,' while it can never become antiquated so long as the English language retains its strength and purity, will always excite an emotion of mingled awe and admiration by the venerable simplicity of former times."—Bishop Jebb.

BOOKS FOR THE HOME.

VERY home should have its library shelf. Make home attractive, and "There's no place like Home."

Four new books have just been published at Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

I. Wonderland Wonders. By the Rev. John Isabell, F.E.S. 5s. II. Sunrise in Britain: How the Light Dawned. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. 1s. 6d.

Bishop Pakenham Walsh, D.D., says: "A clear and reliable book like this is invaluable."

III. A Nine Days' Wonder. A Tale of the Turf. By Edward Garrett. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

IV. Morning Songs. Selected by the Editor of Home Words. Price 4d.



MARCH WINDS! "Birds greeted her from many a tree."—Page 71.

The Doung folks' Page.

"MIND YOUR CHAPTERS!"



IND your chapters!" That was what Thomas Carlyle's mother used always to be telling him. She felt, good old Scotchwoman as she was, that all her son's cleverness was vain unless it was accompanied by the fear of God. And when he was away from her, and himself teach-

ing others, she would write, "Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. I hope you will not weary: and may the Lord open your understanding." And another great writer, John Ruskin, has told us how much he owes to the old Bible lessons he learned by his mother's knee when a boy. Even the 119th Psalm, which he found at first so hard to learn, became at length of all the most precious to him .- C. B.

OUR FATHER.

A FATHER once heard one of his children say to the youngest of all: "You must be good, you know, or father won't love you." So he called the boy to him and said: "Do you know what you are saying? It is not true, my boy—not a bit true." "Isn't it?" said the little one in surprise. "You won't love us, if we are not good, will you?" "Yes," replied the father, "I can't help loving you; when you are good I love you with a love that makes me glad; and when you are not good I love you with a love that hurts me; but I can't help loving you, because I am your father, you know

So it is with our Father in heaven. When we are good, He loves us with a love that makes Him glad; when we are not good. He loves us with a love that makes Him sorrowful.

SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

LITTLE Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand Went journeying up and down the land, On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled; The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child; Birds greeted her from many a tree; But Selfish said "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend a-Hand Went journeying home across the land. Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss-The weather was bad, the folk were cross. Lend-a-Hand said, when the journey was o'er, "I never had such a good time before."

A POLITE PARROT.

SOME time ago a lady and her little daughter, when in the parrot-house of the Crystal Palace, were eager to secure a feather which had fallen from a cockatoo. They fished in vain with hairpins, and no one came to help. In their dilemma a venerable cockatoo moved across the cage, took up the feather, and presented it to them. Their joy was so obvious that he was impelled to pick up another which lay near and offer them that also

"MY FRIEND."

Jesus, Friend of little children, Be a Friend to me; Take my hand and ever keep me Close to Thee.

Show me what my love should cherish, What, too, it should shun; Lest my feet for poison flowers Swift should run.

Teach me how to grow in goodness Daily as I grow ; Thou hast been a child, dear Saviour-Thou dost know.

Step by step, oh! lead me onward, Upward into youth: Wiser, stronger still becoming In Thy truth.

Never leave me nor forsake me, Ever be my Friend; For I need Thee from life's dawning To its end.

W. J. MORTHAMS.

THE TESTING STONE.

A CERTAIN German Duke, wishing to teach his neighbours a lesson, placed, during the night, a great stone in the middle of a road near his palace. Next morning a sturdy peasant named Hans came that way with his lumbering ox-cart. "Oh, these lazy people!" said he; "here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on his way scolding about the laziness of other people. Next came a smartly-dressed young man, singing merrily. He held his head so high that he did not notice the stone, and therefore stumbled over it, and fell. He then began to storm at the country people, calling them "boors and blockheads for leaving a huge rock in the road to break a gentleman's shins on." Then he went on his way. Next came a company of merchants; and after them other travellers and passers-by. But the stone lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to remove it out of the road.

Then the Duke sent out a summons to all the neighbourhood to meet him on the spot at a certain hour. A crowd gathered, and the Duke smilingly addressed them, "My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbours for not taking it out of the way." He then lifted the stone, and showed them a small leather bag lying beneath it, with the words written upon it, "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag, and turned it upside-down, and out fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty large golden coins. Then each one wished that he had only had diligence enough to move the stone, instead of going round it and only scolding his neighbours .- R.S.

Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC. QUESTIONS.

1. MHERE were three servants of God who doubted the Divine Power to satisfy the multitude in the wilderness—who were they?
2. Which of all the towns of Palestine was spoken of as Christ's

"own city"?

3. What authority had Elijah for asking God to shut the doors of heaven and send no rain upon the land?

4. Who, after he had died, was in danger of losing his life a second time?

5. How was the man designated by God, and how is he described by his fellow men, whose prayer is the first recorded in

Scripture?
6. Where did Jesus sit where no one else had sat? and where did Jesus lie where no one else had lain?

7. When was the prayer of Moses fully answered, "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory"?

8. Show from the history of a good man that place and circumstance are never a hindrance to real prayer.

ANSWERS (See JANUARY No., p. 23).

1. 1 Pet. i. 7, 19; 2 Pet. i. 4.
2. Jer. i. 7; 1 Kings iii. 7.
3. Luko xxiv. 49; xxiv. 51.
4. Psalm lv. 17; exix. 164.
5. Hosea iv. 11; Prov. xxiii, 20.
6. Matt. xix. 13.
7. Exod. xii. 2, 13, 14.
8. Psalm xxxiii. 5; 1s1. xi. 9.
9. 1 Cor. xii. 31.
10. Exod. xxxv. 25, 35.



The Housewife's Corner.

ANTEDI-Some months ago, in a railway carriage, a couple of housewives made a mutual discovery. One of them noticed her friend refix a piece of card in her purse, and asked the reason for it. "That card has saved me hundreds of pounds," was the answer, and she handed it across. On it were these words: "She who buys what she does not need will soon need what she cannot buy." "Ah," returned her friend, "curiously enough I have in my pocket something of the same kind. It is my holiday motto: 'We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go in search of your wants. If they be real wants they will come home in search of you; but those who buy what they do not want will soon want what they cannot buy."

How to be Healthy.—Wear woollen clothing the year round. Keep the feet comfortable and well protected.

Take exercise in the open air whenever the weather permits.

Do your walking in the middle of the day if possible. See that your sleeping and living rooms are well ventilated.

Hints for the Bedroom.—Be tidy. Remember luxury cannot induce sleep; comfort is the first consideration. Too many bed-clothes are even more uncomfortable than not enough. A comfortable mattress is more desirable than a brilliant counterpane. Give the bedding plenty of sun and air, especially in cases of illness.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

ATURE'S Cure.—When we ail at all we think it is an occasion to put something into the stomach. It is far oftener the case that we need to keep things out of it. Nature will adjust herself, and she much prefers it if she be left alone. The man who feels a little indisposed is pretty sure to take the right course who says:—"I am not well. I must take a little more exercise, and eat somewhat less, or otherwise starve till I am quite well again." In nineteen cases out of twenty, if men would only abstain when they are out of sorts—eat nothing at all for a few hours—they would soon get all right again.

"Wash Yourselves!"—One of the first requisites of health is cleanliness. It is impossible otherwise to be well. We have a homely and time-honoured proverb, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." It is, so to speak, the holiness of the body. Hence the reason and justification of the proverb. Yet cleanliness is a thing about which many people take but little thought. The Welsh servant girl said, "I wash myself once a week, whether I need it or not." And the washing was limited to her features! It was a question with her of personal appearance rather than of comfort. In too many cases still a bath is a thing almost unknown, and such things ought not to be.

MANY THINGS.

CLAVES To-day. — It seems extraordinary to read at the end of the nineteenth century that only last year several slaves were sold by public auction in the public streets of Tangier, after being marched round the town by a crier, who praised their respective talents. A woman of 36, with child, fetched 53 dollars, while a woman of 50 only reached 27 dollars. A beautiful young maiden fell to a bidder for 76 dollars. For two days the bids were so low that the party moved the human chattels to a more profitable market.

Why not?—In Australia recently a number of parishioners combined to give their clergyman a bicycle. The idea might be worth copying nearer home in large parishes. We have little doubt but that many cycle manufacturers would be only too willing to supply machines at a considerable reduction if the presentation were a public one, and the name of the makers were mentioned. There is nothing more contagious than a notable example—particularly the example of the clergyman of, the parish. We hope to hear of bicycle presentations.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

An Anti-Gambling League. The News has started, what every one knows is bling League. Wery much needed, "A Press and Book Anti-Gambling League." Gambling and betting, "a vast engine of national demoralisation" (as Lord Beaconsfield called it), is wrecking the happiness of hundreds of thousands of victims. A poor suicide, the other day, who occupied a position at one of our Railway Bookstalls, involved in betting, left a letter behind him, in which he wrote the pathetic words, "I don't know what my dear mother will do!" Is there a manly—a mother—or a sister—heart that can think of this suicide's grave, and that of thousands more, and not resolve "By the grace of God I will do something to arrest this terrible plague!" Truly, as Kingsley wrote, "The devil is the only father of it."

The News proposes to form a league of individual working members in all our large towns and villages, simply united, without any Society outlay, in the one object of recommending and circulating anti-gambling literature—especially amongst our young men. Space will be devoted in The News to the furtherance of this Press and Book League. Names of members should be sent on postcards to the Editor of The News, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. Each undertakes to do what they can in their own localities, especially taking counsel with their clergy.

One book, a tale which has appeared in *Home Words*, and which we hope will gain a "record" circulation of a million copies, is now ready. The title is, "A Nine Days Wonder: or, the Mystery in the

House. 'A Tale of the Turf." The well-known Dean of St. David's the Very Rev. David Howell, says of it, in thrilling words: "'A Nine Days' Wonder' is a stirring book—a red lamp on the road that leads to certain ruin! If widely read, it might save half a generation of young men. Gambling is a moral pestilence, and the man who gets money without earning it is a thief, whether he is convicted or not."

This is truly "calling a spade a spade." It is the only way in which the national conscience can be roused, if indeed it is not already too far seared to be roused. Mr. Runciman said: "The life-blood of Britain is tainted, and no superfleial remedy can cure her now." The Times, too, said some years ago: "The curse of gambling is this, that 'it hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling."

But we have said enough—more than enough. We ask Home Words readers to introduce the subject everywhere. We want to enlist their sympathies, their prayers, and their efforts, to rescue those who are wrecking their own happiness, and the happiness of their homes, and the happiness of all who are led astray by their example.

[With the view of securing a very large demand for "A Nine Days Wonder" (he selling price, as in the case of "The Queen's Resolve," has been fixed by the publishers at 1s. 6d. only. When quantities are taken above twenty-five they will be supplied direct from Home Works Office, 7, Patermoster Square, London, E.C. for 10.f. each. A specimen copy will be posted free for 1s.

A CONTRACTOR OF A STATE OF THE



[Messrs. Elliott & FRY, Baker street, W.

THE LATE Mr. G. L. PILKINGTON,

C.M.S. MISSIONARY IN UGANDA.

"I would like his life to teach the young, who wish to nerve them for some great deed, to believe that it comes of fidelity to duty in early years.

"'He saw his duty a dead sure thing, And he went for it there and then,'

describes his whole life."—Letter from his Mother.

"Morning, noon, and night some one seems to be standing beside me, saying, 'God intends you to go to the heathen.'"—G. L. Pilkington.

[See page 90.

FOR HEART AND HEARTH



BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. ANTHONY CRAGG.



HEREVER are you off to now, I wonder?" demanded Mrs. Cragg.

"Business, my dear."

"That's something new. I thought you always said you didn't choose to do business out of business hours."

"Well, then, it's amusement, if you like," said Mr.

"I don't see why you need pretend that a thing is what it isn't, either."

Mrs. Cragg tilted her head in a superior fashion. She was vexed that evening, because she had just passed Mrs. Sweatter, the chemist's wife, coming out of the chemist's nice snug little house beyond the church. It was a standing grievance with Mrs. Cragg, that her husband would obstinately and unreasonably persist in living under the same ample roof with his goods. Other tradesmen of his level in the place had their private houses at a little distance, where their wives and children might disport themselves at pleasure, free from touch of shop-keeping. Mrs. Cragg, who loved to describe herself as "a lawyer's daughter," considered that she had taken a downward step in the world by marrying Cragg; and she could not forgive him for refusing her the private house for which she thirsted.

That he actually could not afford such a step was, of course, absurd-ridiculous. Mrs. Cragg knew better. Though he had as good as told her so, she did not believe it. She had married the man whom she regarded as the richest and most successful tradesman in Putworth; and it would have taken a good deal to shake her belief in his prosperous circumstances. She ascribed his refusal entirely to his overweening devotion to Dot, of whom, though Dot was her own child, she felt actually jealous.

No doubt Cragg would have sorely missed the child's presence under his roof all day. Now he could run for a peep at her, if he had but five minutes to spare; and often the little one would

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creep into that part of the building where he happened to be, drawn by secret strings, and always content if he were near. If she were living away in another part of the town he would seldom see her, except in the early morning and on half-holidays, unless, indeed, he went home punctually to early dinner. None the less, the avowed reason was true, although it did not stand alone.

"It may be business, and yet not shop-business,"

Cragg said in explanation.

"If you'd been brought up as I was you wouldn't be so desperate fond of talking about 'shops,'" quoth Mrs. Cragg, nose in air. She had a considerable nose, which required much tilting before it would rise to the occasion.

"My dear, you knew pretty well how I was brought up before you married me," Cragg answered calmly. He could afford to be calm. He was a man known and liked and trusted in the country round; and not a gentleman within ten miles did not enjoy stopping for a chat with "Cragg of the Furniture Warehouse," when opportunity served. Cragg knew this of course-quietly, and without conceit. His was the right sort of self-respect, which means an absence of all pretence. Cragg was perfectly well aware that his own family name had been untarnished for at least three generations past, while the name of his wife's father and grandfather had been of a shady nature, in spite of which he had married her, and in so doing had, in the opinion of his friends, been the one to take a downward step. But the idea of reproaching her with these facts never so much as occurred to him. He was placidly content with his own certainties.

"Where are you off to?" she inquired.

"Going to see if the Dales are settled in all right."

"If you're not demented about those Dales I don't know who is. You'd better have taken my warning. That man isn't to be depended on. You'll be sorry some day."

"We shall see."

"Well, if you are, you can remember what I said. I don't know what in the world you can see to like in them. It's 'Dales, Dales, Dales,'

morning, noon, and night with you."

Mrs. Cragg had only herself to blame if things were so. She could not see her husband cross a road without smartly requesting to be told his destination. This was her way of being wifely and confidential. If he opened a letter in her presence, she demanded to hear the contents; and if he unlocked a drawer, she wished to be told what he had lost. After forty years of undisturbed bachelorhood Mr. Cragg was not a little reserved in his ways, and seven years of married life had not effected a cure. Perpetual questioning still gave him a succession of shocks.

He would not be easily betrayed into a loss of temper, which also means a lessening of self-respect, but he detested jars and arguments. The natural result of his wife's prying tendencies was in him a growing inclination towards secretiveness in small things. More and more he concealed in his own breast the things that he thought or that he meant to do.

He certainly was aware of an unwonted interest in "those Dales," as his wife called them. He liked the man, though Dale rather perplexed him, and he liked and was sorry for the young girl. She looked so old and so serious for a child of her years. Not that Cragg knew her years, and he would have been much surprised to learn that she had passed her sixteenth birthday. He supposed her to be about twelve or thirteen, and he often told himself that he would not like merry little Dot to look, in six or seven years, like Pattic Dale.

Despite Mrs. Cragg's opposition, he did not change his intention of going to the house to see if his new tenants were comfortable, but he started in an opposite direction, simply to evade further remarks. It would be easy to work his way round outside Putworth.

The little ruse was of small avail. Mrs. Cragg

watched him go, and tossed her head.

"As if I didn't know!" she said aloud. "He's just crazed about those people. He'll go to-night, before he comes home, if it takes him two hours to get there. He's as obstinate as an old mule, once he takes a notion into his head. Oh, dear, we poor women have a lot to put up with in the men, and no mistake! Anyway, I'm sure I have."

It never occurred to Mrs. Cragg that her husband might also find a good deal to put up with in

her.

"I'm sure I can't think why in the world women ever marry. They're a deal happier without. A lot better keep oneself to oneself, and not be bothered."

But she would have been rather astonished to learn that the very same wonder had more than once occurred unbidden to Cragg,—in respect to the man's side of the question. He, too, had known less "bother" as a bachelor than as a husband.

Still, the question was answered differently by Mr. Cragg than by Mrs. Cragg. Being a man, he thought of other circumstances in connection with the main point. There was "Dot" to be considered. Had he remained a bachelor, there would have been no tiny clinging "Dot" to rejoice his heart.

With this recollection in his mind, Cragg went off, smiling quietly to himself. He had just spent an hour in Dot's company, before she was put to bed; and he had found her very good company indeed. She was full of fun, and full of talk. Nobody

called Dot a pretty child, but she was a very loving one to her father, and that was all that really mattered. When he and Dot were together, the two were perfectly happy.

It did not take Cragg two hours, but it did take more than one hour, to saunter round by the outskirts of Putworth, to the north end of the town, where lay his new possession and its inmates.

Cragg, on the way thither, imagined his own arrival, and pictured a pleasant reception from the tall man and the sad-faced girl, both of whom in different ways had captured his fancy. He thought

he would apologise for calling, and would make a feint of going away at once, after just asking if everything was

comfortable and to their minds; and then perhaps Mr. Dale would persuade him to stay for a little chat, and he might give in to the pro-Cragg posal. enjoyed chatting with Mr. Dale. who seemed to be a fairly well-read and intelligent man. with pleasant manthough ners, rather disposed to melancholy.

But in all Cragg's picturings of what was to happen, he never approached the reality.

After quitting the town, he had to walk a little way along a road, with rough ground on either side. No other houses lav anywhere near, except the one little stiff row of workmen's cottages, down a lane to the right. Cragg passed that lane, and went straight on. He could see the newly-built house clearly; and a little figure seated in the front window over that of the dining-room, drew his attention. That was at the moment when Pattie noticed him, and remarked upon him to her

"'It's "Dales, Dales, Dales," morning, noon, and night."_

"It's a nice evening," Cragg murmured aloud. "Shouldn't wonder if Mr. Dale was to think the place pretty to-day."

The croak of a frog on the border of the muddy stream, which ran beside the road, made him turn his eyes in that direction. He stopped, and poked absently among the herbage. While doing this, he became aware of an extraordinary prolonged rumble of sound.

"Thunder! Dear me, I shouldn't have thought it!" uttered Cragg.

He looked at the clear sky, dotted with tiny cloud-fleckings, and wondered-

could it be thunder? If not, what was the sound?

Cragg turned towards the house, and stood petrified. The front wall was still there, dimly visible through a cloud of dust; but something very strange had

He might be a slow man generally. At this moment Cragg was anything rather than slow. The first shock over, he literally bounded forward. A greyhound or a deer could hardly have im-

> proved the speed with which he covered the space between him and the ruin.

For a ruin it was. Something very strange had happened. As he drew near, gasping audibly for breath, he

front wall and portions of two or three side walls, outer and inner, remained intact. The rest of the house was gone. As

the dense cloud of dust slowly lessened, he detected a slight figure in the window above, clinging there in a convulsed and terror-stricken stillness. Beyond was chaos-a dark gulf, into which the building had disappeared.

No voice spoke; no human being stirred. Cragg could see nothing of Mr. Dale, or of the maid-servant. Only Pattie Dale was visible, and Cragg hurried beneath the window.

"What does it all mean? Are you hurt?" he cried. He was close enough to render shouting unnecessary.

Pattie made no reply. She seemed to be dazed; perhaps hardly conscious. He could see that her blue eyes were widely-opened in a fixed stare.



"My dear," he called, "you must wake up; you must let me help you down. It isn't safe there." A shudder passed over him, as he realized that at any moment this wall, too, might descend into the gulf beyond, carrying her with it. "Rouse up, my dear. Try to hear what I'm saying. I'm Cragg, you know, and I want to get you down safe. You must drop yourself into my arms. See?"

She seemed to him a mere child, and he was thinking of Dot-feeling unspeakably thankful that Dot was not in Pattie's place. The thought of Dot made him the more eager to rescue Pattie.

"Come, my dear,-come!" he called.

At first Pattie paid him no manner of heed, but gradually her eyes turned in his direction, and a look of returning consciousness crept into them.

"What is it? I don't understand," she said at length, in soft tones. "Why am I here?"

"You're not going to stay there. Things have gone a little wrong, and we've got to put them right," called Cragg cheerfully, relieved to have her attention. "See !-I'm close by. I want you just to edge your feet over this side, and to let yourself drop into my arms. Don't be frightened -only move slowly. No hurry. Just slowlygently-"

He was in deadly fear lest she should drop on the other side of the wall, or lest the slight additional shake of movement on her part should seal the fate of the wall itself, and it, too, should go down, carrying her to death. She did not move at once, but after a little pause said vaguely .-

"What am I to do? I don't understand."

"My dear, look this way,-this way-this!" urged Cragg, with intense earnestness, standing below the window, and holding up his arms. "Don't think about anything else. Look at me, and think of me. Keep your head this way, and just bring your feet over the sill-quietly. Don't hurry. Don't look anywhere else. It's all right. I'll catch you. I won't let you fall. So-yesthat's grand-both feet over. You'll do it directly -and then-"

There was no need for any further exhortations. Pattie's strength proved equal to the moment's ' need, so far; but the instant both feet were over, it failed her. She fell sideways, helplessly; and Cragg caught her, as he had promised. Though the height was not great, the ceilings being low. her weight brought him to the ground. He was undermost, however, and started up again, regardless of bruises.

"Not hurt, are you?" he asked anxiously.

Pattie seemed to be awakened by the shock of her fall. She sat up, looking with troubled eyes. "No, I'm not hurt," she said slowly. "What does it mean? What has happened? Where is father?"

That was the question, and Cragg dared not

attempt at once to find an answer. "Come a little way farther off," he said. "That wall might go down too. Come this way. You're feeling a bit queer, aren't you?"

"Yes. I don't know where I am. I don't know

what it means."

Pattie spoke slowly, like one bewildered. Then her eyes went to the ruined house, and recollection flashed up. Till then she had mercifully been half-stunned. A cry broke from her.

"Father! Father! He was on the roof. Oh,

where is he?"

But for Cragg's detaining grasp, she would have rushed recklessly to the edge of the depth. He caught her, and held her back by main force. She struggled fiercely, then fell back, senseless.

"Thank God for that," muttered Cragg, tears in

his eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

A RESCUE. is only fair to

Anthony Cragg to say that, in this first hour, thoughts were not of himself, nor of the heavy loss he would himself suffer. That part of the matter had to await later

attention.

Without delay he carried Pattie farther off, and laid her down, senseless still, upon the grass. Then he walked quickly to the side of the ruin,

studying with troubled eyes the open gulf, into

which his new structure had descended. He could conjecture what had happened. This had been in the past, to some extent-never a large extent-a mining neighbourhood; and two or three old disused mines not far off were known to the people of Putworth. Here probably was another aged mine, long forgotten; and the weight of the house had broken through the thin roofing. Otherwise it might have gone indefinitely longer undiscovered. The greater part of the building had descended; and the rest might at any moment follow. That depended on whether the front wall of the house rested on a firmer basis than the other walls, or whether it too lay over a hollow, with only a thin roof to hold it up.

As to what had become of Mr. Dale and the maid-servant, Cragg could feel in his own mind little doubt. Both he believed to have gone down with the ill-fated house; and if so, both must have met their death.

Yet as he said this to himself, his ears were saluted by a terrified,-"Oh, sir!"

"What! You're safe?" cried Cragg.

"Yes, sir; I was out in the back garden, getting a bit of green,-parsley, I mean," panted the girl, who seemed tolerably self-possessed, except that

her eyes too had in them a frightened stare. "And when I see everything go to bits like that, I just dursn't do nothing."

"And left Miss Dale to take her chance! If I had not come, what do you suppose would have become of her?"

Cragg spoke sternly, and the girl began to sob.

"Well, never mind now. You were startled, of course. Come and see to her. Here! this wav. And mind, on no account let her go near the house." Cragg paused, doubting if any one "Cragg turned but himself would be equal

to the task of

holding back Pattie, when she should again revive. "No; on second thoughts, I'll stay here. Go to those cottages, and call the men-any who are there. Tell them what has happened. Say ropes will be wanted. Quick! don't lose a moment. I'll see to Miss Dale."

house, and stood petrified."-Page 77.

The girl fled, crying as she went, and Cragg went back to Pattie. He was relieved to find her coming to, though still only half-conscious.

"Not much hope for him," he murmured. "Don't know what the depth of the fall may have

been; but he couldn't escape. She's an orphan, I'm afraid."

Leaving her again, he approached the edge cautiously, not too near, and raised his voice in a shout. No sound replied. Cragg tried again, and then he felt a touch on his arm. Pattie was standing by his side, her eyes shining, her face colourless.

"Is father down there?" she breathed. "Can't you get him up? He may be hurt."

Cragg followed the suggestion. "Yes, yes, my dear, as soon as possible," he said cheerfully. "I've sent the girl to call some men, and we'll do

our very best. You may be sure of that. They will be here directly."

Pattie looked at him with steady eyes.

> "You are sure he is not killed?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he's stunned; yes, he must be stunned. He hasn't swered me, but that doesn't say much. You see, it may be a good way to go down. I'd no notion there was an old mine hereabouts; but that's what it's bound to An old mine near to the surface, you know, so the roof wasn't

strong enough to bear up a house on it for any length of time. Must have been giving way slowly

for weeks past, I shouldn't wonder. If I had guessed such a thing I'd never have built a house upon it. Nobody had any notion."

"Is father down in the mine? Far down?"

"Well, you see, I don't know," explained Cragg. "It might be the old pit-mouth just hereabouts; or it might be only into one of the pit-galleries. There's no telling-nor how shallow it may be either. We'll soon find out."

"Father and I saw a lot of cracks in the walls to-day."

"Most of the houses here get cracks; it's from

the nature of the soil. I did see some last week, and I thought they were showuncommon early. That was all. I'd no notion of anything of this sort," repeated Cragg regretfully.

Pattie sighed. "Father must think it so long. He must want to get out. I don't know how to wait. Couldn't we do something? If I were to go close, and call out? He might know

my voice."

"No harm trying," assented Cragg. "Not close, but a little nearer. It isn't safe close: the earth might fall in any moment. If he's stunned, he won't hear your voice no more than mine; but we'll try." He was desirous to keep Pattie's mind occupied until more men should arrive on the scene. "This way; not any nearer. call."

Pattie obeyed, raising her thin tones once, twice, thrice, with a manifest effort. "Father!" cried first; and then, "Daddy! Daddy! Don't you hear me? Oh!"

She broke away from Cragg, taking him by surprise, and ran

"I heard father's voice. Oh, let me go! Don't keep me," she implored. "He cried out. Oh, listen!"

A faint sound could be detected, seeming to come from underground.

"Pat-tie! Pat-tie!" it said.

" Father, we're here. We'll get you out. Don't be afraid," called the girl; and then wildly to Cragg, "Let me go! Oh, what can we do? Oh, let me go!"

"Will you promise to do as I tell you, and not to stir unless I give you leave? I'll hold you till you do promise."

"But I want Oh, how can I?" gasped Pattie.

"What good will it do him if you kill yourself? Be sensible. Think what your father would wish

Pattie became suddenly quiet. "Yes, I will,"



"Jim Waters, with his heavy burden, rose to the surface."-

she said. "I'll be good. I'll stay here till you say I may move. Oh, do ask him if he is hurt."

"I know you'll keep your word." Cragg left her and went nearer, calling in strong tones, "Pattie is safe. Are you hurt?"

"Yes," came faintly, after a pause. "Keepher-back."

"Where are you? Is it a mine?"

"I don't-know. I'm lying on-something-all dark-"

"We'll have you out in a jiffy," shouted Cragg. He saw the men hurrying across a space of rough

ground, which lay between this part and their cottages. Afterwards it came out that they had heard the noise of the falling house, and had, like Cragg, mistaken it for a peal of thunder. Since the wind blew from them to the house, the noise was lessened.

Six able-bodied men appeared; and a brief consultation took place as to the best and quickest mode of rescue. Two of them carried a coil of stout rope; and another, a young fellow, Jim Waters by name, at once volunteered to go down, tied to this rope. It was decided that the descent should be made on the side away from the wall which still stood upright; though, if that should fall while the rescuer was below, he could scarcely expect to survive. JimWaters knew as much; and it made no difference to his action. Englishmen of the right stamp do not commonly stand still to measure risks and possible results, when the life of another is at stake. Jim was nothing out of the usual way, just a steady plucky young mason, firm of foot and clear of brain. He was the lightest in make and the best at climbing of those present; therefore he took it as a matter of course that he should be the one to undertake this perilous "emprise."

The rope was securely fastened to him, and the others all had hold of it, standing well back from the edge lest the ground should give way beneath them. Pattie had insisted on coming also to this side. She was white as a sheet, but calm; and from time to time she raised her clear voice in a shrill cry of "Daddy, we're here. You'll soon be out." For some time no reply had been heard.

Then came moments of acute suspense, while Waters slowly lowered himself into the dark hollow; and the men above held the rope, slackening or tightening it as he required. So many jerks had been settled as signifying what he wanted either way. Sooner than they expected he had reached standing ground, and his voice could be heard, at first calling, then speaking. After which he seemed to be throwing aside stones or

bricks, doubtless releasing the fallen man. Once or twice a groan travelled up, and Pattie sank on her knees, unable to stand, while her eyes grew wild and sad.

At length the signal was given to "pull,"—and with a will the men bent to their task.

Slowly the rope was hauled in; and slowly Jim Waters, with his heavy burden, rose to the surface. The rope proved strong enough to bear them both; but moment by moment the fear was present of the front wall falling. Not till the two men were safely landed on firm ground, and all had retreated to a safer distance, did any one draw an easy breath.

Mr. Dale had to be carried. His face was blanched and drawn, his hands were clenched. At first he made no sound; but when Pattie would have thrown her arms round him, he motioned her had

"Don't touch me," he whispered. "I am hurt. I can't stand being touched."

The wonder was that he had not been killed instantly. Waters briefly explained the condition of things below. He had found a wide hollow, perhaps over thirty feet deep; and in it was the old pit mouth, half-choked with rubbish. Much of the falling mass had poured into that aged opening, disappearing utterly; but part had landed on one side of it; and lying on this pile he had discovered Mr. Dale, badly injured, yet alive and still conscious. Jim had been too hurried, and the light had been too dim, for seeing more.

One of the cottagers, Jim's mother, had an unoccupied room, and there, with her consent, Mr. Dale was placed. One man rushed off for the doctor, another for the village nurse.

There was no second room in the cottage for Pattie, so she had to be accommodated with a small mattress on the floor of Mrs. Waters' room. Cragg would have liked to offer to take her home, but he remembered Mrs. Anthony Cragg, and hesitated. Also, he was sure that nothing would induce Pattie to leave her father.

Presently the village nurse arrived, and took the patient in hand; and shortly afterward the doctor made his appearance

(To be continued.)

A Sinner's Plea—"Thy Righteousness,"

BY THE REV. A. C. DOWNER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE ODES OF REATS."
"The Righteousness which is of God by faith."—Phil. iii. 9.

ORD, it I ever pleaded good in me
Against Thy grievance standing in my sin,
Or asked Thee open Heaven to take me in
And set me on Thy Throne by right of fee,
Pardon me that of Thy great charity
And still receive me as among Thy kin
Through Him who came eternal grace to win

That where He is there might His servants be.

For here I do renounce all righteousness

Except what flows from Him, as my hope's base,

My only solid, true, and perfect ground;

And for those things wherein I do transgress,

That they may never turn away Thy Face,

I would in Him, who is my Life, be found.

Thy Word is Truth.

IX. A SINNER: LESSONS FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE I WILLS OF THE PSALMS," ETC. "Seest thou this woman ?"-St. Luke vii. 44.

Simon the Pharisee had had the least idea of what lay before him by meddling with this poor woman he would have been only too glad to have let her alone. As it is, he stands pilloried for all timea miserable example of the tremendous rebound of an evil

thought upon the heart of the man by whom it has been harboured.

Simon the Pharisee's thought had not taken the form of words, but Christ's thought upon that thought took terrible and decided shape; and the words in which He embodied it are found in scathing furrows in the Gospel, as though they had been ploughed into it with fire.

Let me give you some of the thoughts-Lessons for Lent-which rise in my mind as I think over this question of our Lord to Simon: "Seest thou this woman?"

I. First, there is Simon's great mistake. All Simon thought that a prophet should recognise was "the known to man." He denied within himself that Jesus was a Prophet, because, as he thought, He did not know what kind of character this woman was: and because He had not, with righteous indignation, branded her in her true colours before men.

How little he knew of the wide reach and action of a prophet indeed-a man of God-especially of the Prophet of prophets: the typical, the representative man of God-who, as a man, would act in a case like this in a way after God's own heart!

Simon ignored-said nothing of-the weeping, the washing, the wiping, the kissing, the anointing of the sinner. He placed her sin so close to his eye that he shut out the constellation of her love. How many a time have men made this mistake! They have recognised the bad amid the good, rather than the good amid the bad. They have recognised what was known to man: dealt, it may be, with the sinner as far as they could, according to his sins, and rewarded him according to his iniquities, and thought that there was a touch of a prophet about them because they could do this, and did it. Perhaps they thought it helped them on as prophets to tell out all they knew about everybody. But Jesus, the true Prophet, knew a great deal He never told; and, thank God, knows a great deal He never will tell. The silences of Christ are amongst the wonders of His ministry on earth; His silences in heaven will win our adoring praise for ever.

But Simon was about to get a great surprise. He had thought Jesus at fault in the matter of this woman. Jesus is about to let him know that He was indeed a Prophet in this very matter.

"Seest thou this woman?"

And then the Prophet unveils His far-reachedness of sight to the astonished Pharisee. Simon would have been satisfied if he had seen thus far -that the woman was a sinner. Jesus is going to show him that He can see thus far, and farther still. The Prophet is about to make Simon know, in a very astonishing and new light, the manner of woman she was in the eyes of One who was a Prophet—not merely after the manner of Simon's notion of a prophet, but a Prophet indeed.

Simon's pharisaical religion took no notice of aught save sin; if that were there, that was enough. But he had now to learn that the eye of a Prophet keen enough to know that the woman's sins were many (though no one had told Him) was keener still; for it saw what Simon could not see-it saw the woman's love: and it measured the love: it appreciated it. Simon himself was the dark background which set off this jewel's flash. The man of gnats, and mint, and anise, and cumin, hears for the first time that one may be a great sinner, yet have all that was good in her, and all the possibilities of good in her, recognised by a great Saviour. He had to learn that sin is not omnipotent; that, even amid its darkness, when the torch of love is lit, that darkness will not put it out, when Jesus is about to speak.

Thank God-be encouraged-you who weep and are at the feet of Jesus. Jesus knows all about you, but He is not going to tell all He knows: and, if any adversary like Satan arise, all He will say about the sins is this-"They are many, but they are forgiven."

But I must not tarry longer here. Weep and wash, and kiss and wipe, and anoint and wait. When the Prophet shall speak, you have heard what He will say.

II. But now a few other very practical thoughts, which arise out of, or are suggested by, Simon's

Observe that whereas the Pharisee could only see an outward actuality that was bad, Jesus, seeing and recognising that-for He never says that a thing is not so, when it is-sees yet more: the good thing in the poor woman, and the possibilities in her too.

"I have nothing," the woman seems to say, "to tell Thee, O Lord, for Thou knowest all. I am glad Thou knowest my sins are many, for if Thou speakest of forgiveness I know that it will embrace all. The Pharisee's only idea of me is that I should be scorned; Thine is that I shall be accepted and restored. Thou hast a future for me; Thou sayest, 'Go in peace.'"

"Seest thou this woman?" is the question of Jesus. "What every one says of her, I say—'that she is a sinner.' What no one can say to her I say—'Go in peace.' I know the secret of her heart, the love that is burning there, the faith that is acting there, and I bid her cease from weeping, and to 'Go in peace.'" And she went out from His presence into daily life, the tears all crystallised, and the gem into which they have turned is "Peace."

Note again, and remember for your comfort, that you are not alone in the world of your inner thoughts, as you may think you are. You are thinking: and Christ is thinking about what you are thinking. You cannot help the evil thought coming; but recognise Christ as listening to it, and that will help to kill it. Bad thoughts can never fasten on us if we know that Jesus is going to speak to us about them and say, "I have somewhat to say unto thee."

If you feel that you are bad, very bad, remember that this poor woman, who knew that she was very bad, did not hide, did not run away, when she knew Jesus was at hand, but came to Him. Tears, hair, alabaster box—she brought them all.

So come to Christ. The worse you are, the more you need Him. The feet of Jesus, at any rate, are within reach. You need not speak. Wait for Him to speak; He has read your thought. "Seest thou this woman?" He sees you as you are, as He will make you—a sinner with a troubled heart—a sinner to be sent away in peace.

Observe, too, how the most illustrious examples of the highest truth are made by grace from the poorest stuff—a prodigal, a woman that was a sinner—the people from the highway and the hedge. These are the dark clouds on which the Sun of Righteousness shines, and lights them up into pillars of snowy white, and decks them at their eventide with vesture like that of the King's daughter; these are they who have "lien amongst the pots, yet are they covered with silver and flecked with yellow gold."

We are to be examples of the great truth that Jesus saves very bad people. If we are saying, with Simon, within ourselves that we are not very bad, then Jesus says, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee." If we think we are very bad, He says, "Seest thou this woman? Her sins are forgiven her."

Only love, weep, anoint-so be, and so do-that

Jesus shall say, "Seest thou this woman?"—that you may hear, "Go in peace."

Remember too, once more, what is to follow on your recognition; what is to come of it. Something came to the woman. Jesus, on His part, recognises the sinful, the weeping, the sorrowful, to save them: but we are not to tarry weeping, but to go—to go "in Peace"—to go from His presence, forgiveness sealed, to serve Him with grateful heart in our families, in our callings, in the world: and perhaps hereafter, all sin being remembered no more, to be known as those that "loved much."

The prophet of the Old Testament spake, and the man whose heart's thoughts he discerned went forth from his presence "a leper as white as snow." The Prophet of the New Testament spake, and the woman whose heart he read went out from His presence, her sins, which were as scarlet, made white as snow.

An angel may hereafter—yea, may even now—single you out and talk of you to his fellows! yea, amid the shining ranks hereafter you may be distinguished by your Lord. But why talk we of hereafter? Now, even now, we may be such that Jesus may say of the poor toiler, striver, lover, worker, giver, with speechless tears, with open hand, with broken, but with humble, loving heart, "Seest thou this woman?"

X. EASTER THOUGHTS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

EASTER is a Spring of Life to the Christian's heart. "The Lord is Risen," consecrated for ever this Day of Days; and every day now borrows light and life from Easter triumph.

Easter, in a word, is God's Sunday—the Lord's Day of joy. Chrysostom styles it "The desirable feast of our salvation, the foundation of our peace, the occasion of our reconciliation, the destruction of death, and our victory over the devil." And our own George Herbert sings:—

"Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:—
There is but one, and that one ever."

In primitive times it was a practice among Christians to use to each other on Easter morning the glad salutation, "Christ is Risen," to which the response was, "Christ is Risen indeed." Our own Church calls us in this same spirit of joy to unite in our Easter anthem, "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept." All nature, too, seems to share in the song of victory. The deadness and dreariness of winter are forgotten in the greenness of leaves, and the varied hues of flowers; with the song of the bird, and the gambol of the lamb—

"See the fresh beauty of the new-born earth, As with the Lord, His gifts, anew, come forth."

But the glory of Easter counts not so much in the light it sheds upon life here, as in the light it alone sheds upon the mystery of death, and the pledge it gives us of our own Resurrection. The question which troubled the loving, but mistrusting disciples at the Saviour's tomb, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" has ever perplexed the wisest of men. Walking only by the light of nature, no answer can be given; but it is the glory of Christianity to solve this mystery. Standing, as it were, at the grave of our common humanity, wondering if a man die shall he live again, the eye rests upon the Risen Saviour; and from His lips we hear those marvellous words, which none but the Godman could ever have uttered: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The religion which failed to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre—"the house appointed for all living "—would carry with it the evidence of its own insufficiency to meet the craving desires and longings of the spirit questioning the mysteries of death and the grave. But the religion which answers that question comes to us with a witness of its origin which the unbelief of the heart and life alone can reject.

The lesson of Easter thus appeals to the intellect, the conscience, and the heart of every man. It reveals a truth, which, like the light of the sun from heaven, proclaims its source. Sooner shall God be no longer God, than the children of God fail to be "the children of the Resurrection."

"Live, then, as citizens of the immortal Empire. Let the impress of the eternal country be on your foreheads. Let the angels see that you know yourselves their fellows. Speak, think, and act as becomes your high ancestry; for your Father is in heaven, and the First-born of your brethren is on the throne of God."

To the Holy Land in Lent.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM C. BULLOCK, M.A., RECTOR OF ORE, HASTINGS.

II. JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



ROM my notes made during Lent last year I extract a few thoughts which may be of interest at this season. We had been in Bethany, the little village situated just above the road that skirts

the Mount of Olives. We had "felt" its loveliness, and understood why it was that our Lord and Master once loved to come there and rest awhile. And now we were to leave this quiet retreat on the edge of the wilderness, and turn towards the Holy



THE SYRIAN PAPYRUS.

City. It is but a short distance a-way. By this path came our Lord every night in the last week of His life, until He was betrayed.

Taking this the shorter of three roads weelimbby a steep ascent directly behind the village. Within an hour the ridge of the hill is reached, and

as we stand upon the height a wonderful picture is stretched before one's eyes. In a moment the whole of Jerusalem bursts upon our view. There, in the foreground, separated only by the Valley of Kedron, is the great wall with which the City is enclosed. Just beyond is the Mosque of Omar, built above the Rock Moriah, once the site of the glorious Temple with its magnificent courts. Still further, at the southeast corner of the City, is Mount Zion, crowned with the Tower of David. A little to the right, but nearer the Temple, is the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre: and yet more to the right, but outside the northern walls of the City, is a mound, formed exactly in the shape of a skull—the site of Gordon's Golgotha.

Such was the picture. In a moment we seemed to have rolled back the pages of time. Upon the road which we had but just been treading surely we see an eager and excited crowd. But yesterday their Leader had manifested a Power which was nothing if not Divine. To-day they will take Him to the City and declare Him King. And along the roadway the throng throw down the branches which they cut from the olives as they pass, or the palms which they have brought from the City. Others are unwrapping their loosely-hanging cloaks from their shoulders to stretch them over the rough path, forming a continuous carpet as He advances. Suddenly the King stops short. He has reached the summit of the ridge where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives towards Jerusalem. Before Him, the vision of glory and magnificence unequalled in the history of the world-a City rising out of a deep abyss, a City resplendent with the golden Temple, a City, all glorious without, but alas, a City which makes the Saviour pause not to admire all that met the cye, but to deplore the evil that He saw within. "When He beheld the City He wept over it."

The Mount of Olives is, at the present day, very bleak and bare. Olives, a few figs, the carob (the husks of which the prodigal would fain have eaten), and here and there an almond and a terebinth

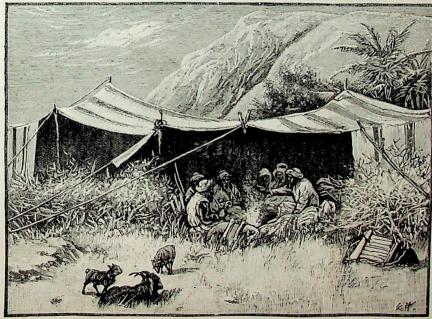
tree are scattered upon the sloping hill side. Close to the summit, on

the direct road to the City, stands the Church of St. Mark, upon the site of which Our Lord is said to have taught His disciples to pray. Round the quadrangle run covered passages containing thirty-two slabs, on which the Lord's Prayer is inscribed in as many languages.



Descending the steep pathway for some fifteen minutes we reach a small plantation of olives, now enclosed by a high wall, supposed from the 4th century to be the true site of Gethsemane. An iron

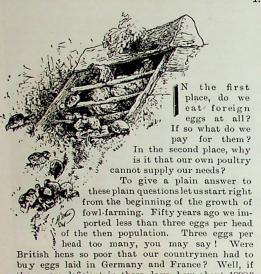
railing,six feet high, surrounds the Garden, which is divided up by neat walks and flowerbeds, so artificial. so trim, so modern! But for the seven olive trees, evidently of great age, which are still allowed to stand, one would rather have left memory alone, and never have passed within the outer wall.



AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

Why we eat Foreign Eggs!

BY ROBERT MAUDSLEY.



they were deficient in those days, how about 1898? In 1848 the number of foreign eggs reaching this country amounted to nearly 80,000,000. This year the total will not be far short of 1,700,000,000! Italy is beginning to encourage egg exportation

on a large scale. There is a single establishment in Verona which collects eggs from the whole district and sends them to Britain by the ten thousand, while Russian eggs, are said to be ousting Austro-Hungarian eggs from the market. Yet in 1896 Austria - Hungary packed off over ninety thousand tons. The Russian Government is now devoting special attention to the furtherance of the agricultural interests of the country, and eggs are what our tradesmen call a "profitable line." For a long time we have been the chief consumers of the Austrian egg; now, owing to the fact that the packing of the Russian eggs is extremely good, we are getting under or round the Russian yolk. The French trade still continues to supply us with all sorts and conditions of fresh and stale eggs, and with an enormous quantity of poultry.

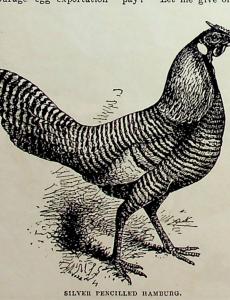
Now why is it that home poultry-farmers cannot supply the demands of the home market. Is our enormous foreign egg bill a direct proof of the lack of enterprise and organizing ability on the part of our farmers? We know they are not thriftless; but are they prejudiced sticklers for what has been, and cannot be changed? We fear so.

Within a few miles of a town containing sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants may be found farms that are let-if this term may be used-to tenants who pay no rent, but simply agree to keep the land and farmhouses in good condition. Why is this? Because agriculture is depressed, and the land cannot be made to pay. Yet from those farms not a single egg ever finds a market in the neighbouring town. The farmers will not take up poultry-farming in a practical, common-sense, money-making style; they leave it to their wives, who have no time to "fuss over the hens."

Here we have the true reason why it is that 90 per cent. of the eggs consumed in the towns and cities of Great Britain are of foreign import, and that our yearly bill is over five millions sterling for foreign eggs and poultry.

But it may be asked, "Can you give any evidence that British farmers can make poultry pay?" Let me give one or two recently-expressed

opinions. Writing to the press last January Mr. James Fowler, of College Road, Framlingham, gave the following record of a year's work. During 1897 no less than 48,055 eggs were laid by his hens. The sale of his eggs and chickens realized the sum of £194 19s., while his expenses were only £73 3s. 10d., giving a return of £120. Mr. Fowler's experience has taught him that black Minorcas lay the best in summer, and black Orpingtons in the autumn and winter. He also favours a cross between Minorcas and Houdans, this strain yielding an average of 230 eggs per annum. He lays stress on the importance of selling eggs quite fresh, and sending them direct to the large towns.



It is essential, moreover, always to have young

Here is another practical opinion from one who argues from his own experience. Poultry-keeping, he says, on a large scale can be made to give a handsome result, provided one devotes the same attention a business man would give to his vocation, whatever it may be, and an ordinary amount of intelligence is used. I will venture to say that very few farmers, indeed, give more than a passing thought to their fowls, but expect them to work by machinery, and because they do not the poor birds are blamed, with the result that go where you will but one tale meets you-namely, "poultry does not pay."

I keep a very large number of hens, for egg production pure and simple, not in the way they are mixed up anyhow on farms, but on a totally different principle, and consequently with very different results. My birds have all separate houses and spacious grass enclosed runs, never more than fifteen, and where possible only ten, in a run. This is the great secret. I am prepared to say that in the course of a year as many eggs will be obtained if this golden rule is followed as if double the number of birds are allowed to run together. Every afternoon after they have laid I let my birds out; this gives them a change,

and keeps them content and up to the mark. How to feed and to purchase your supplies in the cheapest possible way is the next important matter. No expensive poultry foods, if you intend to make a

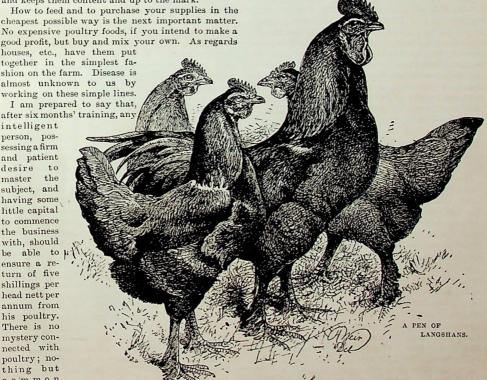
houses, etc., have them put together in the simplest fashion on the farm. Disease is almost unknown to us by working on these simple lines. I am prepared to say that,

after six months' training, any intelligent person, possessing a firm and patient desire master the subject, and having some little capital to commence the business with, should be able to ensure a return of five shillings per head nett per annum from his poultry. There is no mystery connected with poultry; no-

thing but com mon

sense is required. The rearing of the correct stamp of chicken for table purposes should be combined, but besides this we have nothing in the shape of farm stock on our place, only fowls. There is room for making a living, combined with an enjoyable country life, by poultry.

Lastly, I give the testimony of Mr. Baghot De la Bere as to the profits made by systematic poultryfarming :- "The annual average profit of a farmer on 420 head proves to be no less than £125 a year. Monstrous absurdity (I hear some one say) that any such profit could be realized! But why so? If this man had told you that he had cleared £14 on the flock of 50 head you would not have been surprised. Why then, if £14 can be gained there, can it not be multiplied by other houses under the same favourable conditions? The cost of feeding a large quantity of fowls will seldom exceed three farthings per head per week; and the average annual yield of eggs under favourable conditions considerably exceeds 120. I have possessed flocks that approached nearer to 150, and individual birds to far more than this. The very low price at which corn can now be purchased makes poultry-keeping far more profitable than ever it was before, and yet the price of British eggs tends to increase rather than diminish,"



True Lobe:

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER III (continued).

AMMITTA.



N supposing Eric had bought the ring for any maiden save herself Mitta was wrong. In his eyes none other was so fair, none other beloved. He was a resolute man, and knowing how the neighbours were ever on the watch for a love affair, and

how mercilessly they teased, he had determined to say no word to Mitta, till he had saved money enough to take a little cottage he had long had his eye on near Bergen, and had furnished it completely; then he would go to Pehr and say, "I love thy daughter, Pehr; give her to me for the sake of thy old friendship to our father. I have the home and the plenishing; give her to me at once." He had even bought at Anderson's, in the Kirke Garde at Christiania, the golden minde ring. This he had carried about with him, had looked at it many

a time when he was alone on the deck at night, and had kissed it when the stars only saw him, and the faint moon watched from the summer sky.

His finger was in his waistcoat pocket touching it, as he had walked up the road to his Uncle Agdur's cottage, and had seen the English doctor sitting on the grass, holding his straw hat out for the children to fill with poppies and daisies. He had heard as well as Lars what the gentleman had said; and there had flashed across his mind the thought that his brother might be cured, but only at a great cost to himself. He was not ready for the self-sacrifice; he thrust the idea away, but it would return. Awake or asleep, the spectre haunted him. A voice seemed ever in his ears, "Give up the money you have saved, and Lars can be cured." Sometimes it spoke so loudly, Eric would look quickly round, to observe if the others had heard the voice as well as himself. But no! Lars lay as usual on the bed, with his legs stiffly stretched out. Kirstin was by the fire stirring the gröd. Agdur lolled against the door-post, smoking his pipe. Then the sailor would start up and wander far away up the Pass; and if he by any chance saw Ammitta, instead of hastening with sparkling eyes to meet her, his face would cloud, and he would turn away.

He was glad when the time came to go back to sea. He had not dared to fight his battle; perhaps out at sea it would be easier. So a week later he went, without a word of farewell to Mitta Loen, and with such a parting glance at Lars as made the poor lad tremble, and wonder miserably what he had done to offend his brother. He cried a few quiet tears when he was alone.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

It was an October morning, crisp and fresh. Half the month was gone; and the doctor, as he walked down the Stanley Hospital, in Liverpool, thought to himself, "I should like to see the Skjervet to-day; how the limes will be blazing,



"'You must have found it a difficult matter."-Page 89.

that mighty background of firs; the Skafledal Foss will be a sheet of foam, too." Then he met an old patient, who stopped him for a few friendly words, and his summer holiday faded from his recollection, but only to be presently recalled. "Sir," said the house-surgeon whom he met at the door of his special ward "you will find a young man in number four bed, who came in last night. He is a Norwegian, and the man who brought him produced this," hand-

ing the doctor his own card, with its pencilled promise of admission into the hospital. "Of course," added the house-surgeon, "we took him in; indeed, under any circumstances I should have done so; he appeared almost in a dving state from exhaustion. The leg is very much shaken; it had on a queer splint made from the backs of an old book."

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor, smiling; "I remember the choice · lav between those and a rough

chip."

Lars' face brightened as the doctor approached him, and he feebly stretched out his hand. Though he could not understand a word that was spoken, he watched with feverish interest the examination of the limb; and when the doctor nodded, and patted him en-

couragingly and said, "Don't be afraid, my poor fellow; we shall turn you out all right," he evidently understood his meaning, and eagerly

exclaimed, "Mange tak!" The doctor turned round to see Eric standing beside him. "Ah! you are his brother?"

"Yes, sir; you told us you could cure Lars, so I brought him."

"You must have found it a difficult matter?"

"Yes, bad, very bad. We had a rough night coming over, and then all day in the railway yesterday, Lars was like to die. But now he is content; he has not looked so for a year nearly ";

and the sailor's eyes glistened as he looked at his brother. "May I stay by him to-day, sir? I sail to America to-morrow."

"Certainly," said the doctor, deeply touched by the boundless confidence the brothers reposed in

He was sitting that evening busily writing in his study, when a servant announced: "A sailor wishes to see you, sir."

"Ah! let him come in. Sit down, Eric. Do

you wish to know what I think of Lars before you go?"

"Yes, sir, please you."

"Well, he is exhausted now; but in a week's time I shall begin to straigthen the leg, and put it into proper splints, and a day or two afterwards I shall reduce the fracture in the wrist, and put it into a new splint I have invented for just that kind of injury. I have little doubt all will go well, and that in four months Lars will be as good a man as ever he was."

Eric had listened breathlessly, and now a sob broke from him, and two tears fell slowly down his cheeks. He opened his hand; in it was a worn purse. "This," said he, "is all I have left, four of your pounds; but I am going to America to

get more. Take this, and cure Lars; I will pay more when I come back." "My good fellow, the hospital is free; we want no pay."

But Eric replied, "Take the pounds; the money is not mine, nor even Mitta's. I gave it to Lars : I did not want to, but God made me. I cannot

take it back."

The doctor looked keenly at the sailor, and thought to himself, "This man has passed through some hard mental conflict, and has won. What can it be? It has wonderfully refined his face; it was good-looking enough before, but now it is noble." But he asked no question, he merely re-



"'Take the pounds; the money is not mine, nor even Mitta's."-Page 89.

marked: "Well, I don't know who Mitta is, I suppose your sister; but if you two so wish Lars to be benefited by this money, I promise you to give him it to-morrow. He may want some little things while in hospital, and it will certainly be useful to him when he is discharged. There, good-bye; do not forget to call and see me whenever you are in Liverpool."

And so, with a hearty hand-shake they parted; the doctor to finish his lecture, and Eric to pass out into the gas-lighted streets of the foreign city to walk about all night, for his last shilling was gone. Many times he passed and repassed the Stanley Hospital, and gazed up at the windows of the ward where Lars lay. A faint, steady light shone through them all night long, and was reflected by a glow of peace in Eric's heart. None but himself knew what that peace had cost him. He had tried to get away from the voice of God; but God loved him too well to let him choose the evil. To give his all of happiness to get his brother cured seemed a great price, too great for his weak heart to pay. To give his love for duty seemed very hard; and so it must have remained, but love, Divine Love, conquered the human.

It had been when alone on the watch at night that there came to him a revelation of redeeming Love, of the living Christ. He saw it then, how that to be one with Him who had given all for him—Eric Olsson, the Norwegian sailor—he must give his all in return. And he did it—yes, even the love of Mitta; his all was not too much to

lay at the pierced feet of Jesus. He was tired when he went home to Gudvangen, but no wavering thought distracted his heart. None ever walked thither with a more resolute step or a more calm reliance on God than did Eric Olsson.

He went into the cottage, where so many temptations had assailed him six weeks before, and knew that he was above them all now, and told Lars that he should go to England to be cured. His brother little knew what those quiet words cost. He received the announcement with delight. The very thought of being once again strong and well was happiness, but at the same moment a great wave of joy rolled over his heart; for if he only were well and strong, could he not tell Mitta he loved her, and win her for his wife? He remembered her tenderness to him, and all her beautiful devotion. He thought of the many hours she had sat in that dark room by his side, and he knew she had been happy there, for hers was a tell-tale face, and he read its every expression. The more he thought it over, the more sure he became that Mitta loved him as he did her.

The agony of his removal on to the steamboat at the Næröfjord was such that, had not Ammitta Loen been near him all the time, he would have screamed. After a painful suffering voyage the brothers reached Liverpool, and Lars was taken to the hospital. When Eric left him he felt less lonely amongst strangers than he could have supposed. Hope in the future brightened all the present.

(To be continued.)

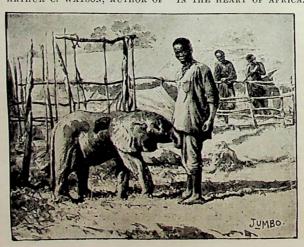
Mganda. IN BLACK AND WHITE.

BY ARTHUR C. WATSON, AUTHOR OF "IN THE HEART OF AFRICA."



HERE aresome people in our "tight islands"

little islands" who are always eager to avoid the fogs and frosts of a British winter. They should one and all take tickets for Uganda, and settle there until they grow tired of perpetual summer. In this corner of East Africa they would enjoy, for a time at least, a succession of typical August days, as



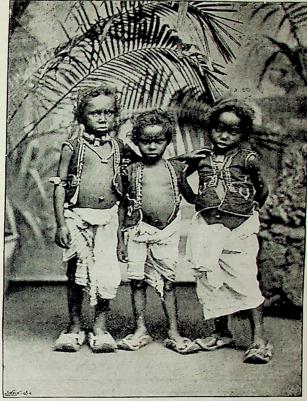
we know them in England. Sunshine and rain alternate, but tropical heat is very rare indeed, and excessively heavy thundershowers are almost unknown. Naturally under such weather conditions Uganda cultivated has become a garden of delight. "In 1890," Bishop Tucker says. "many of the gardens in the capital had fallen into ruin, and were little better than waste lands. Now, not

only have these gardens been reclaimed, but fresh land has been taken into cultivation. The result is that Mengo is one great garden."

Uganda owes its fine climate not only to its height above sea level, but also to the effect of the vast surface of Lake Victoria, in cooling the air and allowing free play to the winds.

Possibly when the railway runs into the heart of Uganda it may become one of the favourite holiday resorts of the future. For in the coming century Africa is likely to attract many globe-trotters who now are satisfied with more civilized centres. To missionary enterprise the railway will be an immense blessing in one direction, if not in all. The "homeland" will seem far nearer, and the mission stations less isolated. Food and clothes will be obtainable-but also, unhappily, adulterated spirits-at far less cost. The tract of desert between Uganda and the coast will no longer claim its victims. For a hundred and fifty miles the caravans now have to press forward with the utmost haste, since the "foodless desert" is infested with man-eating lions and hyænas.

Here, as the late Mr. Pilkington once pointed out, natives fall sick and are left to die and be devoured by wild beasts. "A sick man," he wrote, "who was travelling with us was put on a donkey, and, falling off, was left by the Swahili. When we were informed of the fact we sent back, but, although only a few hours had elapsed, he had



UGANDA CHILDREN.



been devoured by hyænas. Another sick man was taken at night by a lion." From these two instances it may be inferred that the railway will be an undoubted boon to all travellers, both black and white, between Uganda and the coast.

The progress in civilization which has resulted from the rapid advance of Christianity can now be seen on all sides. "A few years ago," says Bishop Tucker, "Uganda was lying in heathen darkness. Blood was shed like water; murder, cheating, and immorality of all kinds prevailed. What do we see to-day? I have stood in a church

in Uganda face to face with a congregation of five thousand souls." When the Bishop went out he took 60,000 books printed in the language of the country. In six months 35,000 were sold at far

higher than the English price.

Compare this with an experience of the Bishop's on the road to Gayaza. When about one hour and a half from Mengo, a huge trench surrounding a considerable piece of land was pointed out to him by his guide. It seems that the former Namasole, or Queen-mother, gave orders that all who claimed relationship to the Royal family were to be isolated on this piece of land. Houses were built for them, in cruel mockery, for no food was given to them. There they were starved to death, several hundreds of them. Such were the doings in Mtesa's time, not very long ago. "There was I," says the Bishop, "on my way to hold a confirmation, permitted to gaze upon the scene of horror. How changed the times! 'Thank God, that day is over!' was the exclamation which came from my heart as I resumed my journey."

Medical missionaries are, of course, greatly valued in Uganda. It may be that, as in Japan to-day, the natives will develop into skilful practitioners. Who can tell what twenty years may do? I recall a comical story the Rev. R. P. Ashe used to tell. A certain man's wife fell ill, and her husband, evidently in much alarm, came to the missionary for relief. He simply said that he wished to be treated

himself. "As he did not appear to be seriously unwell, I thought," said Mr. Ashe, "I would give him some 'Fruit Salt,' which, if it did him no good, would probably not do him any harm. I therefore prepared a cup of the mixture: but seeing him hesitate about swallowing it, I had, with some asperity, to insist upon his doing so while it effervesced. When he had drained the cup, I told my interpreter the patient might now, if he desired, give the symptoms more in detail, which he proceeded to do, explaining, however, that the medicine was needed for his wife, and not for himself at all!"

As to the people of Uganda, they are very impressionable. Their language is "supple and sonorous," and one word will often represent a whole phrase in English. The missionaries, of whom the late Mr. Pilkington did more than any other man, have introduced the Roman alphabet, as the art of writing was not known; this alphabet is making its way among the converts, and the Bible has been translated and printed in it. The people have considerable

aptitude for figures.

So much has been done since Stanley first told Mtesa of Christianity, in 1875; but what still remains is enough to discourage the most sanguine, unless all anxious care be cast upon God. At this special time of trial we would urge our readers to remember the "garden of Uganda" in prayer, that when the Great Gardener comes He may find flowers, and not thorms.*

The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

IV. THE STORY OF CUTHBERT OF LINDISFARNE.

HERE was a strange mixture of devotion and superstition in the religious life which succeeded the simpler earlier Christianity of Britain as Roman influence grew stronger and stronger. The prominent idea in all unenlightened religion has always been to win heaven by personal self-denial, sacrifice, and

merit: whereas to "stand in the true Grace of God," in humble penitence and simple trust in the merit of the Righteous One, and, therefore, as a consequence, to "follow after holiness" or Christ-likeness is the very essence of genuine New Testament Christianity. No doubt error and truth were much mingled in this matter of a sinner's Justification and Sanctification, in the minds of such men as Cuthbert. It is for us to point out and beware of the error, but to be thankful that in spite of the error much vital spiritual truth was realized.

Cuthbert was a shepherd boy on the pastures of Lammermoor, about the year 650. Highly imaginative, he told his companions he had seen on the night of Aidan's death, "a vision of angels bearing to heaven a spirit of surpassing brightness." It was, we may conclude, a vivid dream picturing his

waking thoughts. It led him, however, to decide on a mission life. He joined one of the mission stations of Lindisfarne, and speedily surpassed all the other inmates in study, prayer, vigils, and manual labour.

He soon became an able and winning preacher in Lammermoor and the district surrounding. But we have a painful picture of his mistaken asceticism in the extraordinary austerities he practised. We are told how he passed whole winter nights in the bitter cold of the partly frozen waters. He was seen now and again to plunge into the sea, and, remaining a long time in the deep cold waves, would sing his psalms and hymns. "Once," says one of the folk-stories or legends current among the people, " a disciple of Cuthbert watched him during a certain night vigil issuing from the deathly cold waters: and then, as he fell on his knees, renewing his passionate prayers, the disciple saw two otters following him from the sea, who licked his numbed feet and limbs until life and warmth returned!" We can hardly help smiling at the easily invented "miracles"-one secret of Rome's power still-of a superstitious age. But the earnestness and self-denial of the mistaken Cuthbert, much as we wish some true "evangelist" could have whispered in his ears,-

"Not the labours of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone— Thou must cleanse, and Thou alone,"

may at least rebuke those who, in this self-indulgent age, profess so readily to receive "all from Christ," but forget His solemn words as to our "yielding all to Him," in the sense of using all for Him, as those who are "not their own."

"No height without a depth; No Crown without the Cross: He who would find his all in Christ Must count all else but loss."

As a bright light on Cuthbert's path, despite his error, we read of a dying companion, Boisil, to whom during his last week he read daily a portion of "John the Evangelist," on which they "meditated as far as they were able, dwelling on St. John's Divine lessons of faith and love."

Cuthbert at length became head of the community he had joined. His austerities continued. It is said that he only slept one night in three or four. In 676 he took the extreme step of determining to withdraw himself altogether from men, and to give himself wholly to prayer and study. It was another sad mistake, made in forgetfulness or ignorance of the Master's prayer that His disciples should remain in the world though they were not to be of it: in it that they might be blessings to those amongst whom they dwelt, as "epistles of His Gospel" which all could see and read.

Cuthbert's new home—rather a solitary cell, which could be no home such as God has founded for the family—was a little island called Farne, several miles to the east of Lindisfarne, in the stormy North Sea. "It was utterly unfit for human habitation, without water, fruit, or trees." Here Cuthbert dug

out of the living rock his cell. From it he could see nothing but the sky above him. The hide of an ox hung before the entrance slightly defended him from the wild climate; and a little plot of barley supplied his sparing food—the food which God has given us so bountifully that we may "richly enjoy" it, and thank Him in our grateful lives.

Of course, many marvellous stories were invented as to the life of Cuthbert on the rock of Farne. There were numerous visitors to the island to see him. Amongst them was the King of Northumbria, who, kneeling before him, besought him to consent to be a bishop. He refused at first, but at last agreed to be Bishop of Lindisfarne. For two years he laboured in his diocese with intense energy; but his austere life had naturally undermined his strength, and he returned to his little cell to die on his "hard stone couch." His friend Herefrid tried to persuade him to take sustaining food, but he refused, and insisted on being left alone. At the end of five days Herefrid came again. "How," said he, "have you supported life during this weary vigil?" Lifting up a little cloth, Cuthbert showed him five onions. "This," he said, "has been my only food for five days; when very parched I tasted these." The dying bishop spoke but little, but charged the brethren to "be at peace among themselves, and to practise true humility." Then he looked up, and stretching out his hands as though in prayer, expired.

We need not refer to the many stories—some "miraculous"—associated with the burial of Cuthbert. At first he was "laid to sleep" at Lindisfarne: but in 875 the fear of the Danish sea-plunderers led to the removal of the coffin, and at length it was interred at Durham.

In an age when darkness was shadowing religious truth, Cuthbert presents a remarkable instance of devotion to the truth as far as he knew it, and zeal in the mission work to which he gave his life.

"Tell It Out!"

III. NATIVE MISSION AGENCY.

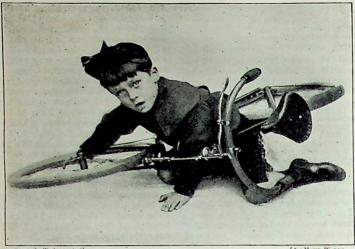
BY THE REV J. C. HOARE, M.A., HEAD OF THE MISSION COLLEGE, NINGPO.

O my mind the strongest source of encouragement in the Mission-field in China—and I believe it holds good with regard to other places, too—is that the progress is not dependent upon the supply of home missionaries. The progress I have seen has been almost entirely dependent upon the native missionaries and the native Christians themselves.

Let me give an illustration of what I mean. Some time before I left China I received a letter signed by forty persons, none of whom I knew, asking me to come and baptize them, and inclosing the title deeds of a Buddhist temple, which they wished to turn into a Christian church. At the first service the Bishop held at that place, the native pastor and myself baptized some thirty men, and they afterwards all gathered round the Lord's Table. The actual table used was a table on which they used to burn incense to idols.

How was this effected? Not by European missionaries. The Bishop and myself were the first Europeans to go into the place. The work has been done entirely by natives—not the native clergy, not the lay evangelists or catechists, not the paid schoolmasters, but the native Christians themselves.

I have lately heard from the Bishop, who said he had just been visiting that district, and the sacred plant had grown into a great tree. He had been spending Sunday in the old idol temple, which was now a nice, simple place of worship, and had been enlarged to contain the Christian congregation. Some three or four district congregations had sprung up from that original centre, and there, again, these offshoots had been founded and built up entirely by native work. The whole experience I have had in China has been, that whilst European missionaries were absolutely essential in the present state of things, for organizing and directing, and especially teaching the native converts, the actual progressive work, the spread of the Gospel, was far better done by the natives themselves, and they did it in the most magnificent way.



Specially Photographed]

AN AWKWARD SPILL.

| for HOME WORDS

The Doung Holks' Bage.

ON WHEELS.

BY ROBERT S. HENSON.



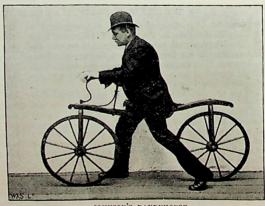
firm ground again.

EWARE of spills! I am afraid that I ought not to preach to the boys and girls of the present generation, since my practice in the days of boneshakers and high bicycles was anything but cautious.

For a long time I could not get on and could not get off my machine. When I asked those who knew how to do these things they laughed, and said I should learn by experience. So I found a friendly lamppost, and by its kind aid mounted into the lofty seat, which was hard and springless. Then, screwing up my courage, away I went with a terrible wobble and lurch. It was a long way to fall from the seat of a bicycle, nearly five feet high, and I anxiously looked out for another lamp-post. Happily, just when I was sure that no longer could I keep my balance, one came in sight. I made for it, and a minute later grasped it affectionately round its dear old neck, and thus reached

Learning to ride a bicycle is an easier and less dangerous process to-day. The small boy who has come to grief in our picture possibly thinks otherwise. It may be that the tyre of his cycle slid away on a greasy patch of road, or that something went wrong with the machine. Ah, what a deal there is in that cause of accidents. Let a tiny nut get loose, and we cannot steer, but are like a ship without a rudder on a rock-bound coast. Before long there will be a terrible spill, and if we escape without broken bones there will be good reason to be thankful, and more careful next time to test the nuts and the screws.

If we find out that something serious is amiss which we cannot repair, what do we do? Take it to the maker's, and ask him to put it right. Why do we not do the same thing when something goes wrong with the wonderful human machine-our body, our life? How many of us know that something is not quite right, yet day after day, month after month, say "Never mind; it can wait!" Or we try to patch up the injury ourselves. Ah, that is a poor makeshift. When the accident (accident? it is no accident; it was bound to come sooner or later) damages and perhaps ruins the machine, then it may be too late for any repairs. Why did we not go



JOHNSON'S DANDYHORSE.

straight to the Maker-our Maker-and tell Him something was wrong with our lives, that He alone

could put right?

You would think that no one would put off such an important matter. And the repairing, the making new, is done "without money and without price." Go, then, to the Maker with your troubles, even the little schoolday troubles that you think nobody cares about but yourself, and ask Him to take them away; or if they are part of the machine to help you not to mind them. Sometimes we do not know what we may want in the future. Suppose a bicyclist who had only ridden on flat roads and in daylight asked the maker to take off his brake and his lamp because he found them heavy, would he do it? No, indeed. So the great Maker of our bodies and souls gives us the little burdens to bear: they train us, give us courage and strength, and sometimes when we look back we wonder how we could have felt them so heavy.

WHERE IS YOUR LIGHT?

THERE is another little cycling lesson that is worth thinking about. When it is dark the police are particular to enforce the rule about carrying a lamp. Are we as careful about taking our lamp of truth with us when we go into the dark places of the world, as we are in obeying the law of the land? "Let your light shine before men" is the Divine command for every boy and girl, as well as for every man and woman, professing to be a follower of Christ.

CHILDREN'S NAMES.

ROUGHLY speaking there are twenty-five Christian names which are common in the British Isles. Fourteen out of every hundred girls answer to the name of Mary, and thirteen out of every hundred boys to the name of William. The number of Marys and Williams proves the popularity of these names, which have done duty for centuries.

Statistics tell us that fifty-three out of every hundred children are loaded with two names at baptism; forty-one out of every hundred are content with

one.

EASTER SUNBEAMS.

WHEN Easter comes the sun begins to shine more brightly.

"Bright sunbeams deck the joyful sky."

A little girl had heard some one say, in the lan-

guage of poetry, that the sun danced on Easter morning, when his rays fell upon the surface of the water. She thought she would go and see it.

There was the water, all sparkling with the sunlight which shone on it; but the sun did not dance. At first she was greatly disappointed: but, like a sensible child, as she certainly was, she said, "If the sun does not dance on Easter morning, I will make somebody's heart dance, and that will be better still!"

So she ran upstairs, got her very best picture-book, and stole quietly into her sick cousin's room and laid it on the pillow, without disturbing her.

"Now," said the little girl, " her heart will dance when she wakes up; and our Saviour will like that better than if the sun danced, in honour of His rising!"





WHERE'S YOUR LIGHT ?

AN EASTER MORNING SONG.

O Gop, how beautiful art Thou, Beyond our utmost thought! The painting of the sunset sky Is by Thy finger wrought.

What glories of the land and sea, Of vale and mountain height, Dost Thou with lavish Hand display, Thy children to delight.

The drifting of the snowy cloud, Touched with the sunbeam bright; The rosy morn and fading day, And starry host of night.

All of Thy wondrous power and skill Daily and hourly speak; But of Thy goodness and Thy love, How poor our speech and weak! CAROLINE F. DOLE.

Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

QUESTIONS.

- 1. YS the book of Ruth referred to in the New Testament?
 2. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Illustrate this from the book of Judges.
 3. What light does Prov. xxvi. 1 throw on a certain history?
 4. How often is Samuel spoken of in the New Testament?
 5. Name three rash vows or oaths; two were fatal, the third might have been.
- Find quotations from heathen writers in the writings or speeches of St. Paul.
- 7. Find two allusions in St. Paul's writings to lost epistles. 8. Where does he quote some words of the Lord Jesus not found in the Gospels?
- 9. What epistle quotes a very ancient prophecy not found in the Old Testament ?

ANSWERS (See FEBRUARY No., p. 47).

- 1. Acts iii. 5 ; xív. 9.
- 2. John vi. 51 ; x. 28 ; xiii. 15 ; xiii. 34 ; xiv. 27 ; xvii. 8 ; xvii. 22.
- 3. Luke viii. 12; Matt. iv. 11.
- 4. Luke xxiii. 40.
- 5. Gen. iii. 3; Matt. ix. 21.
- 6. Thirty-three.

The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

NOTABLE Example .- "I never knew a couple more thoroughly capable of enjoying the blessings of life than were Charles Kingsley and his wife," writes one who knew the poet and his wife. "Their happiness was so transparent and real. The delight they took in their first child was quite the most charming thing I have seen in home life. Kingsley was a hard, steady worker, but at times no man could be more full of fun than he. Yet at other times he was as devout as man could possibly be, and the simple reverence with which he conducted the family devotions was as marked a characteristic as his boyish spirits. I shall never forget his tender kindness to his two orphan nieces. It was to one of them, Georgina Adelaide Grenfell, that he addressed the lines :-

> ' Be good, sweet maid, And let who will be clever. Do noble things, Not act them all day long : And so make life, death, And that last for ever One grand sweet song."

Dark v. Light .- A popular error exists to the effect that dark-coloured clothing is warmer than light-coloured, but the exact opposite is the case, though people still continue to wear dark clothing in the winter and light colours in the summer. As a matter of fact, white or light-coloured garments are the warmest in winter and the coolest in summer. The reason is this: that light colours absorb less of the heat of the summer sun, and in winter they convey less heat from the body by radiation. It is a scientific fact also that light colours are less apt to absorb offensive odours than dark.

Her Majesty the Queen.-The Queen was always a most loving and devoted mother. Every day she was with her children, talked with and caressed them, and paid those motherly attentions to hair and teeth which many a mother neglects, and this with all her enormous work. She is still remarkably fond of children, and takes much notice of them.

OR all who Take Little Exercise.—Dr. Purdy advises all such to live largely upon 6-b. fruits, eating meat but once daily. Bread and potatoes may also be eaten, but no more starchy food than those. Cakes, farinas, oatmeal, and various cereal breakfast foods should be indulged in but rarely, or altogether avoided. Sugar should be used but sparingly, and only as a flavouring for food or beverages, and never as a food in itself. They should limit the quantity of fluids consumed with meals to from 12 to 16 ounces. They should dine between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and at all times eat in moderation, never under any circumstances overloading the stomach.

Eating too Much .- It may be said, and this without fear of contradiction, that animal food should not be taken in excess. And here we infringe upon habits in which a Temperance reform is just as necessary as the one advocated by our teetotal friends. The question is a difficult one to determine, but we have no doubt whatever that, if it were possible to determine the point, it would be found that almost as many people die from over-eating as from over-drinking. An eminent doctor once said, many of his patients were ill because they took too much to eat, and he had never had any one who took too little with a well-spread board always before him.-C. B.

Many Things.

HE Queen and the Royal Nurse.—Very privately a monument has just been erected in Kensal Green Cemetery, by the Queen and the members of the Royal family, over the grave of Mrs. Thurston, who nursed all Her Majesty's children between the years 1845 and 1867. The design and modelling are alike beautiful and sympathetic, and suggest the artistic hand of the Princess Louise, to whom the form of the memorial is understood to be due. There is a singularly pathetic representation in relief, in pure white marble, of a nurse shielding two young children in the folds of her cloak from the wind that visits them too roughly. The monument bears the following inscriptions:-

"Her life is hid with Christ in God, beyond the reach of harm." "In grateful and loving memory of Mary Ann Thurston, by V.R.I. and her children, Victoria, Albert Edward, Alfred, Helena, Louise, Arthur, Beatrice." "Born 9th November, 1810. Died 15th September, 1896." "In the Queen's Service, as nurse to her children, from 1845 to 1867."

The stone stretching over the grave bears the following lines :-

"Love followed duty in her heart for those The children given to her charge : and they, Like her own child, returned the love that grows, In honour strengthened thro' the waning day.

No wonder our Queen lives in the hearts of her people. Her home life has endeared her to us all .- C. B.

A Paper Pillow .- A novelty that may not be unwelcome is a paper pillow. It is claimed that paper stuffing gives remarkable lightness and yet softness; but as we have not yet tried it, we can give no definite opinion on those points. In hot weather the pillow is said to be very cool. Newspapers should not be used for stuffing, since they frequently have a disagreeable odour of printers' ink about them; brown or white paper and old letters and envelopes are best. The more finely the paper is cut or torn the lighter it makes the pillow .- M. N.

The Temperance Mitness-Box.

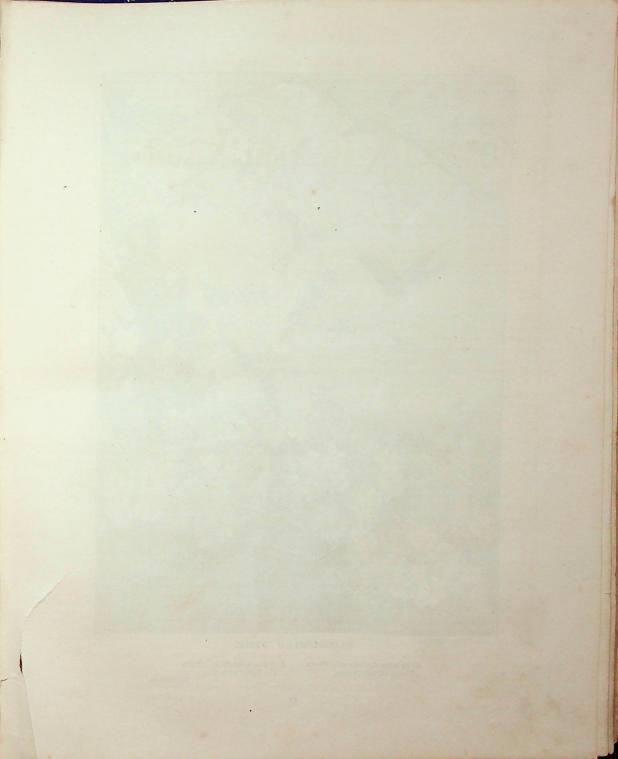
HE consumption of spirituous liquors has In America. decreased to a remarkable degree during the past forty-years in proportion to the increase in population. The new industrial forces and systems are the compelling influences in this reform. Railroads, for example, now make sobriety obligatory on their employés. An intemperate man can no longer obtain a railroad position. So it is in all great factories, foundries, mills, electric works, building and machinery shops. Men who are but moderate drinkers are debarred from positions of trust in any of these trades. Even the elevated lines and trolly-car companies have recently decided that they will employ only men of the strictest sobriety. Intemperance is becoming, more and more every day, a distinct barrier to success. Not only the man of drinking habits, but the moderate tippler finds himself outstripped by the man of strict sobriety. It is a very significant fact that the managers of the greatest liquor trust in America recently adopted a rule to employ none but strictly temperate men.

At a recent meeting in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, The Bishop the Bishop of Newcastle said he had been an ab-of Newcastle stainer a long time. Some very bad wine made on Total him a total abstainer in the first instance. He Abstinence.

tried it two or three times on his way home from India, and found it so very bad on certain steamers that he took to water, and found it so extremely good that he had stuck to it ever since. If he had not by that accident become a water drinker, he should have become one for other reasons afterwards; for, when he went to work in a large town parish, and tried to do some good in what were called the slums, he found that example was better than precept-that he could do a great deal more good if he kept from what did harm to other people than if he took it in moderation.

CONFIRMATION, EASTER, AND WHITSUNTIDE BOOKS.

WE shall be glad if our Readers will introduce to their friends The Spirit of Power, by the Rev. W. Talbot Hindley, M.A. (price 6d.), and the Cheap Edition of The Forgotten Truth, by the Editor of Home Words (price 2d.). Morning Songs will be found suitable for Easter Morning (price 4d.). All are published at Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.





Drawn by MARIE LOUX.]

BLOSSOMING TIME.

ONCE more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new,

And thaws the cold, and fills

The flower with dew.

TENNYSON.



FOR HEART AND HEARTH

A WHITSUNTIDE PRAYER.

SPIRIT of Light and Love, abide with me;
Oh! may Thy "holy comfort," like a well
Of living water in my bosom dwell,
For ever springing up to heaven and Thee!
RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

CHAPTER V.

ALONE IN THE WIDE WORLD.

RAGG was finishing his breakfast, with Dot upon his knee. He liked to have her company, whenever it was possible; and breakfast being one of his leisure times, he generally then indulged the inclination.

Whatever the pressure of business might be, he always declined to attend to it until he had enjoyed a good manning meal

joyed a good morning meal.

To-day, for once, not even breakfast and the presence of Dot could prevent an air of haste. Mr. Cragg was evidently anxious to get out as early as might be.

Dot was a small person, even for her limited age, with an obstrusively turned-up nose, and a wide mouth always on the grin. Dot was not easily squashed. She had an aggressive look of self-confidence; and, like a cork, though she could be pushed under water, she soon rose to the surface again.

Without being in the least pretty, there was a certain charm in her expression of blissful content; and the wide-awake air of attention was startling at four years old. Nothing escaped Dot. She already had her own views, ready made, upon most subjects which came to hand.

Mr. Cragg had been telling her, between mouthfuls of food, about the events of the evening before; Dot listening to him, open-eyed. She possessed big light-grey eyes, and supreme pity now filled them, not so

much for the injured man as for Pattie.

"She's a poo-ar lickle girl, ain't she?" came at the first pause. Dot had a considerable vocabulary, but the style of pronunciation was peculiarly her own. "Biggern me, I s'pose, dad?"

"Ever so much bigger than you, Dot."

"Evern so much," repeated Dot, with satisfaction. "And she hasn't got no ma-ma. Nor no dadda."

"I'm afraid her dadda is badly hurt. That's what I'm after now, to see how he is, poor man."

Then Cragg was conscious of imprudence. He had not meant to let slip this intention. When one lives with argumentative people, the less said about one's intentions the better; and Cragg had by this time learnt as much.

Mrs. Cragg sat at the other end of the table, in a loose old gown, which could not be described as vol. XXVIII. NO. v.

clean; while her hair was half twisted up and half in curling-pins. The effect was not becoming. She jerked up her head, and said, "I should think you'd wasted time enough already over those Dales. How much do you suppose that house cost you to build?"

Cragg intimated that all the bills were not in

yet.

"And how much do you imagine you'll ever make by it?"

"A good deal less than nothing, I'm afraid."
"And that's what you call 'business,' is it?"

"I call it one of the mistakes which the best of business men may make, once in a way. Nobody thought of any old mine being thereabouts."

"Somebody ought to have thought of it."

"I don't know who would. The old verger fancies now that he can remember hearing of one which was closed nearly seventy years ago; but he had forgotten all about it—till this happened."

"If you had taken the trouble to make proper inquiries before building, he would have remembered, fast enough. That's just your way of doing

things," said Mrs. Cragg.

Cragg was silent. He knew it would be useless to reply that, when no idea of a possible mine is entertained, people do not go about asking after one.

"And now you'll be for ever croaking about expenses, I suppose; saying you can't afford this, and don't mean to afford that."

The opportunity was not allowed to slip.

"I think it will be needful to draw in a bit, there's no doubt," her husband said mildly.

"You can draw in as much as you like. Nobody minds if you do."

"It will be needful for us both, my dear. Not for one only. I can't go on at this rate."

Mrs. Cragg wanted to know what rate he meant. Mr. Cragg, being a kindly and placid man, found it difficult to state point-blank that his wife's bills were too heavy. He knew it must come to that, but for the moment he temporised. "The present rate," he explained. "Business hasn't been good lately, and we are spending too much—a lot too much—all round."

"I s'pose you mean to say l'm spending too much, Mr. Cragg?"

Cragg did mean it, and he was silent. Mrs. Cragg held her head high, but curling-pins are not dignified. She also grew very red; and Dot, gazing with calmly curious eyes, remarked,—"Ma-ma angly."

"The way you encourage that child's impertinence!"

"My dear, she does not understand. She is but a babe. I do not wish to vex you; but it is as well that you should know my means to be—not unlimited. I have had some heavy losses this

year; and here is another. Unless we draw in a little now, I may by-and-by find my head under water. I think you should be willing to fix upon a definite sum for your clothes, and for house-keeping, and keep to it. That is what I have wanted to say for some time past."

"I'm very much obliged indeed!" said Mrs.

Cragg

Thereupon she flounced off in a manifest huff; and once more Dot serenely observed, "Ma-ma angly."

"No, no, Dot, you mustn't say that." Cragg put the child down, kissed her, and added, "Run

away to the nursery, little one."

"You'm going to see that poo-ar lickle girl, dadda."

"Yes, yes; and when I come back, by-and-by,

you shall hear how she is."

A few minutes later Cragg was wending his way rapidly to the prim row of red cottages, where lay Mr. Dale. On the road thither he met one of the numerous children who flourished in those cottages, a small shock-haired boy, who stopped and thrust into Cragg's hand a folded slip of paper. Cragg opened and read it,—

"My father is dying. He wants to see you.

Pattie Dale."

"I'll be there directly," Cragg said.

Outside the cottage door he was met by Pattie, who had watched his approach from a window.

She looked up with grieved eyes.

"He will not live long, the doctor says, Mr. Cragg. He has been worse for some hours. Nothing more can be done. And he keeps asking for you. I don't know why. The doctor thinks he doesn't quite know what he is saying; but I—I think he does know. And we thought—I felt sure—you would come, if you knew that he wanted you."

"My dear, of course I would. I would have come at once, if I had not already been on my way. I would do anything that I could for him. This is bad for you, isn't it?—poor girl!"

She gave him a watery little smile, then turned back, leading him in. Upstairs the nurse met

them.

"Mr. Dale seems to know you are come," she said. "He heard your voice, I suppose. He wants a few words with you alone, Mr. Cragg—and I don't suppose it can make much difference now, either way—only of course the less excitement the better. He is very weak."

Then Cragg found himself in the small room with the dying man, whose face was greatly altered and fallen. The others went away.

"Is the door shut? Shut it, please." Dale spoke in faint tones. "I've not much time. Pattie not here? That is right. Sit down, please. I want to say something."

Cragg obeyed, much moved. "Anything you wish me to do for you?" he asked kindly.

"Yes. Pattie."

"You want me to care for her?"

"She has no one. No friends. We are—friendless."

"How is that?" Cragg put the question involuntarily; and there was an uneasy movement on the part of the sick man.

"Not my fault," came slowly. "I want-if

you would promise me-I want-"

"Don't trouble yourself to say much. I think I understand. You want me to see

that Pattie has a home. I had thought of that already. It is through me that you are like this. Not my fault, I hope, for nobody had a notion of the old mine being there; but still it is through me. I couldn't neglect your child."

"You will care for her? She will have — almost nothing of her own. Almost nothing. Only twenty pounds

a year."

"That is better than nothing. I promise to see to her. Something shall be arranged somehow." Cragg put aside recollections of his own embarrassments, and of what his wife might say. He felt that he had no choice.

Dale's hand grasped his with a feverish clutch.

"You promise-promise-"

"I do indeed. Pattie shall never be without a friend, so long as I live. One way or another, I'll see that she is not homeless. I will count myself her guardian. Will that do?"

"You promise to take her in-to give her a

home in your house?"

Cragg had carefully avoided giving precisely that pledge, and he hesitated, not from personal reluctance, but from a fear of what Mrs. Cragg might say. "A home in your house," repeated the other faintly; and the craving gaze overmastered his doubts.

"She shall live with us as long as she wishes to do so."

Dale's face worked. "Thank you—thank you," was murmured. "I may be sure—I may rely on your word?"

"I promise!" repeated Cragg.

"I thought—I was sure—you would not refuse a dying man's wish."

"You say Pattie has twenty pounds a year. But you have had more than that."

"Yes. The rest ceases with my life. I mean —it goes elsewhere. I had—only a life-interest."

Then a pause. Cragg wondered if he ought to go.

"Remember
— one thing
—" broke out
the other suddenly; "remember, if

"Yes. What am I to remember?"

"If he — if Mr. Peterson evercomes—"
"Yes. Go on.

Who is Mr. Peterson?"

"He was—he was my employer. Before we came here. If he ever comes—remember—I did not do it. In the sight of God I say that! It was not I. I didn't do it. You believe me?"

"I don't quite understand. You were accused of something wrongfully?"

"Yes, wrongfully."

"And that was how you lost your friends. That was why you came away."

"That was why. I could prove nothing. It was done by another—not I. But they would not believe me. Will you believe me? I could not keep up a lie now—in the face of death. And before God I can say that I did not do it. Can you believe me?"

"Yes, yes! I am sure it wasn't you. At such



"'I s'pose you mean to say \(\int m \) spending too much, Mr. Cragg'?"—Page 100.

a time as this I am sure, quite sure, that you could not possibly tell me what was not true.

Yes, I do believe you."

"I am speaking truth. I was tempted—only tempted. I didn't do it, and I don't know who did. I could not bear to be suspected—and they dismissed me. So we came away here. Pattie doesn't know. I don't want her to know—unless my name is cleared some day, and everything comes out. Only, you will remember that it was not I. And Pattie will be alone in the world."

"No, not alone. She can never be alone while God is with her. He is with you too—quite close

at hand to help you."

Dale smiled dimly. "If He wasn't—I should be in a bad way now," he panted. His breath came very painfully.

"Would you like to see the clergyman?"

"Yes."

Dale closed his eyes. Cragg wondered whether he would live until the Vicar could come. He doubted it. He would have liked to kneel down by the sick-bed, and to offer up a few words of prayer, but shyness withheld him. He muttered only a subdued, "God bless you, poor fellow!" and then without another word he cautiously tip-toed from the room. Outside the door the nurse stood waiting.

"I'll ask the Vicar to call. He says he would like to see him at once, if I can get him. He

looks bad," observed Cragg.

"He won't be here much longer. But he's ready to go," the nurse said confidently. "To hear him praying in the night, when his mind wandered—I'm sure I wish everybody else was as ready as Dale is—to go Home."

"I'm very glad," Cragg replied, and he went down the narrow staircase, to find Pattie waiting

for him below.

"So kind of you to come," she whispered. "I'm sure it has been a comfort to him. I don't know what he wanted, but—"

"It was about you a good deal. He didn't feel

happy about that."

"Oh, there's time enough for thinking about me. I only have to think of him now. And I must go. I mustn't wait. He might want me. But thank you very much for all you have done for him; it was very good of you."

Then Cragg went home, and Pattie returned to her father's side, to watch through the few remaining hours. He lingered over a good part of the following day; but before the Vicar could arrive, soon after Pattie's return to the room, he became unconscious, and from that unconsciousness he never rallied.

Towards the evening of the next day Pattie Dale was an orphan.

CHAPTER VI.

RAGG was in a serious dilemma. He had to tell his wife of the promise made to Dale, he and dreaded doing so. Not that Mrs. Cragg could prevent his carrying out that promise, but she had it in her power to make matters extremely disagreeable, as well for him as for Pattie. Like most

> to have things made disagreeable. He preferred "peace, and a quiet life."

men, not to speak of

women, Cragg disliked

THE NEXT STEP.

Still, the thing had to be done. Cragg had made a pro-

mise, and he had to let his wife know of that promise.

After leaving Dale, he much regretted having made it. That he should undertake to look after Pattie in a general way was all right, and only to be expected of him under the circumstances, so he told himself. But that he should have bound himself to adopt Pattie as a member of his own family was another matter, and perhaps unnecessary. For some hours he debated silently how far it might be possible, if he should see Mr. Dale again, to modify the exact form of his promise, and to leave himself a little more free. Then he heard that Dale was unconscious, and likely to remain so; and then that his tenant was dead. So he remained permanently bound to what he had said.

If only he had had his wits more about him at the time of the interview, he might have evaded saying what he had said. He might have pledged himself in more vague and general terms. It was true that he had been the unwilling cause of Dale's tragical end; but the very catastrophe which had rendered Pattie an orphan had also added to his own money difficulties.

There were heavy bills yet to come in for the building of a house by which he could not hope to make a penny. And now he had saddled himself in addition with the support of a young girl.

All things considered, he really had been rather foolish; so he privately decided. He would not so

much have cared about the expense, which probably would be very slight, if only he had not had to tell Mrs. Cragg. There was the rub!

Thus far, nobody knew of the promise that he

had made.

This suggestion darted all at once into Cragg's mind as he considered the state of affairs.

Nobody knew anything about it. The matter had been between himself and the dying man.

It was most unlikely that Dale should have said anything to Pattie, since so very soon after he had been seized with unconsciousness. Therefore, Pattie could not know, and no one else could have any idea.

Of course, a promise is a promise, and Cragg would have counted himself the last man in the world to repudiate a promise -more especially a pledge to a dying man. Still, since no one knew what had passed, there was the less need for him to tell any one. He had to act upon the promise, but he was not obliged to tell every-

body about it. There was no necessity for him to explain all particulars immediately to his wife! He might prepare her gradually for what was coming. He might simply assert that he intended to give Pattie a home for a time; and then Mrs. Cragg would perchance grow fond of Pattie, or, at least, might find her of some use.

That would certainly be the best plan. Cragg felt immensely relieved. He had very much shrunk from the thought of telling, from the prospect of black looks and loud-toned reproaches.

It, was within the bounds of possibility that

Pattie herself might not wish to make a permanent home of his house. Cragg had undertaken to give her a home, so long as she should wish it. If she did not wish it, he would be freed from his bond. He was glad that he had inserted that proviso. Somehow, he rather doubted if anybody would very greatly desire to live with Mrs. Cragg, after a certain amount of experience of what such living meant.

Before he could feel quite at ease, it was needful that he should find out from Pattie how much she knew, or did not know, of what had occurred. She was still at the cottage, where Mrs. Waters had

> managed kindly to fit up a tiny room for her, and where Pattie seemed to wish to stay till after the funeral. Cragg had agreed without protest, being in no special hurry to take her away.

> > When his cogitations reached this point, he went to the cottage, and found Pattie seated in the kitchen, quietly sewing at a black gown. She had had a little money in hand - enough to get for herself what was necessary. Cragg talked to Mrs. Waters, and then intimated that he would like a few words with Miss Dale. Good -

was still at the cottage, when the state of the state of

natured Mrs. Waters took herself off to other regions without delay.

"My dear, I wonder if you can tell me anything about your father's means," he began, having decided not to take anything for granted. "I have been wanting to ask this,—and it is about time, you know, to settle something or other. After to-morrow——"

Pattie looked gravely up into his face

"I shall have twenty pounds a year," she said.
"From—invested money? I promised to act as

your guardian, and I want to understand."

She seemed puzzled and hesitated. "I don't exactly know. It was left to me by my father's brother,—just for life, you know. Eighty pounds a year to father, for his life, and twenty pounds to me. It has always been paid us regularly—by some lawyers, I think. The eighty pounds goes somewhere else now; but I shall have the twenty still."

"But you and he couldn't have lived on only

one hundred pounds a year."

"Couldn't we?" Pattie sat lost in thought.
"A hundred pounds seems a good deal. And I meant to do needlework. I would have earned money in that way; and I mean to do it now. And dear father would have done copying—if he could have got any. Of course we have had more than that."

Cragg waited expectantly.

"I mean, we had more before we came here. When my father had a clerkship—he had two hundred a year for that. And then we were very comfortable. We had everything that we could want. Father was always talking of beginning to lay by; but he hadn't begun. And then he gave that up."

"Can you tell me why he gave it up? On what

account?"

Pattie shook her head slowly.

"I never quite understood. He didn't exactly tell me why. Only that Mr. Peterson had turned against him, and had said very very unkind things—things that were not true. Poor father was miserable. I never saw him so unhappy. He said one day that Mr. Peterson believed him to have done something wrong—something he never could have done. And he said he and I must come away, and must forget all about our friends there. We meant to live quite quietly in the country; and I thought we should manage on what we had,—if I could take in needlework. Neither of us ever ate a great deal."

"And out of that he meant to pay twenty pounds a year house-rent—not to speak of

taxes."

"Was that too much? But it does not matter

now," and tears filled her eyes.

"My dear, you must not think me unkind to say all this. It is—it is necessary. I have to understand your affairs. Did your father ever seem anxious about your future—ever plan anything for you?"

"Oh, sometimes. Not very much."

"Not even since his accident?"

"I would not let him. There was no need. 1 told him I should be taken care of. There was no need for him to worry himself."

"And he was content to leave things so?"

Pattie put her work down, and once more looked up into Cragg's face.

"Would you have been content in his place—about a child of your own?"

Cragg was rather puzzled how to answer. He could not quite make out Pattie; and he found himself saying involuntarily,—

"I wonder whether you are older than I have

fancied."

"I was sixteen on my last birthday."

"You were! Really! I have thought of you as only—well, about thirteen."

"No; I am sixteen. People have often taken me for less. Old enough to be independent!" and a curious smile flickered over her small face.

"We must see about that. I am not so sure. You would not find it so easy as you may think to make your way—unaided."

"No. But people would help me. People are

always so kind."

"Are they?"

"Except Mr. Peterson,—and he had always been kind. It was only at the last that he changed. I suppose somebody had made mischief in some way. Somebody must have made him think what was not true of father. Yes, people are very kind generally. You have been kind; and yet how little you know of us. When we first came you knew nothing at all."

"I hope I shall continue to be kind, my dear,"

Cragg said seriously.

"I am sure you will. And perhaps—perhaps—in a few days—you will help me to get something to do. I should like to find work. Needlework, perhaps,—or anything else. I don't mind what." Her face flushed slightly. "Only I want to be independent."

"My dear, the feeling is most praiseworthy. But you must not be in a hurry. You are coming to us first for a while. I told your father it should be so. You will come to us directly after

the funeral."

"Not the same day."

"You say my father wished it?"

"Yes. He did wish it."

"Then I will do what he wished. But only for a little while."

"We shall see," Cragg answered.

So far, so good, was his thought as he went home. Pattie evidently had no idea of the full extent of his undertaking with respect to herself. Just as well that she should not know at present. He would tell his wife that she was coming for a while. If Pattie were bent on working for herself, the arrangement would not have to be permanent.

Cowardliness seized him again when he found himself in his wife's presence. He had meant to tell her as soon as he got in; and then he put off doing so until after tea. When tea was finished he felt still disinclined to speak, and he waited till Dot was brought in. Dot always devoted her small self to him for an hour before going to bed. With Dot on his knee he became more courageous, and Mrs. Cragg herself supplied an opening.

"So they are going to have the funeral to-

morrow?"

"Yes, my dear."
"Well, it's a good thing he didn't linger on in a helpless state. Nobody could have afforded that. What's going to become of the child?"

"Poo-ar lickle girl!" put in Dot appropriately.

"You should say 'little,' not 'lickle,'" reproved Mrs. Cragg; "it sounds so silly."

Dot hung her head. "I do say lick-karl," she

asserted impressively.

Now or never! Cragg knew he must speak out. "I have asked Pattie Dale to come to us for a while," he said. "Sheshe is homeless. You see, my dear,"nervously, as Mrs. Cragg's black eyes stared full at him,-"you see, her father's death is in a manner at my door. Of course I did not know

"'I thought-I was sure-you would not refuse a dying man's wish." -Page 101.

about the mine; nobody knew that; still, if I had not built that unfortunate house, he might now be a living man. One can't help feeling a sort of responsibility in that matter—about his child, I mean. And so I felt sure you would wish—ahem—I felt that it was only the right thing to do."

"Of all born idiots!" uttered his wife energetically.

"Nav, my dear-"

"You mean to say you've had the folly to ask that girl here! To this house! To my house, Mr. Cragg! To ask her to stay here! Under my roof!"

Cragg felt greatly tempted to suggest that he too had a share in the said roof, but courage failed him. He stroked Dot's hair, and Dot gazed with serene curiosity at Mrs. Cragg's red face.

"You mean to say that, Mr. Cragg?"

Cragg plucked up heart. After all, the thing had to be done. The more plainly he spoke now, the better matters would go in the future. It was

only a pity that he did not at once tell her the whole truth.

"I have asked Pattie Dale to come here to-morrow, and to stay for a time - in fact, as long as it proves necessary. She is a very nice girl, and you will find her useful in the house. I could not do less under the circumstances. And I expect, my dear, that you will

make her happy."

"You expect!"

"Yes, my dear, I do expect it, as a part of your duty."

"I'm very much obliged to you indeed, Mr. Cragg!" And Mrs. Cragg flounced out of the room.

(To be continued.)

TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.

(1) LEARN to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient.

(2) Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble: and soften them by prayer, penitence, and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

(3) Never speak or act in difficult matters until you have prayed over your words and acts, and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.

(4) Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, the gift of silence is often more valuable.

The Life-giving Spirit.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY THRING, B.A., AUTHOR OF "HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS."

EAR us, Thou that broodedst
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life Divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with Thine.

When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy Presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.

When the fight is fiercest In the noontide heat, Bear us, Holy Spirit, To our Saviour's Feet, There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.

If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.

Morning, noon, and evening, Whensoe'er it be, Grant us, Gracious Spirit, Quickening life in Thee; Life, that gives us, living, Life of heavenly love, Life, that brings us, dying, Life from heaven above.

The Pleading Spirit.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D., FORMERLY BISHOP OF OSSORY.

"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us."—Romans viii. 26.



T is a cheering truth that each Person in the blessed Trinity is concerned with our prayers—God the Father as the Hearer of them, God the Son as the Mediator of them, God the Holy Spirit as the

Helper of each heartfelt petition. Perhaps we are more apt to lose sight of the Holy Spirit's office in reference to our prayers, than we are of that of the Father or the Son. We come to the Father as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, and we plead the merit and intercession of our Saviour Jesus Christ, but how little do we contemplate or realize our need of the Holy Spirit to help us in our prayers. And yet the office of the Holy Spirit in respect to this important duty and privilege is clearly marked on the sacred page, and nowhere more clearly than in this passage. It reminds us of our need of His help in this important duty, and assures us of His willingness to bestow it. Let us dwell a little upon this our need, and upon the gracious provision which is made by the Holy Spirit to supply it.

Those who know what it is to pray will readily admit that at no other time, and in no other duty, is the Christian more compassed with infirmity

than when making known his wants to God. It is here that our coldness and deadness, and ignorance and distraction, are often most signally felt. Here it is that Satan essays every artifice to keep us far from God, to dull our desires if he cannot extinguish them, and to distract our best thoughts if he cannot totally annihilate them. Have you not felt it to be so at times? Have you not sometimes had to drag yourself, as it were, to the mercy-seat? Have you not often been kept from going thither through the consciousness of your insensibility: or perhaps found, when you went there, that your soul was grovelling like a worm in the dust, when it should have been rising, as it were, upon eagles' wings? And does not all this deficiency in the tone and temper of your devotions show that you have need of very special and Divine assistance?

But this is not all. The Scripture tells us that "we know not what to pray for as we ought." And is not this equally true? Such is our ignorance that we sometimes ask for what is inconsistent or for what would prove unprofitable. Such is our folly that we are inclined at times to ask for what would be injurious. Such is our injustice and blindness that we may be considering

rather what would meet our own ends and wishes than what would promote God's glory and our spiritual advantage. Like Job, we may be urged to ask for release rather than for submission; or like the sons of Zebedee, we may be seeking our honour rather than the Master's will; or like St. Paul, in ignorance of God's gracious purposes, we may be seeking for the removal of a thorn, the presence of which may be necessary to our growth in humility and grace.

Such are some of the manifold infirmities, both as to motive and to matter, which meet us in regard to our prayers; such are some of the "various hindrances we meet" when we would draw near to the mercy-seat—hindrances and infirmities which the Apostle himself had felt, for he includes himself when he says, "We know not what to pray for as we ought." And surely if he felt the need of Divine help in this most important duty, what greater need have we of Divine instruction, help, and guidance, in this highest and holiest of duties.

But that help is provided; and it is the help of God Himself: for it is One of the blessed Trinity in Unity who has undertaken to supply this gracious aid; and thus the Omniscience and Omnipotence of the Lord Himself are employed on behalf of His feeble servants in their approaches to the Throne of Grace.

The words are remarkable—"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities." The metaphor is taken from a case where the burden is too heavy for one to bear, and where another steps in to lift it with him, or, more literally, "over against him": thus taking up the burden, or sharing it, relieving him from the otherwise overwhelming weight. How aptly this illustrates the work of the Holy Spirit in respect of our weak devotions! How it sets before us the Divine assistance which He is so ready to afford us in our approaches to the Throne of Grace. He comes to us in our feebleness as a gracious Helper, when our ignorance and infirmity would leave us hopeless.

Well may He be called "the Spirit of Grace and Supplication" (see Zech. xii. 10). For it is He who makes us to desire that which God promises, and to love that which He commands. It is He alone who bestows the contrite heart, and increases faith, and teaches us to love and serve the Lord. It is He who teaches us to ask everything with the deepest submission, and to expect everything with the most fervent hope: and even apart from all this He "helps our infirmities"—in respect of the more bodily infirmities and mental distractions which continually assail us. How often has the Christian gone to his knees harassed and distressed, and yet scarcely able to explain the causes of his own uneasiness, and how often has

he come away with his spirit calmed and quieted, and all his uneasy apprehensions removed.

If we want, then, to have our dead hearts quickened, let us pray for the "Lord and Giver of Life" to quicken them. If we want to have our ignorant minds stored with holy wishes and holy arguments, let us beseech the Spirit of grace and wisdom to teach us "what things to pray for as we ought," so that with all earnestness and submission and holy confidence we may draw near unto God. Doubtless one reason why there is so much formalism even in a Christian's prayers, and so much heartlessness in his devotions, is that the promised aid of the Holy Spirit is not sought. It ought to be: and we should think how ready and willing He is to bestow it!

Few things on earth are more touching and beautiful than to see a mother teaching her child to pray. There is the little one bending at the parent's knee, and repeating in lisping accents those simple words of deep and solemn meaning, of which it has very dim yet most reverential conceptions; and there is the loving mother awakening the dormant faculties of her child, suggesting the very words, nav even the very thoughts by which her little one is making its first approaches to their Father which is in heaven. Oh with what foreshadowing thoughts of faith, and hope, and love, does she look down into the eyes of her child, as it looks up to heaven and to her, and with what fond solicitude does her own prayer mingle, all unheard, with the feeble accents of that little tongue, while she beseeches the Lord to bless and guide her little one amidst all life's dangers and changes.

It is indeed a blessed scene; but it comes infinitely short, both in meaning and tenderness, of the love displayed by the Holy Spirit when He helps God's weak and wayward children in their approaches unto Him, commingling, as it were, His own gracious intercession with theirs before the Throne of Grace, and thus bringing down answers of richest blessings from on high. Should not our first prayer to the Holy Spirit be like that of the disciples to their Master-" Lord, teach us to pray"? And is it not full of meaning that the prayer with which our Communion Service opens its sublime communication with heaven, with all its Divine requests, and holy aspirations, and earnest solicitings, is a special petition for the purifying power of the Holy Spirit, in order to render them both pure and acceptable? What better prayer could we have for Whitsuntide than this- 'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Between Mp Lord and Me: TWO ACTS OF SECRET DEVOTION.

BY THE REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF RIDLEY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.*

"Be Thou their arm every morning."—Isaiah xxxiii. 2.
"At evening time it shall be light."—Zechariah xiv. 7.

"Search Me. O God."

A MORNING ACT OF FAITH.

T BELIEVE on the Name of the SON OF GOD. Therefore I am in Him, having Redemption through His Blood, and life by His Spirit.

And He is IN ME, and all fulness is in Him.

To Him I belong, by purchase, conquest, and selfsurrender.

To me He belongs, for all my hourly need. There is no cloud between my Lord and me.

There is no difficulty, inward or outward, which

The Lord is my Keeper. Amen.

He is not ready to meet in me to-day.

It is good to live day by day to Thee, my LORD, my LIFE, and to lie down night by night beneath Thy smile.

"Search Me, O God."

AN EVENING ACT OF THANKS, CONFESSION, AND SUR-RENDER.

TROM all this day has brought me, I come apart to Thee, O dear and Sovereign Master.

For all that Thou hast been to me each hour I bless Thee. For everything which of Thy mercy Thou hast done through me, I give Thee humble thanks.

All transgression and shortcoming, even in the most secret thought, I now confess and renounce.

I lay it on Thy head for pardon, and under Thy feet for deliverance. Thou dost accept and deliver me even now.

Now more than ever I own myself Thine. Night and day. Thy bondservice is my one and perfect freedom. Amen.

The Late George L. Bilkington: THE MISSIONARY WORKER IN UGANDA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE CROWN OF THE ROAD," ETC.

(See Portrait in April " Home Words.")

UE-HEARTED, whole-hearted - " all heart and enthusiasm," some would have said-George L. Pilkington was a man after St. Paul's mind; for his life-motto might well have been, "This one thing I do."

He was a leader amongst men. His school life at Uppingham, under Mr. Thring, was an inspiration to

those around him. He caught the spirit of the Headmaster-a rare man, of whom it was said, "No one who ever heard it could forget the supreme and absolute loyalty to God that rang through the very tone of his voice in the school-chapel as he read: 'Thou shalt have none other gods but Me." The scholar was profoundly influenced by the master, and had imbibed from him a deep interest in Missions. In discussion or argument on any point with his companions it was quite enough for him to say, "Thring says so!"

He was a power for good amongst them. A later boy bears this striking testimony: "In our house, if a fellow wishes to do right, the house stands by him: and it was George did that. Fellows who were here when he first came tell me he changed the whole house

while he was Captain." He used to say to those of his inner circle, that he was "trying to do right." His bereaved mother says: "He was the same always. Never from the first moment he knew there was right or wrong, until the last victory was won, did that arm cease to do battle for the right." "I would like his life to teach the young, who wish to nerve themselves for some great deed, to believe that it comes of this fidelity to duty in early years.

> 'He saw his duty a dead sure thing, And he went for it there and then,'

describes his whole life."

Even in those early school days the missionary spirit was in him. He used to pray for others, and tried to get the other boys to go with him on Sunday evenings to the House-master's to sing hymns, because he thought " it would be good for them."

At Cambridge he greatly distinguished himself. He won a scholarship, and a First Class at Pembroke College, and might, no doubt, have advanced to a Fellowship in the University. But, like Henry Martyn, the Senior Wrangler of years gone by, he had received a call to "far higher promotion" in the Mission field. In the beginning of 1887 he first

Copies of the above on a Card can be obtained from Messrs. Marshall Brothers, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Price Twopence. We hope our readers will promote its wide circulation.-Ed. H. W.

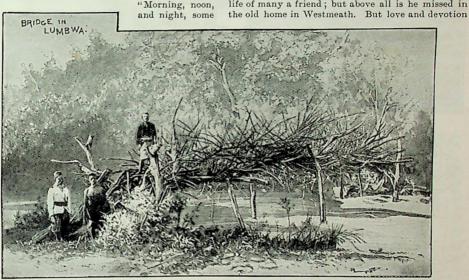
expressed his desire to become a missionary to his parents. They would not—could not—refuse their consent, but urged him strongly to wait a little longer. He at once yielded, considering their voice was God's will for him—" What such a man as my father does not fully approve of can by no possibility be right for me to do." For two years he interested himself actively in the Children's Special Services Mission. Then he accepted a mastership at Harrow School. Here he enjoyed work amongst the boys, and tried by many plans to make them feel that "life is earnest," and win them onward and upward in the service of Christ.

At this time the purpose of his life pressed upon him so urgently that he wrote home these striking words:

and Mr. Pilkington at once undertook the arduous task. He spared no effort. His habit was to give eight hours and more daily to translation and language work; but the fact was, even in recreation and at meals he was still absorbed in it. And all the while, it must be added, he was an active leader in the other Mission work. He wanted all the Baganda to consider him as a friend and brother, and would have the natives drop the formal title of "Mr.," and address him as simply "Pilkington." He won their hearts because they felt that he not only "preached," but "lived" Christ amongst them.

One who knew and loved him well says :-

"He is sorely missed to-day in Uganda by brothers, African and European; he is missed in the heart and life of many a friend; but above all is he missed in the old home in Westmeath. But love and devotion



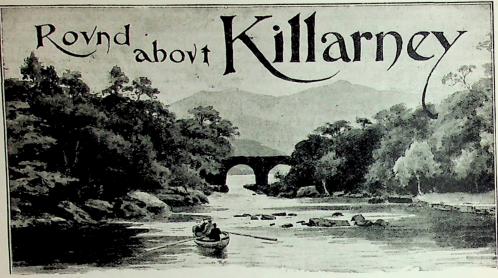
A BRIDGE IN UGANDA.

one seems to be standing beside me saying, 'God intends you to go to the heathen.' What do you and my father think?" The answer came that not only did they consent, but that they believed it to be his duty.

And so he went to Uganda in 1890. "On that memorable journey," writes one who went with him—the Rev. F. C. Smith—"my own life was inspired by his very remarkable enthusiasm. He told us more than once how deeply indebted he was to Mr. Thring for teaching him the art of thoroughness, and the priceless value of incessant hard work." At the same time he would always disallow "any cause of success except, under God's Holy Spirit, that blessed power which He gives to the most obscure amongst men—to work with all one's heart and soul at the duty nearest at hand."

How much he accomplished in a short time in Uganda is known to us all. The Bible in Uganda was the one special need of the numerous converts, to Christ can turn the tears of sorrow into grateful joy." His mother, to whom he was so devoted, writes, with the resignation of simple faith: "We are not sorry he went to Uganda. Let no one say his life was cut short. 'Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above.' 'I have finished the work Thou hast given Me to do.' It is not irreverent: in a lesser—oh! infinitely lesser—degree, these words are applicable to the faithful servant who is gone to hear his Master say, 'Well done.'"

We thank God for the faithful life and fruitful labours of George Pilkington. But let us not forget God has given us his example to stir us to walk as he walked. The work he loved needs fresh volunteers, more prayer, unceasing labour. Who will follow George Pilkington, even as he followed Christ? Who will consecrate himself to the Master for the work yet to be done in Uganda?



I. A MAY SWARM IN KILLARNEY.

BY MRS. ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES."

D not know how bee-culture is managed in England. In Ireland we secure vagrant insects in the following way. If a swarm in May is "worth a cock of hay," the trouble taken is none too much.

Of course the particular migration

to which I refer, took place when the bee mistress had gone to Kil-

larney. She had scarcely started on that long eight mile drive, when a magnificent swarm was discovered on a raspberry cane.

The trout that gets away is always the largest in the stream. So this swarm was simply the most splendid one ever seen in the rectory garden. Very carefully, pending the mistress's return, an old sheet was shrouded over fruit blossoms and vivid young leaves. Unhappily, it had been used to cover the carriage, and distinctly smelt of horses. Three hours after settling in the raspberry patch, our fastidious little friends could stand the stable aroma no longer, and "cast," to use a technical term. In plain English, that egg-shaped mass-measuring three quarters of a yard in length and about as thick as a man's legrose. The dark, black, hissing cloud hung quivering for a moment in the blue haze of this splendid May morning. Then it made off in a straight line for the hills. It was followed by the gardener, the stable boy, the steward, and the visitor from England.

What a chase it led us, that vagrant swarm! Over the silver meadow, with its fringe of scented grass, dog violets, and hart's-tongue ferns. Across the bog, white with tassels of silky cotton and spread with a

veritable cloth of gold in the way of gorse blossom. Through the beech wood, carpeted with crisp red brown leaves, and the larch plantation, with its open stretches of bright, sweet bluebells, and its ribbons of starry garlic. Led by the "murmuring of innumerable bees," until we lost them at the foot of the Gap road.

For two whole days we mourned our valuable swarm. Then news was brought that the bees were down at Kenmare, and we must go to claim them. At once Cricket, the cheery, big white horse, was taken from the manure cart and yoked to a car. Upon that expansive vehicle we mounted—the bee mistress, the steward, the gardener, and the gardener's boy—and into its capacious well we packed two complete beedresses, a straw skep, two old wide-brimmed hats, a bellows, some strips of corduroy, and a bell!

We found the swarm in the hole of a wall. It was a house wall, covered with a mass of crimson-leaved, yellow-blossomed Gloire de Dijon. Clusters of deep red roses, and trails of Jack Manni, purple and lilac, trusses of creamy double clematis, and sprays of wide-open single blooms nodded through squares of trellis-work; whilst fresh young ampelopsis veitchii clung with pink fingertips to the grey dashed stones.

Our bees had chosen an aperture over the dairy door, the only spot in the wall that was not veiled with leaf or blossom. In and out of the tiny hole they buzzed and bummed.

Could we get at them? "No," would have been the answer to this question in England. But folk are gloriously daring in Ireland! As soon as the "squarson" (Justice of the Peace)—all unknowing of our raid—had driven off to Petty Sessions, we set to work.

The gardener's boy, armed with a big iron crowbar, began to enter that wall. First of all, however, the little bee mistress tenderly tied back a shoot of clematis montana that might have been injured in the operation. A striking example, this, of taking care of the pence of sentiment, whilst letting the pound of wall shift for itself!

By this time the J.P.'s headman and factotum had joined the marauders, bearing an old patchwork quilt to throw over the swarm. The J.P.'s butler had produced syrup to besmear the skep, whilst the J.P.'s cook brought forth a grey goosewing to "brush" the bees.

It is wonderful how big a gash can be made in a mortar and granite wall quite quickly! I was horrified at the gaping wound made in that flower-gemmed wall by the gardener's boy! Not so my companions! They sat waist-deep in cow-parsnip, crushing its woolly stockings ruthlessly beneath them, breaking off sprays of pale rhododendron to keep off the now angry little insects, and talking cheerily of the audaciousness of their proceedings. Necessity is certainly a mother to invention. I was amused at some of the shifts resorted to. When corduroy for smoke ran short, our own particular factorum unconcernedly tore off a strip of material from the edge of his pantaloons! When gloves were found minus elastic, a cambric handkerchief was sacrificed.

At last the hole was large enough to see our tiny wanderers clustered together in its dark reaches. Quite fearlessly the gardener put in his big hand and brought out three small pieces of white comb. Clinging to one of these must have been the queen mother herself. For, presently, down the gauze veil, over the horny fingers, along the shirted arm, hurried a trail of buzzing eager bees. Jim's coat was sprinkled with the busy workers.

A little hesitation. Then, into the straw hive (balanced on an American ladder) went the slaves of the most autocratic, and precious monarch in the world.

The swarm was hived !

What mattered the mutilated wall with its deep hole and heap of white mortar? Glena was purply blue behind it. Azaleas were brilliant as flame bushes before it. Laburnham hung yellow tresses beside it. Even the liberated montana flung its untied arms across it. Whilst below stood the golden skep, brimful of brown "underfolk" happily housed.

We left them near that dairy until the evening. Then, in the gloaming, we went to fetch our treasure home.

The gardener carried it, quilt and all, supported by ready helpers. I acted courier on my pneumatic bicycle, and the bee mistress, with an anxious face and a supply of medicated syrup, met it at the far pasture.



GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY.

Bright stars twinkled in the distance above the Gap of Dunloe. The golden boat of a new moon was afloat in the sea-green depths of the sky on its right hand.

The cuckoo sang cheerily—the June break not yet heard in its soft call—and a cornerake responded from the home meadow, as our triumphant procession arrived at the Rectory.

Then, on the white steps, each little helper was

rewarded with sixpence, and the gardener's boy clinked two silver pieces in his broad palm.

Although the steward and Jim were too dignified to accept any such reward, I somehow think this May swarm has proved an expensive one.

But, after all, it is a very large one!

** "A Trip to Killarney," by Mrs. Orman Cooperwill appear in *Home Words* for June.

True Lobe :

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER V.

SHE GREW CONTENT.



T was an English April day; flying clouds, scudding rain showers, bursts of glittering, but not warm sunshine. The trees in Prince's Park swayed in their palegreen dresses, and flower-girls held up baskets laden with bunches of primroses and daffodils, to tempt the ladies gazing from the drawing - room

windows. A sailor whose clothes told of much wear, pulled his cap over his forehead, and dashed the rain-

drops from his brown whiskers, as he turned in at the Park gates, and walked towards one of the houses. He evidently knew his way, and hesitated not as he rang the servants' bell. The garden gate was opened by a tall, slim young man.

"Lars!" cried the sailor.

"Yes, Lars. Come in, brother Eric. See!" he cried joyfully, "I am well, quite well. The doctor has cured me."

Eric held his hands, and shook them violently; he could not speak. He remembered that night of the watch. He remembered the battle, and, with a solemn joy, God's victory; and he dreaded, and yet longed, to hear Lars say: "And I owe all this to God and you." And then, in that instant, it rushed through his heart that God was going to give him all his desire. Yes, he knew he must go on several more voyages, but no more money would be needed for Lars. He must still wait long months, maybe even years, before he might

spring on the wooden pier at Gudvangen, and carry the "minde ring" to Mitta Loen. But the thought which had troubled him often before, that she was so pretty, so bright, and might before that day came have accepted a like gift from some other young man, grieved him no longer. He was sure in that moment that Mitta would wait, and that some day she would yet be his.

Alas! his brother's first words were to disturb sadly his pleasant dream. "Yes, Eric," Lars said, "for three months I lay in the hospital. Each time the leg was straightened it hurt less. In time, as the good doctor promised, it became quite well; and when I grew strong upon it, the doctor brought me here to be his servant, and a good, kind master he is, and willingly would I stay here, but for one reason."

"You like England, then, Lars?"

"Oh, yes; I can speak much English now, and it is a good country; more money, better food, and better clothes; better and more of everything than in Norway. See you, Eric, I wonder that you, who have seen England so often, ever care to come back to the Nærödal!"

"Then you, Lars, will stay in England?"

"No," said Lars, blushing, and his eyes sparkling; "no, I go back to Gudvangen next week. Here are the four pounds you left for me, brother. I have enough without these; the doctor has been good to me indeed. I told him wherefore I must return, and he has given me enough to take me there, and clothes and other things besides."

"And will you not tell me also, Lars, why you return, when you are so much better off here?"

"I return for Ammitta Bersdatter. She loves me, and I love her."

Éric heard no more, though his brother, he knew, went on speaking: for, when the wild rushing of water in his ears and the knocking in his head subsided, he heard Lars say: "She will find many things to do here, and I, with this good place, can keep her better than any bönder could in Voss. Oh, doubtless she will gladly come when I tell her all; but if not gladly, yet I am sure she will come, and willingly, for love of me. And

when you come to Liverpool, you will always come and see us, Eric?"

"Perhaps I will," replied he; "but take this money up again. I cannot touch it. Buy a wedding minde for Ammitta with it for me. Farewell, Lars."

As Lars took his brother's hand, he looked smiling into his face; but his smile vanished as he exclaimed, "Eric, you are ill; I will call the doctor. You are white as the foam on the fjord, and cold as death!"

"No, no," hoarsely uttered Eric; "let mo go. I need only the fresh air."

Lars stood at the garden gate and watched his brother go. "How strangely he walks," he thought. "I never noticed he walked so before; but I suppose he has learnt it on the great seas."

Eric turned and waved his hand in farewell. "How wan his face looks," thought Lars. "He must have been ill in America. Poor Eric! He has always been a good brother to me, giving me the best he had. ever since he was a little one. I was less, but we both were but little ones when mother died. But perhaps it is nothing; I ever had fanciful thoughts. I can dream, I can love ; but Eric thinks of He has a nothing. kind heart, but that is all. He never feels

much. Well, perhaps it is best so; such as he suffer but little. I have had much pain, mind and body; but both are past now." So thought Lars, as he watched his brother leave the park, and then his own joy in the prospect before him returned.

The winter months had passed both slowly and sadly to Ammitta Loen. True, the Nærödal was one long stretch of snow, and the fjord was frozen; but then, as Lisbet said, that ever happened in winter; and there was plenty of spinning and weaving to do, and the cattle to tend, and the children to instruct in reading, and writing, and catechism. No one need be sad because the white

winter was come. Ammitta did not complain. She went about her duties resolutely; but her feet dragged. She never played on the horn now. The roses had gone from her cheeks, and hollows had come there instead.

Christmas came, and for two or three weeks even the hamlet of Gudvangen was alive with preparations. Pehr and the boys went to the mills for the flour, and Lisbet and Mitta were Fish, birds, reindeer, busy baking for days.

wafers and cakes, were man thought admir-Some, indeed, came day after day all the thirteen days of yule; but the girl seemed not to hear, and certainly not to heed. Not even Hans Hansen, the rich bönder from the Stalheim, was heeded: though the other maidens of the parish knew well he bought a golden ring at the last fair, on purpose, as he openly avowed, to give her.

When Christmas was past, and the new year with noise-

all, as usual, ready before the great day came. A pole had been erected before every door, with the sheaf of corn for the birds. Even Agdur's had its sheaf; for he would indeed be a poor man who could not feed God's birds at vuletide. Then their friends and neighbours came in, and many a young ingly of "Ammitta."

less tread stole over the land, Ammitta grew somewhat stronger. Snow was slow to depart in the ravine; but every day there appeared more bare patches, and the river boiled and foamed as it rushed down the valley.

It had been a sad winter to Mitta. It seemed to her as though in her life it would last for ever. She had loved Eric always; and now he had gone without a word or a sign. He might not even return. Indeed, she almost hoped he might not do so; for she could not bear to see him bringing home the wife she had persuaded herself would be with him. She grew nervous, and feared tho



"Eric heard no more, though his brother, he knew, went on speaking."—Page 112.

neighbours might read the cause of her pale face; so, in order that she might not appear so weak and ill as she felt,—for she could not sleep, and her strength was gradually leaving her,—she exerted herself to work as hard as of old. But for many an hour, far up the awful frowning ravine, where no eye could see her, she would wander in heavy dejection. One day she caught so severe a cold that she could not leave the house for a fortnight. The wool was all knitted up, and there was little to do; so she read the three books they possessed; and one of the three was the old Bible her mother had used the day Eric came home, when she was so happy. How well she remembered it!

Turning over the pages carelessly, she stumbled on the Gospel of St. John, and she read on and on, and all through it. She had often read verses, and even a chapter, but never a whole Gospel straight through. As she did so, feverishly and eagerly, the picture of the life of Jesus rose before her as it had never done before. He moved—He spoke—she heard His voice, and she was comforted, for He spoke "peace"—"Not as the world giveth, give I unto you—My peace I leave with you."

"Then," said Mitta, "if He has given me this, He will not take it away again. He knows best; I will try not to think of Eric. Lord Christ, let me be content," she added, every time she said her prayers. She still repeated the form her mother had taught her as a little child; but now she felt she really prayed: and prayer brought the spirit of resignation to God's will.

(To be continued.)

HALF-WAY AND ALL-THE-WAY.

First find thyself: 'tis half-way-house to God: Then lose thyself, and all the road is trod. F. Langbridge.

Mistakes People Make.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

HERE is no greater, and I fear no more common, mistake in life than to suppose that good can come of losing one's temper. It is wonderful how soon some make this mistake. You might not suppose young gentlemen of five or six years of age to be likely victims of the tender passion, or that even if two of them should cast admiring eyes on the same fair form, they would resort to single combat. But let me tell you a true story, which may open your eyes a little. Of course I give names of my own choice; but it is history, not fiction, that I write.

Miss Marks, the head mistress of an infant school, found two of her pupils in deadly combat. Their small faces were flushed with anger, their curls (both

were curly-headed little chaps) were flying in the wind, their tiny fists were doubled in scientific fashion. They would have scorned to scratch, or pull each other's hair—that might be well enough for girls, but not for them. Happily the fray was forcibly stopped, or who knows what might have happened?

Now, what was the cause of conflict? It came out in the sobbing utterance of Johnnie Johnson: "Please, Miss Marks, you said if I was a good boy I might sit next Lily Lakin; and I have been a good boy; and Billy Bayliss he says I shan't sit next her,

cos she's his sweetheart; so I hit him, and then he hit me."

Now, you see, both these young gentlemen made a mistake. They allowed their angry passions to rise. They thought that a question connected with the affections could be settled by force. As a matter of fact, the young lady for whose favour they fought would have placidly permitted them to sit one on the one side and the other on the other side of her, and both might have been happy, whereas neither now



A YOUNG GENTLE-MAN OF SIX.



had this felicity: for, as a punishment, they were

had this felicity: for, as a punishment, they were placed far away from their little friend.

Fighting never yet did any good; but it is a mistake we all find it hard to avoid. If we cannot secure our end by fair means, we may be sure we

shall not succeed by foul.

This incident of the school-yard suggests to my mind another mistake which is very common. People are apt to fancy that beauty and talent are the royal roads to love and popularity. Now, there is hardly a greater mistake than this. I do not deny that beauty wins favour, or that talent, especially if it be of the bright and showy kind, helps to make its possessor popular. But Lily Lakin is a proof that gentleness and kindness of disposition go further than a fair face, or a quick intellect. She is pleasant to look upon, but it is expression, not beauty of feature, which constitutes her charm. At examination times there are many young ladies of her own age who shine much more brilliantly; indeed, I am disposed to think that intellect is by no means her strong point. But she is the most popular personage in the whole school; whoever, boy or girl, can secure

her hand, as they march into school out of the play-ground, is happy. See her seated with a little lad on either side of her, and you see a picture of juvenile felicity. She is just as pleased if it is little girls who sit beside her; but the boys won't allow this, if they can help it.

Without doubt there is no one so much beloved. Yet I can show you amongst her companions faces which are really beautiful, faces which a painter would delight to depict. I can point out to you

children who are so quick and clever, whose minds are so bright, so full of pretty fancies as well as of knowledge of hard facts, that they interest me deeply; yet when it comes to a question of love and popularity, these little beauties and juvenile geniuses are nowhere.

The people who complain of their loveless lot might learn a lesson from Lily Lakin. All she does is to look pleasant, and be pleased. Love is the atmosphere in which she lives, and moves, and has her being. She looks out at the world with trustful eyes. She begins to smile softly, gently, genially, the moment you look at her; her voice is low and sweet; you never see her cheeks red with rage, nor her eyes flashing fire. She is only like bigger people in finding that good temper is a fine investment for those who would grow rich in love.

Mr. Reid, in his "Life of Lord Houghton," tells us that, at Cambridge, "Tennyson sought Milnes (afterwards Lord

Houghton) because 'he looks the best-tempered fellow I ever saw.'" This gift of manifest good temper enabled him, wherever he went, to "manage with a skill peculiarly his own, to know the most interesting people, and to be welcomed with equal warmth by persons of the most opposite opinions."

Even Carlyle, who was not too ready to think well of the world in general, and who was quick to resent any tricks that might be played on himself, is compelled to say (after describing how Moreton Milnes



had been making him scratch and bite like an angry cat rubbed the wrong way), "His good humour is extreme; you look in his face, and forgive him all his tricks."

Yes; and this same quality has value of a higher kind. Every one will remember that in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Aunt Ophelia fails to do any good with Topsy, or, indeed, with any of the negroes, whereas Eva wins their hearts, and sways them as

she wills—for "she loves them," that is the secret.

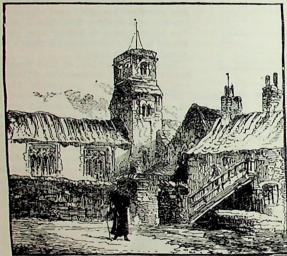
So we read that once when Moreton Milnes went to a reformatory for lads at Redhill, with which he had much to do, "a mean, stunted, villainous-looking little fellow crept across the yard (quite contrary to rules) and stole a dirty paw into Mr. Milnes' hand." I fancy that his love for his friend was more efficacious as a reforming power than any punishment

The Story of England's Church.

could have been.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

V. ALDHELM, AND BENEDICT BISCOP.



Drawn by HERBERT RAILTON.]



JARROW CHURCH.

its work even in Apostolic days (see the Epistles to the Galatians, and Colossians, and Timothy); but the safeguard of the Apostles and their disciples was found, as we must find it, in the Divine Rule of Faith, of which the only Infallible Head of the

One Church testified, "Thy Word is Truth."

The early British or Celtic Church was undoubtedly founded either in, or very soon after, the Apostolic age. Those who brought Christianity to our shores probably came from the Gallic Churches. They were in no way Roman, and the British converts were in no way subject to Rome. Indeed, Rome's claim to supremacy did not then even exist. One Roman bishop is reported to have written to the British king or governor, Lucius, saying—"Ye have the Holy Scriptures; out of them by God's grace take a law; and by that law rule your kingdom.

For you are God's vicar in your kingdom" (Fox, Book II., 275). Contrast this with the Pope's present outrageous claim to be the almost Divine "Vicar of Christ"! Darkness and light could scarcely be more opposed.

The British Churches held distinctly the great verities of the Christian faith. They accepted the Holy Scriptures as the final authority of all doctrine, and they taught as the foundation of all religion the great facts of the Resurrection, and the Ascension, the power and presence of the Holy Ghost, and the truth of the Holy Trinity. As to the gross errors of the Roman system, as we now have it, they were utterly unknown. There was no meaningless worship in an unknown tongue. There was no modern Roman doctrine of Apostolic succession. The compulsory celibacy of the clergy, violating the Divine order and gift of marriage-the withholding of the cup from the lay members of the Church-the confessional box - transubstantiation sacramental justification, and sacerdotal

absolution, as substitutes for the free grace of Christ—pilgrimages—Mariolatry, papal supremacy—invocation of saints—indulgences—these had yet to be invented.

At the same time we must not suppose that doctrinal error did not begin very early to exercise its influence over the British Christians: and as we have seen, the germs and faint beginnings of formal religion, displacing the spiritual, grew apace long before the arrival of the monk Augustine. The clergy began to be shaven, to use holy water, to enjoin veils for nuns, to use the words "host," "altar," "mass" and "masses." Still we have reason to believe many in those days held fast to the essentials of Catholic Bible truth. We meet with touching records of simple, Scriptural, spiritual Christianity. The eclipse may be said to have begun, but it was as yet only partial. There were noble evangelists who shared the longing missionary desire of Aidan,-"If Thy love, O my Saviour, is offered to this people, many hearts will be touched. I will go and make Thee known."

Amongst the most prominent characters of the age

succeeding Cuthbert was Aldhelm. He was eminent as a scholar: familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. A church built by him at Bradford-on-Avon still remains after nearly 1200 years. The mixture of error and truth in his teaching may be thus illustrated. "When I read," he once said, "it is God who speaks to me; when I pray it is to God that I speak." This is all we could wish from any teacher. But now mark the contrast-this same Aldhelm, sincere no doubt but sadly mistaken as to the abounding grace of God and the "service of perfect freedom," would in winter as in summer plunge during the night into a fountain hard by the monastery, immersed to the neck, till he had said the psalms of the day. The fountain long retained his name and the memory of his unscriptural and terrible penances. No wonder Aldhelm's influence was seen in "the stamping out well-nigh every vestige of Celtic Christianity in the west and south of England, and the substitution in its place of Roman teaching" (Dean Spence).

One of his fatal mistakes was the making subject his great abbey of Malmesbury to the see of Rome, independent of all royal and episcopal control. In later years Rome succeeded in planting throughout England similar powerful fortresses of ecclesiastics, wholly devoted to the Pope, and alienated from the national life of the land. Benedict Biscop, another scholar, followed in the steps of Aldhelm. He, too, was devoted to the extension of Roman influence. Splendid churches, magnificent altar vessels, richly embroidered priestly vestments, adornments of churches with pictures of "saints," musical ecclesiastical chants, strict and austere monkish rule, now displaced the simple worship of the Celtic Church.

But here again we note the Bible still held its place as a book of devotion: and there was a full recognition of its Divine authority as the one Rule of Faith.

In his last illness, Aldhelm's often sleepless nights were passed in listening to favourite passages from the Old and New Testament. May we not trust that the clouds of error, in this, as in many other instances, were dispersed by the light of Divine Truth, and that the simple faith of the sinner rested on the infinite Atonement of the Saviour to whom the Scriptures witness.

"Lord, Thy Words our brightening treasure
In life's deepest shade,
Yieldeth still increasing pleasure,
As all else doth fade.
Grant us, Lord, the grace we need,
Light vouchsafe us as we read,
Tend us, guard, and safely lead,
To Thy holy hill."
T. Davis.

A Happy Marriage.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."



HEN Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met the sculptor Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him:—

"So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist."

Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said:—

"Ann, I am ruined for an artist."

"How so, John? How has it happened? and who has done it?"

"It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it."

He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well known, and had often been expressed, that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rose until they went to bed; and also, that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence.

"And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I would be a great artist."

"And a great artist you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great."

"But how?" asked Flaxman.

" Work and economise," rejoined the brave wife; " I

will never have it said that Ann Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist."

And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit.

"I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me."

After working for five years, aided by the untiring economy of his wife, Flaxman actually did accomplish his journey, and studied at Rome for seven years

For thirty-eight years Flaxman lived wedded. His wife, to whom his fame was happiness, was always at his side. She was a cheerful, intelligent woman; a collector, too, of drawings and sketches, and an admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent; and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, "Ask Mrs. Flaxman, she is my dictionary." She also possessed strong sense, and a business capacity-the very wife for an artist. Without her Flaxman, who was a very child in all the concerns of life, would not have been able to manage his affairs. She died in the year 1820; and from the time of this bereavement, something like a lethargy came over his spirit. He survived her six years.



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The Doung folks' Page.

"SAILORS BORN."

(See Illustration, page 118.)



HEN the sea sings to itself on the shore, and a light humming wind sets the ripples dancing in the sunlight, then is the time to launch our sailor boy's ship. True, even the ripples will seem mountains high in comparison to the low-lying hull; at least, so the tiny crew would think if they existed. But

our young ship-builders have not finished their work. There is the rudder to make, and rigging is wanted to steady the mast. She must not go to sea unless she is ready from stern to bowsprit. Ready for small storms as well as fair breezes, well-ballasted, and prepared to fly little canvas if necessary; all this she must be if she is to be accounted seaworthy. The master-builders are not making her like a white-winged gull, with big snowy sails; they know better than to turn out a fine-weather ship only. Each tiny slip of canvas has been carefully stitched, and it can be hauled up and down at a moment's notice. Have not our young sailors read of sails being blown to ribbons? Their craft is to be really tested on the big wide sea with fathoms of water under her keel. From a boat her designers are to watch her as she dips and curtseys to the waves; she is to be no toy-shop vessel, only fit for a pond or a puddle.

So let us send all our ships to sea! Ah, you say, you are not living close to the laughing waves and the smiling sands; you cannot send ships to sea. I am not so sure of that. Every morning, when you get up, you make some plans for the day, you say some kind word to somebody, you do some kind deed for somebody-these are the ships you send to sea. Away they sail over the ocean of life, and in storm and calm they carry a good cargo: and some day they will come home to harbour, and you will be glad you packed their holds with kindness, and not sadness, with good and sound stores, and not bad and mouldy wares.

Those are the ships our Great Captain would have us launch, and never will He withhold His help and guidance if they are sent out in His Name. Let us build them well, let them cost us time and trouble, for they are to go in the Master Builder's service.

"Kind deeds, kind thoughts-they sail away from port; And whither bound ? To hearts that ache and homes where sorrows make The daily round."

TRUE MANLINESS.

Boys are generally more afraid of being laughed at than of anything else. John Laing Bickersteth, at Rugby, was a brave boy when he prayed in secret, "O God, give me courage that I may fear none but Thee."

When John Coleridge Patteson, who became the devoted Bishop, was a lad at school, he was one of the cricket eleven. At the suppers after the matches the boys became, unhappily, accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth and silly harmful jokes. Patteson at last could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination :-

"I must leave the eleven if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in it nothing is left me but to go."

His companions did not want to lose one of their best players, and the hurtful talk was stopped. Patteson when he grew to be a man showed only too well that he could be physically brave too. He died heroically on one of the islands of the Pacific.

"THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN."

HAVE you ever read the life of the man who, at the age of ten, began work as a piecer in the cotton mills at Blantyre, near Glasgow? From six in the morning till eight at night he worked in the mills, and then every moment after that he could spare was devoted to study, until his mother had to come and put out his candle. Out of his first week's wages he bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments," and began to learn Latin. Even in the factory he was continually reading, placing his book before him on the spinning jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. That showed the kind of stuff he was made of; and when he was a man-I daresay some of you have guessed his name, David Livingstone-he carried into his missionary labours the same zeal and earnestness which he had already shown as a boy of ten .- A.K.

SIX TO-DAY.

HE has given up his cradle and his little worsted ball, He has hidden all his dolls behind the door; He must have a rocking-horse And a spinning-top, of course, For he isn't mother's baby any more!

They have cut off all his curls, which are only fit for girls, And have left them in a heap upon the floor; For he's six years old to-day, And he's glad to hear them say

That he isn't mother's baby any more!

He has pockets in his trousers, like his elder brother Jim, Though he thinks he should have had them long before, Has new shoes laced to the top-

'Tis a puzzle where they stop: And he isn't mother's baby any more!

He has heard his mother sigh, and has greatly wondered why She is sorry when he has such bliss in store;

For he's now her darling boy, And will be her pride and joy,

Though he cannot be her baby any more! ANON.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Not long ago a little girl fell into the Tiber from the Margarita Bridge, and was carried away by the stream, the spectators looking on helplessly from the banks. All at once a dog leaped into the river, reached the child, dragged it to the shore, and then gave vent to its joy in jumps and loud barking. The child had been accustomed sometimes to caress and give pieces of bread to the dog, which belonged to a neighbour. They had met by accident, for the first time after two months, a few moments before the girl fell into the river while carelessly leaning over the parapet.

Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

QUESTIONS.

1. WHERE in the New Testament is the turning of water into blood mentioned?

What does our Lord note as the proof of a certain man's conversion?

conversion?
3. In what country was the Gospel preached by a man who had once been a terror to the people?
4. What member of the early Church tried the patience of even the loving disciple?
5. Who does Solomon say "shall suffer hunger"?
6. When were the three chief languages of the world employed to declare a truth in which the world was deeply interested?
7. What passages of God's Word teach us that outward observances.

vances of religion have no value unless we worship in spirit and

8. Find passages of Scripture in which stars are mentioned.

ANSWERS (See MARCH No., p. 71).

Num. xi. 21, 22; John vi. 7, 8, 9.
 Matt. ix. 1; Mark. ii. 1.
 Deut. xi. 16, 17.
 John xii. 10.

James ii. 23; Rom. iv. 1.

Luke xix. 30; John xix. 41. Luke ix. 28-36.

8. Neh. ii. 4; iv. 9.

The Bousewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

OFFEE .- Housekeepers often notice that in damp weather in the summer the coffee becomes tasteless and insipid. Many do not connect the facts, but they are cause and effect. In closets and on store shelves the kernel will become tough and doughy just as crackers are affected. An old housekeeper says that the flavour is restored by keeping the breakfast coffee over night in the warming oven, and the dinner coffee through the day in the same place. Put the amount needed in a bowl, cover closely, and let the slow heat of the upper oven draw out the oil.

In the reign of good Queen Bess one would think that housewives must have found it a comparatively easy task to keep their houses in order. Dwellings had no fireplaces, only hearths for logs, coal being as rare as silk stockings. As for carpets and rugs, such luxuries were unheard of; even the bedchambers of the puissant Elizabeth were strewed with fresh rushes daily for lack of floor coverings. Homely vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, and cabbages, were not grown in England in Henry the Eighth's time, and Queen Catherine had to send to Flanders for beans:

The Value of Vegetables .- Few people know the medicinal value of vegetables. Asparagus, for instance, forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling to the mind as well as the blood, and forms the staple of that soup aux herbes which a French lady will order for herself after a long and tiring journey. Carrots, as they contain a quantity of sugar, are fattening, and are avoided by some people as indigestible. It is the yellow core of the carrot, however, that is indigestible, for the outer red layer is tender enough. In many parts of France the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet onion counteracts the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth and eaten with a little cayenne pepper, it is said to be an admirable article of diet for people of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflower have a similar value, only too often they are so ill-boiled and unpalatable that they are not inviting. But when well cooked and served with proper dressing there is nothing more enticing. Lettuce has a slight narcotic action, and for soothing the nerves there is no stalk which grows that equals celery.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

RINK Little.-Though we never advise sparing of water in the bath, it is necessary to be temperate in drinking water, or tea, or coffee, or cocoa. When among the mountains, knowing that long hours of exertion and constant strain are likely to be experienced, climbers are very careful to drink as little as possible, and many find that with practice of self-control, they can soon train themselves not to want more than a pint and a half of liquid a day. This is, no doubt, small measure, but when one remembers how many people have ruined their digestions by drinking too freely at meals, it is an ideal worth aiming to attain. But whatever you drink do not take it when eating, but wait until the end of the meal

Many Things.

I EROISM in the Mine. - The Bankhead coalpit at Muirkirk. Ayrshire, was flooded in March, when nineteen men were in the mine. After long pumping sixteen of the miners were rescued, but three were drowned. Robert Blyth, one of the rescued men, acted most heroically when the colliery became flooded. He could have saved himself at the very start of the rush of water, but saying, "Good-bye, brother, I am not married; I will go and tell the others," he left the cage and went into the workings and warned the men to make for higher ground. Blyth states that after he had given the warning he tried to get back to the pit-bottom. He waded up to the lips, but had to turn, as there was twelve feet of water in the shaft. Blyth deserves the Victoria Cross.

A Dumpling.-Some years ago the present Lord Chancellor was cross-examining a shrewd country witness. "They sometimes call you a Devonshire Dumpling, don't they?" asked the genial advocate. "I believe they do," replied the witness. "But you are not a Devonshire Dumpling?" The witness waited till the laughter occasioned by this inquiry had subsided, then he slowly drawled out; "Hey, but if I hod been a doompling, you laryers 'ud a' gobbled I up afore now !

The Newest Telescope.-With the aid of the Yerkes telescope the moon is brought within sixty miles of the earth-that is to say, it is seen through the telescope just as it would be seen with the naked eye if it were suspended sixty miles over our heads, and under the most favourable conditions with more distinctness. But with each increase in magnifying power there is a contraction of the field of view, so that despite the great size of the telescope, with 4,000 magnifications, scarcely the whole of one of the large lunar craters would be shown.

Points for the Temperance Platform.

OU Shan't Spoil My Character.-The Rev. Charles Garrett tells the following story :- A little fellow, who had been brought up a staunch teetotaler, was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The little fellow said, "I never touch that stuff." "Holloa, youngster," said the foreman, "we never have teetotalers here." "If you have me you'll have one," returned the boy. The foreman was irritated, and holding up the glass of beer, he said: "Now, my boy, there's only one master here; you'll either have this inside or outside." The little fellow said : "Well, you can please your. self; I brought my clean jacket with me, and a good characteryou may spoil my jacket, but you shan't spoil my character."

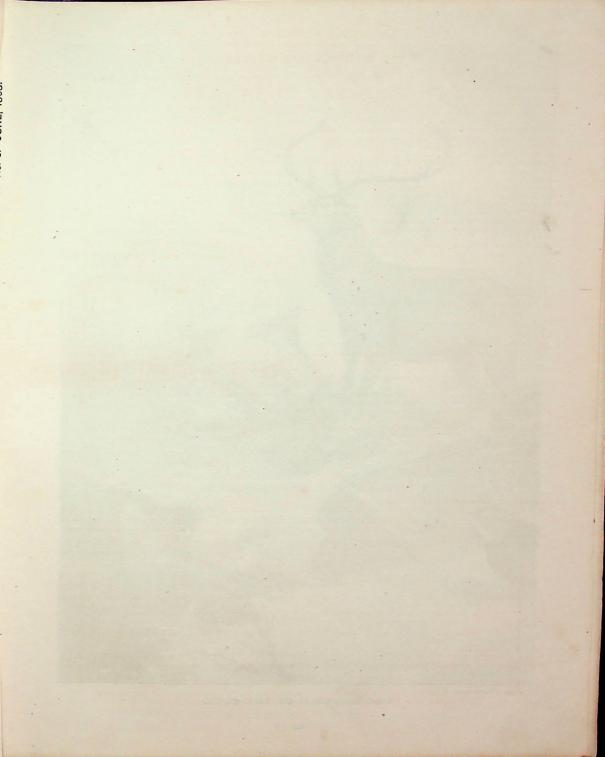
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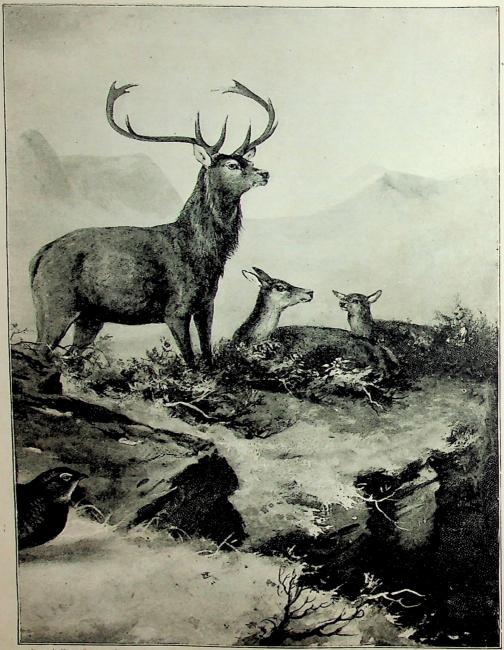
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Drawn by HENRY STANNARD.]

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART AND HEARTH

-

Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

INTO A NEW HOME. ATTIE DALE was verv young, and not much versed in the ways of the world: nevertheless, she had eves and ears. and she knew how to use them. It had not escaped her attention, in these few days of

trouble, that Cragg's

CHAPTER VII.

kindness was all on his own behalf, and not on that of his wife. She had noted that he seldom spoke of Mrs. Cragg, that when he did speak it was in a dubious and uncomfortable manner, that he brought no message of sympathy

from Mrs. Cragg, that Mrs. Cragg did not come

with him.

Though she did not count it needful to tell Cragg, she was not in absolute ignorance of what had passed between him and her father. On her return to the sick-room, almost immediately afterwards, Mr. Dale had whispered feebly, "Lean down, dear. Listen to me, Pattie. That is a good man,—a good man, my dear. He will take—will take care of you. He will give my Pattie a home—always—for always. He promised—promised me." Then, before Pattie could ask any questions, or could, if so disposed, make any protest, insensibility had come on, and those were her father's

last conscious words.

None the less, Pattie thought things over. She recalled her impressions about Mrs. Cragg, and she decided privately that, whatever Cragg in his kirdness of heart might intend, it was by no means certain that his wife would agree with

him. She also thought that in any case she could not be content to live a life of dependence. If Cragg should offer her a home she might go to him for a while, but certainly not for always. She fully meant later to make her own way. Sixteen is, however, very young for making one's way in life, especially without previous training of any sort, and Pattie knew this.

Cragg did make the offer, and Pattie, while falling in with it, let him understand that she did not look upon the arrangement as permanent. Moreover, she kept her own counsel, and would not show how much she knew. It seemed to her that he and she would both be more free if he was unaware how much she had heard, and if she knew him to be unaware of it.

Mrs. Cragg's mood on the day after the funeral was not agreeable, to say the least. She asked her husband no questions, but glowered sulkily. He told her soon after breakfast, unasked, that Pattie was coming before night, and inquired where she was to sleep.

"How am I to know?" was Mrs. Cragg's reply. "I don't keep rooms for taking in of riff-raff."

"Pattie Dale is no more riff-raff than you and I are," Cragg was roused to reply firmly. Things had reached a point when he would either have to set his foot down firmly or to give way and break his word.

"I know what she is. I knew it the first moment I set eyes on those two."

"My dear, it really does not matter what you may imagine them to have been. Mr. Dale is dead, and I have—I intend to provide for his child, at all events until she can do for herself."

"You have-what?"

"I have made up my mind to do as much as that." Cragg wished now that he had told all to his wife earlier.

"There's the workhouse."

"She will not go to the workhouse so long as I can prevent it."

"She could get a place, I suppose—if she ain't too grand."

"My dear, Pattie is coming here for the present."

Mrs. Cragg tossed her head.

"There's only one other way," Cragg said suddenly. "If she isn't happy here, and doesn't wish to stay, then I shall have to pay for her being taken by somebody else. It will cost more, and I've none too much money to spare. But if things come to that, why, it will just have to be, and we must save in another direction. So now I hope you understand."

"I always said you were crazy about those Dales." But it was plain that Mrs. Cragg did understand. The idea of drawing in elsewhere was unwelcome. Mrs. Cragg thought better of some previous resolutions. She had meant to make the arrangement so far unpleasant to Pattie that Pattie would speedily wish to go. Since that scheme could only end in her having less money herself to spend, she began to take a different view of the matter. If Pattie had to come, the best plan would be to make use of Pattie.

These ideas flashed quickly through Mrs. Cragg's active mind. While Cragg was still meditating on his last words, and on her reply thereto, she had travelled some miles ahead, and her next remark took him by surprise,-

"Well! if it's got to be-though I don't hold with you, mind-and I think a man's first duty is

to his own wife and children-"

"But not his whole duty, surely, my dear!" "That's another question, Mr. Cragg, altogether. What I was saying was, that I think a man's duty is to his wife and children, and not to any sort of riff-raff he can pick up anywhere. But if it's got to be, it's got to be; and I suppose she can have that little room at the back, on the ground-floor. It isn't wanted particular for anything else, I sup-

"It'll want making comfortable."

pose."

"People living on charity don't ought to expect grandeur."

"My dear, if you would but be reasonable! Who spoke of grandeur? I simply wish the room to be made comfortable. In an hour or two I will take a look at it. A bed is easily put there, andbut I will see what is wanted. Pattie will not be here till late in the afternoon. I have promised to fetch her."

"As if she couldn't walk alone. What's the good of making a fine lady of her? Hasn't she got any furniture of her own? Why isn't it got up out of the mine?"

"A few attempts have been made, but the things are so broken as to be almost useless."

"I suppose she can take her meals with the servants.

"No, my dear. She will sit at table with us. I wish her to be one of ourselves. When you have learnt to know Pattie, you will feel as I do." Mrs. Cragg tossed her head.

"Well, if she comes here, she ain't going to be idle. I shall give her something to do."

"I am sure Pattie would wish to be useful.

But she must not have hard work."

Cragg thought he had said enough, and he made his escape. Busy as he was, however, he did not forget to take the promised look into the small room; and it was owing to him that, when he brought her in that afternoon, the said little room wore a cosy and comfortable appearance. Pattie glanced round with pleased eyes.

"How nice! What a dear room! I shall like

to sleep here," she said gratefully.

Cragg wondered how she would like something else in the house. He had to present Pattie to his wife; and that meant an ordeal to himself, as well as to the unconscious Pattie.

Not that Pattie was so unconscious as he supposed. She had not the least expectation of a warm reception from Mrs. Cragg; and if her eyes did open rather widely at the first sight of the latter, it was not because of any surprise at the manner of greeting vouchsafed, but simply in amazement at Mrs. Cragg's green velveteen jacket and red feather. Pattie's slim figure, in black skirt and jacket, with neat crape-trimmed hat, made an effective contrast.

"So you've come?" said Mrs. Cragg, looking her

up and down.

"Mr. Cragg was so kind; he fetched me," Pattie

answered, with a glow of gratitude.

"I'm sure I don't know how he managed it. He never has time to do anything I want. Always too busy."

"My dear, I really don't know that you have

wanted anything to-day.'

"If you had known, it wouldn't have made a grain of difference. You'd have had too much to see to, going off there."

Cragg looked apologetically towards Pattie. "But then I could have come alone," Pattie

said quietly. "I dare say I should have felt a little shy, because I didn't know you; but that wouldn't have mattered. I could easily have done it. And then Mr. Cragg could have seen to whatever you wanted. I'm so sorry you didn't

What could Mrs. Cragg say. There was no room for a sharp or a smart answer to Pattie's gentleness.

"And now you know my wife, I want you to know my little girl," Cragg said, delighted with Pattie's mode of meeting his wife's humour. He began to hope that things would go better than he had ventured to expect.

"Little Dot! I should like that so much. I love children."

"And here she comes," exclaimed Cragg.

Dot made her appearance after her own fashion !

calmly and deliberately, with small head held well up, and light grev eyes well opened. She ignored her own relatives, and advanced straight towards Pattie Then disappointment fell upon the infant mind.

"You'm not that poo-ar lickle girl. You'm

drown up," she asserted.

"What a little darling!" murmured Pattie.

"All drown up," repeated Dot, in profound dis-

appointment.

"But I'm not grown up; truly I'm not. I am only a girl still, Dot. Not a bit grown up. And I love games of play. May I play with you sometimes? And I love reading stories aloud. May I read to you?"

"Pay glames and lead to me all all day long,"

declared Dot, without an instant's hesitation. She seized Pattie's hand to draw her away.

"But, hallo, Dot,-you're forgetting me. Not a word for poor old daddy!" protested her father.

Dot stopped and gave him a kiss, then returned to Pattie.

" Pay glames and lead," she repeated. "Tome along."

Pattie looked at Mrs. Cragg. "May I go?" she asked. "May I take care of Dot

sometimes for you?"

Mrs. Cragg assented, not too graciously, and Pattie vanished, led by the fat little hands of Dot. Cragg looked at his wife.

"Well?" he said.

Mrs. Cragg tossed her head.

"Well, I just say the same, Mr. Cragg. I hold that a man's duty is to his own, and not to a pack of strangers. But if she's got to be here, she may as well be useful. If she likes to look after Dot, she's welcome; so long as she don't spoil the child worse than she's spoilt already. You've done enough that way, I hope. There's no managing her when she hears your voice; and not a child in the town is worse spoilt that Dot. And I say it's a shame."

"My dear, she's an uncommon good child.

Why, Dot never cries."

"If she don't cry, she gets her own way a lot too much. You're for ever fussing about her. And if Pattie Dale is going to do the same, she'll just be unbearable."

"Come, come, my dear. If people want a grievance, they can always make one."

"I suppose you mean to say that I'm making a grievance, Mr. Cragg!"

Mr. Cragg had had that thought in his mind, but he wisely held his tongue, and ventured on no further remarks.

Pattie spent a happy hour with Dot. As she had said she dearly loved children; and Dot, though by no means a pretty specimen of childhood, was clever and winning and lovable. Few children, indeed, altogether fail to be lovable,

and Dot was not one of those few.

and desolate; and nothing could well have comforted her more than Dot's soft arms round her neck, and Dot's smiling face close to her own. Before ten minutes were over the two had become fast friends; and Pattie

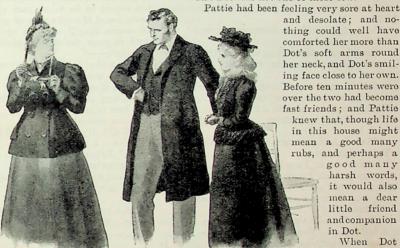
knew that, though life in this house might mean a good many rubs, and perhaps a

good many harsh words, it would also mean a dear little friend andcompanion in Dot.

When Dot went to bed Pattie had to

go to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Cragg; and that event she had been dreading a good deal. Still, it could not be escaped; and Pattie was quietly brave in meeting the duties of life, one after another, without needless fears and complainings. When her placid small face appeared, Cragg was aware of a satisfied feeling. Tête-a-tête meals with a person of Mrs. Cragg's temperament were apt to flag heavily, since five times in six she was sure to be offended at something said or not said. Pattie's presence made a change. Mrs. Cragg appeared to be under some slight restraint, and she was not quite so tart as usual; while Cragg had some one else to whom he could make remarks, which he found to be an advantage.

But when tea was ended, somebody called Cragg away, and Pattie was left alone with Mrs. Cragg.



"'So you've come?' said Mrs. Cragg, looking her up and down."-Page 124.

Mrs. Cragg eyed her curiously, expecting to see signs of embarrassment. There were not any. however. Pattie looked tired and sad, naturally enough; but she was not embarrassed.

"Shall I help to clear away the tea things?"

she asked. "I always did at home."

"Well, yes; you may as well, I suppose."

Pattie at once set to work, with light dexterous hands, which made no noise; and Mrs. Cragg idly watched her.

"What made you and your father come and live in this place?" she suddenly demanded.

A faint flush rose in answer.

"We were leaving our old home, and father wanted to live in a country place."

"What made you leave your home? Where was it? How long did you live there?"

" A great many years. Ever since I was quite a child."

"Then why should you have come away?"

" Father wished it."

"What for?" Mrs. Cragg was not troubled by delicate scruples when she wished to gain information.

"He had lost the work he used to do. There was no need for us to stay there any longer."

"What sort of work was it?"

"He was an accountant in a small bank-a branch bank."

"Where? And what was the name of the bank?" Pattie was silent.

"Where was it, I say?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you, Mrs. Cragg. Father wished me not to talk of those days to anybody. He told me so when first we came."

" What for?"

"We had trouble there. He had, I mean. He did not tell me all. Something or other was wrong. He had done nothing wrong. It was not that. It was something he could not help. And when we came away he said I was not to talk about our last home. So I would rather not, please."

"But if you live with us, child, we've a right to know. Why, dear me, what rubbish! How can I tell that you're a proper person to have in the house if you won't say more, or a nice companion for Dot? I never heard such rubbish in my life. Of course you've got to tell whatever we want to know. Your father might have been-anything-" as Pattie's quiet eyes gave a slight flash. "There mustn't be any mysteries. I shall just speak to Mr. Cragg.'

"I am afraid I cannot tell more," Pattie said gently. "I must do what father wished -even now."

"You've got to do what I wish, if you mean to stay in the house! That's certain."

"I must do what father wished," repeated Pattie.

"It isn't a question of what he wished now, but of what Mr. Cragg and I choose. If you're going to be here for a while, you've just got to be open and above-board. I can't abide secrets and mysteries. Don't you see, girl? Why, what do we know about you and your people? Haven't you got no other relations?"

"No: none."

"Nor any friends? It's they that ought to see after you. That's what I think."

"They don't know where I am. Father did not wish that they should. I am going to work for myself. As soon as possible I shall find something to do."

Mrs. Cragg tossed her head. "You look like it! Who'd take a bit of a girl like you for anything? If you have friends you ought to write to themnot expect to be taken care of by strangers. I never heard of such a way of going on in my life! Of course they'll want to know where you are. And if your father did anything wrong, they wouldn't--"

"My father did nothing wrong."

"They wouldn't visit it on you, at any rate," finished Mrs. Cragg. "You'd best tell me and Mr. Cragg all about it, and then we can advise you how to manage."

Pattie was silent.

"Well! D'you hear?" asked Mrs. Cragg sharply. "Yes. I am very sorry. I can't do as you

wish," Pattie answered, with a look of mingled resolution and distress.

"Can't do what?" asked Cragg, coming in.

"Who was that you went to see?" inquired his wife.

That turned Cragg's thoughts, and he asked no more. But Pattie knew that Mrs. Cragg would not let the matter drop easily.



efforts on the part of Mrs. Cragg, to find out Pattie's past history, did not begin quite so soon as Pattie had feared.

The greater part of a week passed, on the whole quietly. There were

many ways in which Pattie could make herself

useful, and she seldom overlooked them. Dot, from the first, became her abject slave, never content unless following her about; and Pattie could not have too much of Dot. The two were soon warmly devoted, each to the other. Cragg could almost have found it in his heart to be jealous when he saw how readily Dot would at any time quit him to go to Pattie. But he loved little Dot with too real a love not to be glad of anything that was for the child's good; and he knew that Pattie's influence would be for her good.

Mrs. Cragg very speedily did become jealous, just as she had always been jealous of the child's greater love for Cragg than for herself; but her love was of a lower and smaller nature. She liked to be first for her own sake; and that was the whole of the matter.

A few days after Pattie's coming to the house, young Waters called with a barrow full of goods, fished up out of the depth into which the building had sunk. No attempt had been made, or was likely to be made, to rescue aught from the greater depth, into which the main mass had poured; but a good many things had been brought up from the level where poor Dale himself had lain. Most of these were so hopelessly crushed and broken as to be worthless. This time, however, a small chest of drawers had been rescued, much damaged, yet with the drawers still full, and two boxes, one open, the other locked.

Mrs. Cragg scented a possible discovery on the instant. Mr. Cragg was away till dinner-time, and Pattie had started for a ramble with Dot, which was likely to keep her away at least another hour. So Mrs. Cragg felt safe. She had the things carried into an unoccupied room, told Waters to call again when her husband should be at home, and set herself to an examination of the articles. She was very anxious to find out something as to Pattie's past; and for this purpose she had already ransacked Pattie's room without avail. Here was a fresh chance.

The chest of drawers contained only clothes. Mrs. Cragg soon satisfied herself on this point. She rapidly pulled out the contents of each drawer in succession, returning the same with equal speed into the drawers. Then she turned her attention to the boxes.

The one which was open held only books. Mrs. Cragg glanced inside a few, to find upon the titlepages "J. Dale," or "Pattie Dale," nothing further. She would not waste more time in that direction. The other small box, very strongly made, was locked. Mrs. Cragg whipped out her bunch of keys and tried one after another upon it with eagerness. At first her efforts were useless; but all at once the lock yielded, a key turned, and the



"Mrs. Cragg pulled it up, and gazed inquisitively on the pile of papers within."—Page 127.

lid rose half an inch. Mrs. Cragg pulled it up, and gazed inquisitively upon the pile of papers within.

Across the top lay a large envelope, endorsed, "From Mr. Peterson," and at the head of the first letter inside it was an address, "Sunnyside, Southville, ——shire."

Mrs. Cragg looked hastily through the letter. It bore the date of three years earlier, and was very kind, even affectionate, begging Mr. Dale not to hurry back, but to take a few days' extra holiday, if he felt inclined. Mrs. Cragg put that down and opened another. Much the same in kind. A third and a fourth, later in date, still gave no information. Then she took up two or three more, and in the next she found a difference. Instead of "Dear Mr. Dale," it began "Dear Sir"; instead of "Yours sincerely," it ended "Yours faithfully"; and Mrs. Cragg's eyes fell on a sentence near the beginning,—

"Since you say that you have not done it, and declare yourself incapable of any such act, I can only reply that I sincerely wish things may be so. I have resolved not to prosecute, but it is impossible that I—"

The page ended here, and at this instant the opening of the front door awakened Mrs. Cragg to a sense of her position. She heard Dot's little shrill voice, and Pattie's softer tones asking somebody, "where was Mrs. Cragg?" In a moment they might come in.

Mrs. Cragg had no strong objections to her present position, from motives of truth and honour; but she did very much object to being found out, and she went hot and cold all over with fright.

There was no time to restore the letters to their envelope. thrust them loosely into the box, shut the lid, turned her key with some difficulty, drew it out, and dropped the bunch into her pocket. Then she whisked across the room to an old cheffonier in the farthest corner, and made believe to be busily hunting in a drawer.

"Ma-ma!" cried Dot's little voice, as the two came in; "Ma-ma, I'se had a clumble!"

"Jane said you were in here," Pattie added. "Dot fell down and hurt her leg, and

hurt her leg, and so I brought her straight home."

"And I didn't cly, ma-ma, not at all," protested Dot. "Pattie said I was blave. And my leg hurted — oh, evern so much."

"Oh!" Pattie's facechanged, as she saw the

chest of drawers and the boxes.

"Yes, those were brought by young Waters." Mrs. Cragg was too busy with her drawer to look Pattie in the face. "I told him to put them in here, and to come again to be paid. Rubbish mostly, I suppose. You'll have to see if any of them are worth keeping."

"Yes; thank you. I think I had better have them in my room."

"They'll lumber you up there."

"It doesn't matter. May I have something to put on Dot's leg?"

"How did she come to do such a stupid thing?"

"But I wasn't scupid, not one bit," declared
Dot in an injured tone. "It was a dreat scupid
dog what runned against me, and clumbled me
down."

Pattie devoted herself to displaying and doctoring the grazed little leg, Dot talking vigorously all the while, with a goodly amount of self-praise, on the score of her own courage. She was very proud of not having been betrayed into tears.

Presently she stumped off, anxious to display her lameness to others, and make the most of it, while Pattie stood looking thoughtfully at the two

boxes.

"That one's locked," remarked Mrs. Cragg, unable to resolve to let the matter alone.

"Yes, I know."
"What's in it?"
'I don't know.
It was father's.
He always kept it locked. I only know that he kept his papers there."

"You'll have to read them now, of course."

Pattie was silent.

"You'll have to read them all now," repeated the

other.

"I don't-know."

"Why, it's all yours now. Of course it is. Who's else could it be? Don't you understand? You'll find out in that box everything that your

father didn't tell you."

Mrs. Cragg had meant to awaken the girl's curiosity, but her words had a precisely opposite effect.

"Yes; perhaps. But I don't wish to find out anything that my father did not wish me to know—anything that he did not tell me," Pattie said gravely.

"Really! I never did see such a queer girl. Why, everybody reads other people's papers after they're dead."

"Do they? I am not sure that I shall. At any



""You'll find out in that box everything that your father didn't tell you.""—Page 128.

rate, I shall not yet—not in a hurry. I think I will wait."

"There might be something or other that wants attending to. You are a queer sort of girl. How do you know there isn't money inside?"

"Oh no; he would have told me that."

"I suppose you've got the key?"

"I have-his keys." Pattie's eyes were full.

"And you don't mean to unlock it? You don't mean even to see what is there?"

"Not just yet. I'll wait and think. I don't feel sure what I ought to do."

"Why, of course you ought to do what anybody else would do. As if it made any difference now—to him, I mean. Everybody does it always. The papers are yours, and you'll be expected to know what they are about."

Pattie moved towards the door.

"I should like to wait," she repeated gently. "It cannot matter to anybody except myself. I will have the things in my room—by-and-by."

"Well, I can only say I never came across such a girl!" declared Mrs. Cragg aloud, as Pattie went away.

(To be continued.)

"All Day with God."

AN EVENING HYMN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM RIDLEY, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.

HY love impatient for the dawn,
Bent o'er me sleeping as Thine own,
To treasure up my first-born thought
Of praise, and seal new blessings sought.

Waiting all day to closer twine My sinful heart, O Lord, with Thine, Thou art my Saviour, mine more dear As loved ones clung to disappear.

Night's shadows close around me now With shame and many a broken vow:

Metlakatla, Victoria, British Columbia.

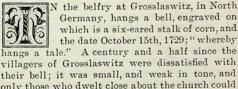
What but Thy blood can set me free? I plead it, Lord, and cling to Thee.

Freely forgiven my all I cast
This night on Thee. What if my last?
Thy favour's life; give me one glimpse—
Smile once again, O gracious Prince.

For memory sweet of saints at rest, For friends and helpers with the blest, I give Thee praise; and humbly plead Thy blood to meet the world's great need.

How we got our Church Bell.

BY THE REV GEORGE S. TYACK, B.A., AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT BELLS." *



their bell; it was small, and weak in tone, and only those who dwelt close about the church could hear its call to worship. But how to acquire a new bell was a question hard to answer. The village had no wealthy inhabitant or neighbour, and the sum total of all the peasants' "mites" came only to a small amount. But Gottfried Hayn, the schoolmaster, was a thoughtful man, who carried his eyes in his head, and knew that two and two make four, as a schoolmaster should.

One Sunday, as he was coming back from church, where, no doubt, some of his neighbours had arrived late, owing to the feeble summons of that pitiable bell, his eyes fell on a green shoot of corn springing up in the churchyard, from a seed dropped, no doubt, by some passing bird. This was a common enough sight, and to most people would have suggested nothing at all. But our

Gottfried could see beyond the end of his nose, and to folk endued with this unusual power, things sometimes take strange shapes; and Gottfried saw that that single stalk could bear within its ripening head a large church bell!

Carefully he watched it grow into a six-eared blade of corn, which in due time ripened into a strong golden stalk bearing its load of seeds. These seeds he gathered and planted in his own little plot of garden; and no farmer ever so rejoiced over the promise of his smiling acres as did our Gottfried over his tiny harvest. Again and again he planted all that the good Lord sent him in the increase of the grain, until his garden was far too small to hold it all. Now, therefore, he imparted his little plan to the farmers of the village, and they devoted a portion of their land to the growing of the wonderful crop. And at last, after only eight years of patient waiting and watching, the fruit of the six-eared shoot of corn was valuable enough to purchase the bell.

Whereby we learn many things, not the least among them being the usefulness of seeing at least a little beyond the end of one's nose.

Words for Workers; or, "Rest Awhile."

BY REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

"And Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."

—St. Mark vi. 31.

spake the greatest Worker of His age —of all ages. He said, "Rest awhile."

So spake the One who expects more from His disciples than any other master ever did. He said, "Rest awhile."

I thank God that Jesus said this to His disciples; for it lets us into His mind—"the mind of Christ"; it shows us a great principle of Christian life. Yes, I thank Him that He has furnished us with no less an Example than that of Himself, to encourage and delight us in every good work; especially when we have the opportunity of speaking words like these to any of His wearied servants. As the great Rest-Giver—our Example in everything—He bids us say to them, as He said, "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile."

I am not going to say a word about the duty—duty of helping others to rest who need it. I am not going to ask any man to give for this or any other purpose, because he ought to give. I am going to make no claims; I will show you what Jesus did, and what Jesus said, and I rest my large hopes for "the work of faith" and "the labour of love" in all ways and at all times on the influence and power of the simple Gospel of the Grace of God. When that is realized the sense of duty, which all must feel, will be merged in the constraint of love and willinghood, the desire to follow the Example of our Lord, and to walk in the blessed steps of His most holy life.

I would draw attention to some teachings which the gracious words of Jesus afford us about Himself, and some which they afford us about ourselves.

To gather up the teachings about our Lord Himself we must note exactly when and to whom He thus spake. It was to the Apostles He spake—men sent forth with small resources, with no money, nor scrip, nor bread; with only a staff in their hand; with an arduous task to do, and naught save His command to bear them through. Forth they went, preaching that men should repent, and working many gracious deeds. And now they come back, and gather themselves together unto Jesus, and tell Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught.

Then it was that Jesus told them to "come aside and rest awhile." When?—when they were in the full tide of success. When?—when much

had yet to be done, when work was pressing. When?—when His own interests seemed at stake, and all human ways of reason seemed to point to pushing their advantage to the uttermost, at any cost to flesh and blood.

Now mark how Jesus acts in this state of things; and what beautiful teachings there are about Him here.

Our Lord—the great Worker—the One who said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," takes a comprehensive view of the work and the agents of the work. He looks at it in all its bearings; and He is not carried away in the rush of success. He is very calm. The Apostle spake of great things done, and He says, "Pause—Rest."

And that is how Christ looks at all His work now. In the work itself He remembers the agents of it-its relation to them, and theirs to it. It is a blessed thing that we have a Master to serve who takes a comprehensive view of Christian work itself - who knows all its bearings, who sees something more about it than meets the common eye, who looks beneath the surface. He is one, moreover, who takes a particular view of the agents of the work. It is a part of the perfection of Christ as a Master that He can be comprehensive to the largest and particular to the most He recognised many things in His Apostles which mere man in the full tide of success would have not stopped to take account of. He knew that they were but flesh and blood: that the poor materials of human nature were easily overtasked: that they were not angels but men whom He had sent forth. And He knew how the flush of success was likely to carry away those frail souls in their frail bodies (for we can stand but little prosperity safely), and so He said, "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile."

It was all a token of the tender compassion of Christ. In a little while we have His compassion on the multitude, but here on the disciples—the workers together with Him. He thought of each according to their need—of the multitudes, for bread, of the wearied ones, for rest. Well, now, this gives us our message to the weary and the needy. What Jesus really says to us is, "Give Me to them—give Me as thou findest Me here." I am come to give them Rest.

Jesus, as it were, says, "Tell the people that I am no hard task-master: that I am the One that said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall

He not quench.' I am the One that said to the Apostles, 'Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile.'"

Alas! we often have hard thoughts of Jesus as if He would drive us, and over-drive us. We allow thoughts of what we think is duty—duty without love as its motive—to drive us; we look upon Him as a layer-on of burdens. Jesus says, "Tell the people that their Jesus is not thus."

He is no unwise or hard task-master. He is One who thinks about us in all He sets us to do in His Church, in our homes, in our own souls. Just as when His own hard work was over for awhile, and the devil left Him, and then angels came and ministered unto Him, so now He has ministrations of rest and refreshment for all who are tired in work; He will not lay on any one more than they are able to bear.

In our case Jesus is never deceived by appearances. In all strains on our bodies, and our feelings, and our intellects, let Jesus give you rest, and He will.

Is there not something inexpressibly reassuring and comforting in Jesus' thus speaking of rest?

Who knows how long and weary a way lies before him in life? Who knows how much bodily pain, or weakness—which it may be is worse than pain—we may have to bear? Who knows what hard strife of temptation, what a battle it may be sometimes even for bread? Is it not water of life to the soul to know that He whose providence sends us forth into these trials, in both providence and grace remembers Rest?

The humble disciple will never be overborne, never left without a rest. It may not be continuous rest here, but there "remaineth a rest"—"perfect rest above": and there is always rest "awhile" here. God knows that man is vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away. "Lord, what is man, that Thou takest knowledge of him? He is but vanity in himself." But his is the nature which Jesus took, and for that nature He thinks and He provides. He knows it is doomed in some of its many forms to toil; but He says, "I will give you rest." "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile."

Oh! my friends, how much we all need Rest. This is the age of unrest, competition, over-work. And what is to be got out of it after all—the shop, the counting-house, the study, the factory, all hotbeds for the intellect, or the nerves, or the sinews of strength, until men are ruining themselves and others too? There is a strong flavour of lunacy of the intellect in this—as to spiritual madness it is there outright. Men are like the prodigal, and need to "come to themselves." The body is being sacrificed in many cases to work; so is the soul; and so is social and family happiness. Why, Sunday is the only day of the week in which many a wife can say that she has a husband, and many a child a parent!

And what will be the end thereof? What will be got out of it at last? A few more pounds I grant to the prosperous to retire with, if they live to retire at all; a few more pounds to leave to those who, perhaps, will never thank them for it. Men are being done to death, not by God, but themselves! Nothing pays so badly, even to the successful, in the long run as over-work.

Have the courage, then, to refuse the work which you cannot do without robbing your wife and child of the best they have. Do any ask-"What is that?" It is, or ought to be, YOURSELF. Don't allow yourself to be driven through life, scourged by the hot lashes of people's opinion about how you live, and how much you have to spend, or whether you can spend as much as your neighbours; or by the insanity of wanting to die worth so much; or by any of the money madness of the present day. Be a husband to your wifebe a father to your children, be a just man to yourself, to your humanity, and to your spirituality-to your body and your soul, to yourself as God made you to live in this world, and as He wills that you should have leisure to prepare for the world to come.

Have the courage to "Rest." The One who commanded work commands rest. God has written "rest" in the darkness of the heavens. God has written "rest" in the winter of the earth. God has written "rest," if you could see it, even in the pauses of your own heart. God has written "rest" in the teachings of His Word. Jesus said unto them:—

"Come ye yourselves apart, and Rest awhile."

BE KIND.

BE kind to one another; Not to the good alone: E'en to the cold and selfish heart Let deeds of love be shown; So shall ye be His children, Who rains His gifts on all, And e'en upon the thankless ones Bids His bright sunbeams fall.

A. L. WESTCOMBE.

The wearied world hath need of thee.

Doth bitterness within abide?

Shut fast thy door, and hold the key.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

TRIVE with the wanderer from the better path, Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath; Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall, Have thine own faith, but hope and pray for all.

O. W. HOLMES.



A Trip to Killarney.

II. "IN THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG."

BY MRS. ORMAN COOPER, AUTHOR OF "WE WIVES," ETC., ETC.



(OE every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse. He is intent upon household matters. Fairies hover before him, and strew his path with flowers. He nears his ancient resi-

dence, and everything returns to its former state of magnificence. His castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house, are reproduced as in olden times. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake, may cross even the darkest parts dry-footed, and ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasure is concealed. But, before the sun has arisen, the O'Donoghue recrosses the waters and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle."

Our guide—that quaint, merry, ragged Celt—repeated this legend of Ross Castle in awed tones. We were gliding under Brickeen Bridge, looking towards sweet Innisfallen, and somehow the ancient story seemed a picture of our feelings. The O'Donoghue—or his modern equivalent—certainly rides on silvery mist and ushers visitors into a realm of wonderful beauty. He and his live under the quiet waters; for his voice one can fancy is still heard in the echoes of "Purple Mountain" and in the ripple of the Upper Lake.

It has often been asked which is the most beautiful of the Killarney Lakes. A distinguished visitor says:—"At every point we stop at we determine that that particular spot is the prettiest."

Personally, I think the circular basin of dark still waters in Coom-a-Dhino, or the Black Valley, are most vivid of all. Amidst silence and shadows these lakes of the red trout are gloominess personified. It was a hot, hazy day when we caught sight of them first, and the effect of their weird grandeur was akin to terror. Dissolved peaty matter makes these black tarns act as transparent mirrors. They give an idea of being lighted from below as well as from above.

Echoes from the "Eagle's Nest" (where still the lordly birds build untidy eyries, though robbed of their eggs and their young every June) are another of the wonders of Killarney. The sound is as near as possible in two sharps, DEFGAB, and is repeated at least seven times more or less perfectly. Our guide evoked the syren with a bugle: others discharge a toy cannon kept for the purpose.

Purple and black and emerald green! Bright blue waters, and wax-like arbutus blossoms! Fairy islands of rock and verdure, bounded by giant hills of ever varying hue! Such is Killarney.

But Killarney is more than this. There is nothing in nature—not even its fringe of Osmunda Regalis, its crown of myrtle, its ring of hills—so wonderful as the legends which cluster round every stone and crag and crevice.

To the peasantry, the legendary O'Donoghue, the Kings of Cashel, the McCuddy, still exist. Whenever thunder is heard over the Purple Mountains, St. Patrick, it is said, still flings himself into the waters of the Upper Lake when its surface is ruffled with wind.

Judging by their simple habits, inhabitants of the Isle of Destiny-ancient name for Irelandlive always in Tér-na-n-og, or the country of the Neither age nor infirmity can quench their playfulness, or cheerful spirit. But the girls are no longer beautiful. Spanish blood and a relaxing climate combine to produce more laziness than is met with anywhere else in the United Kingdom. No manufacture of any sort is carried on in Killarney, except the turning of a few white wooden articles from arbutus wood. The O'Donoghue certainly disappears under a mass of beggary. The Lakes are infested with beggars, touters, guides, and other annoyances. "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," has been bitterly said of this kingdom of Kerry.

Yet, fair-haired most of them—strange anachronism—these Spanish Celts are full of real Irish wit. St. Patrick did not succeed in banishing repartee with snakes and toads. Many an English visitor has gone away without hearing these pearls and diamonds fall from the Irish mouth. I gather up a

few and pass them on.

"May the Lord make yer heart as tender as yer toes," was the prayer breathed after a gouty old gentleman, of miserly habits, who was admiring the beauties of the Upper Lake.

"There is no first train, at all, at all!" The answer to a punctual traveller anxious not to miss it.

"They are all evenin' wans here."

"Yer heart's not as soft as the goods you sell," was the comment on a solitary piece of silver bestowed by a well-known tradesman, who had in vain been treated to a title!

There are some illusions that die hard in Killarney. We saw no picturesque, blue-hooded, short-skirted figures in the Gap of Dunloe, or near the Tore Cascade. Pipes were not universally smoked by both sexes as in Waterford and elsewhere. Despite Baedeker, half a crown can not secure the services of a guide over the Reeks. Never are the typical Irish more un-Irish than in this part of Kerry. Many of them have hair as golden as the sands of their native shores, and wear London-made garments of a fashion twenty years old.

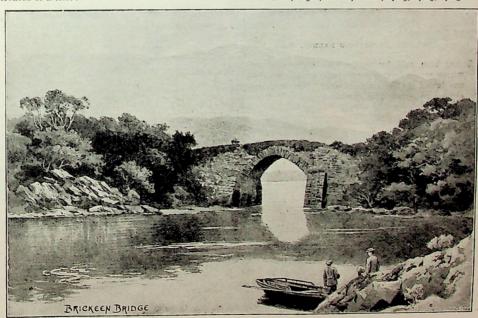
In fact, a danger is threatening Killarney more real and imminent than ever were the sloops of war surrounding Ross Castle. Original owners of the soil are doomed to extinction, along with illicit

whiskey and other manufactures.

We owe to Killarney many poems loved and cherished by us all. Moore's melodies linger round Innisfallen. He felt, as well as sang of its fairness. We do not quote his lines, they are too well-known: but, as a sonnet in "The Princess" owed its birth to the exquisite rhythmic beauty of these scenes, we close by penning the late Laureate's verse:—

"The splendour falls on Castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the Lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying,

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, farther going! O sweet and far from cliff and scar The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying: Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying,"



The Slaves of Chance. AN ENGINE OF NATIONAL DEMORALIZATION.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MADDEN, AUTHOR OF "DON'T BE A FOOL," "WHO'LL WIN?" "IT DOESN'T PAY," AND OTHER ADDRESSES TO YOUNG MEN.



From a Photograph by]

Messra Freiert & Fo

THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MADDEN, M.A.

Thas been said by an eminent statesman, one whose words bear thought and consideration—the late Lord Beaconsfield—that the organized system of betting and gambling in England is

"A VAST ENGINE OF NATIONAL DEMORALIZATION."
But those words were uttered many years ago. Since

But those words were uttered many years ago. Since then the machine has greatly increased in power and vastness; consequently the demoralization is greater.

Have we any adequate conception of the amount of horse-racing that is going on at the present time in England? I do not think even we who know something about this question have realized the hold that it has obtained upon the nation. For nine months in the year horse-racing takes place all over the country; for these forty weeks races are held every day in the week except Sunday, and men are betting on the results. There are more than fitty newspapers devoted to horse-racing and to sports of that description; and besides these nearly every daily paper has a prophet of the turf, or tipster, and gives up some portion of its columns to racing and betting news; while, added to this, the evening papers, to a greater

extent even than the morning journals, devote space to racing results and odds. We have in Liverpool (I expect the same is true of most large towns) special editions published of the evening papers called "sporting editions."

Remember that we are dealing with a vast organization: with something that is entrenched here in England, and that is supported, not only by the Press, not only by the "common" people who bet and gamble, but by a great social power behind them, by men in high positions, by men in leading positions in the State. Of course I am told that many of these men go to the Derby and elsewhere, and do not bet. It may be so; I cannot speak positively: but I am bound to say this—that if it were not for the countenance given to many of the races by persons in high social position, horse-racing would not be so popular, and the gambling spirit would not dominate the nation as it does at the present time.

It is not, however, the number of horse-races merely. We are dealing with a vast system of communication throughout the country; so that the boy in the village in the North of Scotland, and the miner down in Cornwall, and the factory lad up in Lancashire, can, through the telegraph, promptly obtain the results of races. This helps to increase the excitement, and to increased betting among the poorer classes.

This betting and gambling practice is demoralizing the nation in more ways than we think. It is

ANTAGONISTIC TO ALL THAT IS INDUSTRIOUS

in a man's life. When a youth takes to gambling he becomes a loafer in society. He becomes thriftless, because too frequently it is with him "easy come, easy go." His whole life, instead of being added to the moral strength of the nation, is a source of weakness to it; and he ceases to make for righteousness: for those who have any acquaintance with the racecourse know that it is frequented largely by the licentious, the intemperate, and other evil-doers.

I ask if this is a system that we—I do not say merely as Christian men, but we as patriotic men, we as men who try to live for righteousness and truth—if this is a system that we ought to countenance in any way? I appeal on behalf of the nation, and on behalf of the moral strength of England—whose strength does not lie in mighty armies or in great fleets, but in the righteousness and moral vigour of her people—and I say to every loyal lover of his country, Let us stand together, and let us do battle for God against this great evil.

Remember also that the nation is made up of individuals. Let us see therefore what is our part in this matter. This gambling spirit

DESTROYS THE MANHOOD OF MEN,

weakens their moral muscle, and drags them from their high and lofty position, as made and fashioned in the image of God. What constitutes the true man? His reason and His will. These are the marks which show that he has come from the Hand of God. We hear of the gambler's suicide. But long before that the man's reason had been paralysed; he had given up his intelligence, his judgment; given them up to be a mere nonentity. He had lived on mere chance—on the turn of a card, or the toss of a coin, or the result of a race. You cannot believe that it is a sane thing for a man to prostitute his intelligence before "Chance"?

HE THINKS RUSKIN IS A HORSE,

and wonders if Carlyle is a jockey; and you have to give him up as hopeless. His poor brain is befooled and befuddled with the tips of the tipsters, the prophecies of the prophets, and the odds on this horse and that. He thinks the whole world moves round a race-course, and that there is nothing else for young men to think of but a horse, or a jockey, or the "odds."

I am talking of what some of our young men know very well. You hear it in your office; you can get nothing else out of the fellow on the opposite side of the desk to you. In the north of England, where we used to think hard on politics and social questions,



THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

That is what I want every one to see.

This gambling spirit dethrones the reason, perverts the will; and the man becomes a slave to a cruel tyranny—a slave to the passion for gambling. He cannot drag himself away from the table at Monte Carlo; he cannot free himself from the fascination of the dice and cards; he cannot keep from the race-course—he is dominated by a spirit that has taken possession of his reason and his will. He ceases to be a true man; he ceases to have any marks of manhood about him.

I have come in contact with men who frequent race-courses, but could never get a quarter of an hour's intelligent conversation out of them. Try to get one of them to talk about Ruskin, or Carlyle, or anybody else of particular and worthy interest at the moment—he knows nothing of them.

we are so dominated by the betting spirit that we are losing our strong northern interest in imperial questions, international questions, and social questions. I tremble sometimes for the fate of our land. We used, in the north, to see our great halls packed to listen to men who spake for righteousness and truth. It cannot be done to-day. It is not that the people hear everything through the Press; it is that their thoughts are occupied on this sordid subject of betting.

Then again,

OUR GRAND ENGLISH SPORTS ARE BEING DEMORALIZED.

What is the meaning of the brutality that we hear about in the football field? What is the meaning of this rowdyism that is a disgrace to English sportsmen? This, I think—that behind the brutality and

the rowdyism is the fear of the losing of bets; and that men are often urged to do unmanly and unsportsmanlike things because they would win un-

fairly rather than not at all.

But besides destroying the intellectual manhood of our young men, gambling, as I have indicated, weakens and degenerates their moral muscle. How often have we seen betting and gambling allied to deceit, to falsehood, and to dishonesty? It causes men to misrepresent, to lie, to steal, and, as we know, to commit suicide in their extremity. It is something that we ought to speak against, to fight against; and if any young man who reads my words is involved in this practice, let me say most earnestly, have done with the evil thing now, and God will help you. Many of you in your daily sphere can help the young fellow by your side, can gain his confidence, and help to save him—to guide him aright, and de-

liver him out of the hands of this enemy of both mind and soul.

I want all to do their duty in this matter. Only let each, in the office, in the workshop, or wherever you are, say, "God helping me, I will aim and strive to be a centre of influence for righteousness, and an antagonist, with all the strength of my manhood, to this betting and gambling, and to everything that is corrupting, and defiling, and sinful."

That is what we want. "Fight the good fight of faith," go forth with spiritual weapons "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Be not afraid of this "evil spirit" of betting and gambling, supported though it be by social influence and a powerful Press. The command has come. The Captain of our Salvation says: "Be men of faith and duty; and you shall stand victorious on the field by

THE GRACE AND THE HELP OF GOD."

Why we eat Foreign Eggs.

BY ROBERT MAUDSLEY.

CHERI

Series that in another hour there will be signs that Cherbourg sleeps

with its business eye open.

Then it is that the night boat starts for Southampton. Nothing extraordinary in that, you say. Perhaps not. At Southampton another steamer is casting off from the wharves; the same hushed bustle and excitement, the same clanking of blocks,

II.

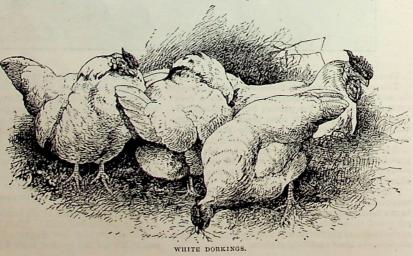
the same hiss of steam, the same throbbing of the engines apparent. are The difference lies under hatches. In the one steamer vou would find a number of long low wooden cases, carefully stored one above In another. each packed between layers of straw, are sixty dozen French eggs. In twenty-four hours they will be on the tea tables of hungry

Britishers, and sundry housewives will be feeling quite pleased that they have found a shop where eggs are sold so "wonderfully cheap."

"All fresh and new laid, my dear," says Mrs. John Bull. "None of your stale foreign eggs for me!"

So John cracks his egg, finds it quite milky, and gives it his unqualified approval. Little does he dream that that same egg was laid in a French henhouse less than two days before!

Occasionally, it is true, he may not be happy enough to break so good a specimen, and in this fact lies the opportunity of the home poultry-keepers. The thriving trade round Cherbourg is due to co-operation. Every week, and sometimes more frequently, the dealer's cart goes its round of the farms, collect-



ing eggs and poultry. There is no haggling over the price, no likelihood of the dealer being disappointed of his supply, no bad packing of which to make complaint.

sible trade co-operation he could not succeed if he did not thoroughly understand the art of keeping fowls. He pays the utmost attention to the selection of breeds. He knows which mature at the least cost, and which are the best laving strains. Above all,

> he knows how to feed the stock, how to add fresh breeds, how to keep the flock young and vigorous, and, perhaps most important of all factors of success, how to house his cocks and hens.

What Miss Harriet Martineau said years ago is equally pertinent today: "It becomes an interesting wonder every year why the rural cottagers of the United Kingdom do not rear fowls almost universally, seeing how little the cost would be, and how great the demand. We import many millions of eggs annually. Why should we import any? Wherever there is a cottage family living on potatoes or better fare, and grass growing anywhere near them, it would

and make nests of clean straw, and go in for a speculation in eggs and chicken. Seeds, worms, and insects go a great way in feeding poultry in such places, and then there are the small and refuse potatoes from the heap, and the outside cabbage leaves, and the scraps of all sorts. Very small purchases of broken rice (which is extremely cheap), inferior grain, and mixed meal, would do all else that is necessary. It is understood that the keeping of poultry is largely on the increase in the country

be worth while to nail up a little penthouse,

generally, and even among cottagers, but the prevailing idea is of competition as to breeds and specimens for the poultry yard, rather than of meeting the demand for eggs, and fowls for the table."

It is needless for me to attempt to give even a bare list of hints. Poultry books there are in abundance, but I fear they are not read. If they were, an improvement in the agricultural returns would be immediately apparent. Within the last year I have been asked by several poultry-keepers why their stock do so badly. In one case a damp, draughty hen-house; in another a wet, wired-in run, only visited by the sun in the height of summer; in another the great age of the poultry; in another the prevalence of disease, directly due to dirt; in another ignorance of rearing chicken; and lastly, in every case, bad feeding, contributed to failure. In a word, there are many poultry-keepers who do not deserve to succeed. That is why we eat foreign eggs!

OLD DERBY REAL GAME FOWLS.

In my first paper on this subject I referred mainly to poultry-keeping on a large scale, giving the experience of those who have succeeded in making the business pay. This month I want to emphasize the point that foreign ascendency in the egg and poultry trade is not to be put down to extensive operations on the part of capitalists. The small farmer, with his flock of thirty to fifty head, is systematically encouraged. He and his neighbours throughout the country-side are banded together. They are

farmers, the dealers admit that for the London

market they can make a larger margin of profit by

buying poultry and eggs from across the channel

Practice has made perfect. Despite

the cost of carriage, and the pay-

ment of a fair price to the French

than by purchasing them in Surrey.

not rivals intent upon under-selling each other, but partners with keen appreciation of the advantages to be obtained from union in trade.

But we must give the French farmer his due meed of praise. For years he has taken trouble to discover under what conditions of treatment he can ensure the best returns from his birds. His hen-houses are not kept up to provide "pocket-money for the women," but to bring in a steady income. With the best pos-

True Lobe:

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER VI.

HOPING AND WAITING.



AY had come, and suddenly the sun grew hot; the snow in three days vanished from the valley; anemones starred the grass, and the early steamers began to run. Life had awoke from its long

sleep; and unknown almost, certainly unbidden, hope then came back to Mitta's heart. She even went day by day down to the landing station, and watched the steamer come in—it was an old habit.

One evening as she stood there, she heard the cry, "Ammitta Loen," and looked hastily over the passengers. There were not many, but he whom she sought was not there; yet certainly she thought she had heard her own name, and in well-remembered tones. She was turning disappointed away, when she felt an arm thrown round her waist, and a kiss on her forehead.

"Lars!" she cried, and then looked swiftly back, thinking to see his brother following him; but to her intense disappointment, Eric was not there.

"Yes, Lars! Lars strong and well, my Mitta.

I knew you would be glad to see me."

"Yes, Lars, so I am; you look quite strong, and

can walk as well as before you fell with the hay.

Agdur and Kirstin will indeed be glad to see you.

We thought you or Eric would be coming soon.

Where is he, Lars?"

"He has gone back to America; perhaps, Mitta, you will not see him again in Gudvangen."

" No?"

"Not if what I think comes true, but I will talk

to you of that another day."

Poor Ammitta Loen! The sunshine turned pale; she heard no longer the clang of the cowbells, or the song of the birds; and the rushing of the river over its rocky bed sounded far away. Yet she walked on by Lars' side homewards, and answered all his questions in her usual quiet, low voice. Little Karen was the first to see them, and ran shouting to her grandmother. By the time the two reached the hamlet, all the neighbours were crowding out to meet Lars, shaking his hand and embracing him, and Aunt Kirstin weeping aloud for joy.

In the confusion, Mitta slipped away; and as she could not be alone in the cottage, she ran out behind, and unobserved climbed the mountain side. Once safely hidden behind a great grey rock, she burst into tears and wept bitterly. Eric not coming back to Gudvangen! That was all she could

think of. The blow was too heavy, now it had really fallen, to permit hope to raise her head.

For some time Mitta sat crushed, and then she began to think. She told herself she had expected this, or something like it, and that she would not blame her old playmate. Surely he had a right to marry whom he would, and to stay in England if he pleased. Only she would like to hear more of him. This at least Lars could tell her when they were alone; she would ask him where Eric was going to live, whom he was going to marry, and many other questions. The thought of this conversation somewhat consoled her; but she had to wait for her opportunity. The return of Lars to Gudvangen so straight and well was a marvel to the parish. The neighbours came bringing him presents, and inviting him to their houses. Hans Hansen made it an excuse to come down the pass the very next day with a cheese and some gifts of welcome.

From one farm to another Lars went for several days, being feasted and made



"The blow was too heavy, now it had really fallen."-Page 133.

much of at all. And the girls and young men went too, to give him a home welcome and to see each other. Lars felt himself a great man, and spoke of his experiences, and of all he had seen—of the riches and grandeur of England—with the air of a great traveller. He missed out all the sights of misery and want, such as he had never beheld in Norway, and also all the pain and weariness he had suffered, and gave the simple mountain folk the impression that in such a hospital as he, Lars, had been in, everything was pleasant, and prosperity awaited you with a welcome the moment you left its doors. Many a mother who had a sick child at home, sighed and longed to be in England.

To some of these gatherings Ammitta Loen was obliged to go, though the neighbours wondered at the sad face she brought. She used to listen to all Lars' talk; but he said very little of his brother: in fact, he was selfish. So as the days passed the girl's heart ached hungrily. Lars, too, began to be dissatisfied. The exuberance of his spirits was toning down, and he began to realize, in a dim kind of way, that he was farther off from Mitta than he had supposed himself to be. He therefore determined to speak to her at once. The doctor had promised to keep his place open for him for a month, but not longer, and half the time was already gone.

The English had come during the last week to the station in large numbers, and the women were busy washing for them, or helping at the two Inns. The lads and men were down there all day long, with their ponies and carioles and stolkjerres; and for hours the hamlet was left to the children and old women. Mitta was busy amongst the potatoes in her father's patch, and Lars came by and offered to help her. Both had at length found their opportunity. Mitta was the first to speak, for she was growing desperate.

"Lars, when you first came back, you said Eric might not come home again. Why is that?"

"No, my Mitta; I said if what happened that I wished, you might not see him in Gudvangen again."

"Well," cried Mitta sharply, "that means the same."

"Not as I mean it."

"Is he going to live in England, then?"

"I know not; but I am, and I hope you also."

Ammitta stared in surprise, but her mind was too full of one subject to give more than a passing thought to another.

"Did Eric send no message to me?" she asked at length in a low voice, turning away her head.

"Yes," said Lars eagerly, "he sent you a minde, and he said I was to give it to you from him."

Ammitta turned swiftly; the spade fell at her feet, her hands trembled, her cheeks glowed, and



"And who are you going to marry, Lars?"-Page 140.

her eyes burned. Had he really sent her the golden ring with the clasped hands? Was it, after all, for her?

Lars was carefully extracting from the inner pocket of his waistcoat a little wash-leather bag. "He did not buy you it himself, but he gave me the money, and said, 'Buy a minde for Mitta, and give her it from me.'" Then it was not the golden ring! Her heart sank down with disappointment, and she silently held out her hand. Lars placed in it a pretty silver watch with a silver chain attached.

Mitta gazed at it in astonishment; never had any Gudvangen girl had such a minde sent her before. A remembrance, indeed! Who could forget, when that little voice was for ever ticking, "I sent it"? She pressed it to her lips. "It lives, it speaks," she cried.

Lars smiled. "In England these are very common." And then he went on talking; but Mitta heard him not, she was utterly absorbed in her watch. She put the chain round her neck, and restored the watch and key to the little leather bag, and then hid it within the bosom of her bodice. She would not hide the chain; all the world should see it lying shining on her white

chemise; but the watch, its little voice should speak to her heart alone. She picked up her spade, and went on with her work, her face shining with happiness. Eric must love her to send this!

Lars touched her arm. "Then, my Mitta, you agree; I see it in thy face."

"Agree to what, Lars?"

"Well," cried Lars pettishly, "hast thou listened? Have I not been telling you that we must be married at once and go to England without delay, or I shall lose my place with the good doctor?"

"And who are you going to marry, Lars?"

"Now, Mitta, you are laughing at me! Who else but you, whom I have loved so long, and who loves me?"

This was indeed to be a morning of surprises to Ammitta Loen. She leaned on her spade, and stared in blank astonishment.

"I love you, Lars! No, I do not love you."

"Oh, Mitta, do not say so. Think how you used to sit by me for hours last year; how you used to talk to me, to play to me on your horn. You loved me then, when I was so ill: so you must do now, when I am well and strong, and going to be a rich man. You must love me; I have been sure of it so long."

"You were sure without good reason, Lars."

"But think of those days when I was ill; you loved me—yes, you did."

"I was sorry for you," the girl replied in her soft, low voice; and then she burst into tears and ran away home.

Lars was very grieved, and yet more angry. He had been so sure, so certain he should take Ammitta back to England as his wife, that he felt

now injured and unsettled by her refusal to meet his wishes. Yes, Lars was very angry; and the more he thought on Mitta's refusal, the more angry and the less grieved he became. He told himself all his plans were settled,-and then he asked himself, what right had she to upset them? He had loved her right well, and here she dared to tell him, that all the time she had only pitied him. Was he not worthy of love? Her pity had only deceived him! Another day he would assure himself he had acted nobly in going so far, and suffering so much to get cured. For had he not done it mostly for her sake? and she ought to be grateful. He almost wished he had never gone. No! hold! Not so. He was glad he was well and strong. Plenty of the girls about would be glad to have him now, if not Ammitta. He would let her see that others thought more highly of him.

And so, for the following week, he paid attention first to one girl and then to another; but Mitta never seemed to notice it at all. When she met him, she spoke kindly to him, and had a happy face. The dimples had come back to her cheeks and her merry laugh could be heard again, as she chased her brothers on their ponies up the pass. Little Karen again begged rides on her back, and Lisbet Loen said to Pehr,—

"Our Mitta is herself again; I feared she was going off in the green sickness, she has become so silent and weary all the winter. The summer air

has done her good."

"The good Lord keep her so," said old Ammitta.

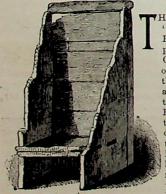
"She goes to the sæter with Margrit Jens datter on Monday, and that is ever the best place for a maid. It is not well for them to have too much pleasuring."

(To be continued.)

The Storp of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

VI. THE VENERABLE BEDE.



BEDE'S CHAIR.

THE story of the " Venerable Bede " is a bright page in the Church history of England. Not that Bede was another Aidan in the fulness of his Evangelistic teaching and the devotedness of his mission work. He was Roman in his sympathies so far as Romanism was then developed, and he was the quiet student rather than the energetic Apostolic worker. But there is abundant evidence that he had been greatly indebted to the influence of Celtic Christianity; and he was certainly free from the ambitious spirit and aims of the ecclesiastics sent over from Rome. He was, in fact, a devout scholar and student of Holy Scripture; and in the midst of rapidly advancing error he truly "walked with God."

The main incidents of his life may soon be told. When about seven years of age Bede was sent by his family, who were living a country life, to be educated in the new religious house of Wearmouth. Some time after another house was founded at Jarrow, and he was taken there. Here he remained for more than half a century. "My constant pleasure," he writes, "lay in learning, or teaching, or writing. I ever found it sweet—this still yet busy life." He sought no personal dignity: indeed, he declined to be

"abbot": he was little heard of in high places. But he was widely known as a distinguished and remarkable teacher; and a crowd of scholars flocked to him

from all parts to receive instruction.

It is difficult for us to estimate the need and the value of the great houses of study and of prayer, founded in the seventh and eighth centuries, of which Jarrow was a good example. The first religious houses must not, of course, be identified with the later monasteries: but the evils of the system of seclusion-going out of the world instead of living in it—were already becoming apparent. Bede was fully aware of this: and in a letter to Bishop Egbert, of York, dealt with the growing abuses with an unsparing hand. He felt that Evangelistic preaching and teaching work in the villages was being neglected, in great measure on account of the continuous services in the monastery. "There are many villages," he wrote, "in the hills and woods of our native land where a bishop has never been seen: and yet these neglected flocks are taxed to pay our bishops' dues."

Even the love of learning and art in these "religious houses" became a hindrance to spiritual effort: whilst the many services-seven daily-demanded by the austere rules of "St. Benedict," tended by their very monotony to deaden true missionary earnestness. Musical training and singing also occupied far too much precious time. So serious did this become, that the Council of Cloveshoe, in 747, ordered the expulsion from monasteries of harpists and musicians. Embroidery and needlework, and the needless study of Latin, equally absorbed the female communities: and "girls who had intended to devote their lives to what was termed 'religion,' were more truly trained for the life of the world." "The nuns," as Bede tells us, "were carried away by the love of dress." Even Aldhelm of Malmesbury writes with anger and sorrow of the luxury displayed by the abbesses and nuns in their dress, and by the clergy in their vestments. It was a sad but natural reaction from the unscriptural system of irrevocable yows, when the original mistaken impulse began to pass away.

The record of Bede's closing days, by one of his companions, is very touching and beautiful. There is not, as in the case of Cuthbert and others, one word of anything "miraculous" or "supernatural."

In the year 735, just two weeks before Easter, Bede felt the end was at hand: but he still insisted on gathering with his brethren at the oft-recurring meetings for prayer and song. His weakness increased, but he was "always joyous and happy—giving thanks to God every hour of the night and

day." He would stretch his arms out and pray, repearing now verses from St. Paul, or other Scriptures, now bits of poetry in the Engle tongue.

"Sometimes," continues the chronicler, "we wept and sometimes we read; but we never read without weeping. He thanked God with his own sweet touching grace for his sickness, and repeated the words of Ambrose—'I do not fear to die, for I have a good Master.'

"On the Tuesday before Ascension the breathing became more difficult. Still he would dictate to his pupils. 'Make haste,' he said, 'to learn, for I know not how long I may remain with you.'" What a motto for every Christian life—"Make haste!"

> "Make haste, O man, to live, For thou so soon must die."

"On the Wednesday his scribe said to him, 'There is yet one chapter of your translation of the Gospel of St. John still wanting: does it trouble you to be asked more questions?' 'It is no trouble,' he replied, 'but take your pen and write fast.' So the day wore on. In the evening the scribe went to him again. 'Dear Master,' he said, 'there is yet one sentence of the translation unwritten.' He answered, 'Write quickly.' Soon after the scribe laid down his pen. 'Now the sentence is finished.' 'You say truly it is finished,' murmured Bede. Then he sang for the last time, 'Glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' and breathed his last as he pronounced the last of the Divine Names, and so departed to the kingdom of heaven."

Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" is his true monument. It formed no small part of the literature of Alfred the Great. We must, of course, read it with some qualification, arising from the ecclesiastical clouds which were gathering over our Church from Rome: but it is still a prized book amongst all students of the past. It ought, however, to be especially noted that, although Bede relates in his "History" many strange tales, and not a few miracles, as in the case of Augustine, in which doubtless he believed himself, he never attaches any personal authority to them as an eye-witness. We imagine his feeling, in a superstitious age, was that of many who in our own day give a tacit consent to the "miracles and tales" of Rome, with the idea that they may, even if untrue, be useful amongst the uneducated. Archbishop Manning, we remember, acted on this principle of "doing evil that good might come," in declining to say, when asked, whether he believed or not in the so-called "miracles" at Knock, in Ireland: and if so, why there were no miracles in London?

"Tell it Out!"

HAT England owes to Missionarles.—It is too common a practice to separate the influence of Christianity from the influence of what is vaguely termed "progress." Such testimony as that borne the other day by Sir William M'Gregor would be, or should be, multiplied a hundredfold. "I regard missionaries," he says, "as indispensable to a country like New Guinea.

They are a necessary adjunct to the work of government. For instance, if a district is disturbed, I may go with a force of native police to the locality and inflict punishment on the natives, but the effect of such a lesson soon passes away. On the other hand, if a mission is established in the district, I find that the work of maintaining law and order becomes a comparatively easy matter."



A WET DAY AT THE ZOO.

The Doung Jolks' Page.

A WET DAY AT THE ZOO.



watch the raindrops trickle down from one's nose must be annoying even for His Majesty King There can be no manner of doubt what-Lion. ever that the spirits of the King and Queen of Beasts, in our picture, are thoroughly damped. They are grumbling and growling that wet days

come so often, and saying that they cannot remember a summer of so much rain. His Majesty thinks of the buns that might have been, and is positively miserable because there are so few visitors at the Zoo, and Her Majesty's temper is not improved by similar reflections. The pair of them pick out all the things that have gone wrong with them, and entirely forget the last fine day. The bone in the foreground is not more bare of comfort than the thoughts of the Royal mind.

The strange point is that we are fond of being just as miserable as the lions at the Zoo when the rain comes and spoils our plans. The lions never consider how the ducks, the geese, even the snails and the worms, must be revelling in the showers: never dream of the great rivers that threatened to dry up but for the pelting rain. And we are no wiser than the lions. We want the weather all our own way, but happily for the big wide world, happily for ourselves, we don't get our way.

Suppose you were really put in charge of the weather for a month, would you arrange for weeks of perpetual sun? If you did, deputations of cabmen, deputations of umbrella and macintosh makers, deputations of angry farmers, troops of geese and ducks, not to mention the worms and snails, would come round to you and be loud in their complaints. The water companies would threaten to cut off your supply of water, the town council would let the dust fly over the roads, and before long the flowers would fade, the grass burn up, and even the sea appear to be getting quite hot.

I fancy you would soon want to give up arranging the weather. Why, you could not satisfy the people in your own house! Perhaps after you had tried you might learn to be pleased with the wet as well as with the fine days, with the clouds as well as with the clear blue sky. You would remember when it poured cats and dogs how many must be pleased, and therefore make double efforts to be cheerful, and pleased with what gives other people happiness. You might remember before you complained that all weather is God's weather, that He knows best when rills and streams and rivers need replenishing, when the parched earth wants refreshment, when the flowers are thirsty. Let us then be full of praise to our Father when He sends "a joyful rain upon His inheritance" "to refresh it when it is dry to the great comfort of us," who, alas, too often forget to thank Him A.K.S. for the showers that water the earth.

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE TOY-BOOK.

THE Queen's favourite toy-book in early years was "Ellen; or, the Naughty Girl Reclaimed," with a series of figures that dress and undress. It was a book of the kind not unfamiliar in many nurseries even now, in which the lay figure of Ellen has a movable head, with cloak and dress. It was published in 1811, and consisted of a series of stanzas describing how the stubborn, naughty child was reclaimed into a good child by judicious firmness and kindness, but not before she had run away and joined the gipsies, who stripped her of her pretty dress and clothed her in rags.

GROWN-UP LAND.

- "GOOD morning, fair maid, with lashes brown: Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"
- "Oh, this way and that way-never a stop;
- 'Tis picking up stitches granny will drop,
 - 'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
- 'Tis learning that cross words never will pay ;
- 'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing away,
- 'Tis reading and playing, not wasting-the day;
- 'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown-
- Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town."
- "Just wait, my brave lad-one moment, I pray : Manhood Town lies where ?- Can you tell me the way?"
- "Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land:
- A bit with the head, a bit with the hand.
- 'Tis by climbing up the steep hill called Work,
- 'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, named Shirk :
- 'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
- 'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart :
- 'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down-
- Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.'

And the lad and the maiden ran hand in hand To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.

ANON.

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

In the autumn of 1836 the Princess Victoria and her governess entered a jeweller's shop. They were very plainly attired, and the shopman, who was busy attending to another young lady, thought they could wait.

The young lady was some time selecting a gold chain, but at last made her choice and asked the price. When it was named she said, "I cannot afford it," and decided upon a less costly one. Then the shopman turned to the Princess, who asked him if he knew the name of the purchaser.

"We are not in the habit of disclosing our customers' names to strangers, miss," was the answer.

At that moment a carriage drew up at the door. The shopman saw that the coachman wore the royal livery, and rushed to the door.

- "Is the Princess ready?" queried the footman.
- "Her Royal Highness has not called here."
- "Why, she's standing in the shop now," was the answer.

Crimson with confusion the shopman returned apologetically to the counter.

"Yes, yes," said the Princess. "Can I have the name of that young lady now?"

Of course it was forthcoming, and the Princess ordered the chain she refused as too expensive to be sent to her, with a message that the Princess Victoria wished her to accept it for her self-control in resisting the temptation of buying what she could not afford.

LITTLE THINGS.

Two little eyes to look to God, Two little ears to hear His Word. Two little feet to walk in His ways, Two hands to work for Him all my days: One little tongue to speak the truth, One little heart for Him in my youth-Take them, Lord Jesus, and let them be Always obedient and true to Thee.

Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

QUESTIONS.

- 1. XX HAT are the three things which our Lord said were necessary for the bringing forth of good fruit?
 2. Mention a tree that was named from the circumstances connected with it.

- 2. Mention a tree that was named from the circumstance connected with it.
 3. Give examples of the use of parables in the Old Testament.
 4. Mention a herb named by our Lord.
 5. When was faith for a time hindered by joy?
 6. Where is the mother of our Lord last mentioned in the Bible, and how was she engaged?
 7. What does the Bible say about envy?
 8. What is "Time" compared to in the Bible?

- 1. Matt. i. 5. ANSWERS (See APRIL No., p. 95).
- 2. Judg. viii. 2.
- 3. 1 Sam. xii. 17, 18.
- 4. Acts iii. 24; xiii. 20; Heb. xi. 32.
- 5. Judg. xi. 30, 31; Mark vi. 23; and 1 Sam xiv. 24, 39.
- 6. 1 Cor. xv. 33; Titus i. 12; Acts xvii. 23.
- 7. 1 Cor. v. 9; Col. iv. 16
- 8. Acts xx. 35.
- 9. Jude 14.

The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

HAVE a Care I—Be very careful how you criticise the effort of your child. The clipped wing never grows again.

Make it a matter of conscience never to mislead your

child; he is a traveller newly arrived from a strange country.

Respect the secrets of your children; never worry them to confide to you. Have patience and all will go well.

Allow your child, as his world widens, to have opinions of his own. Let him be a personality, not a mere echo.

Have faith in God for your sons and daughters. According to your faith so will it be unto you.

Make your home always home. Let it be the centre of attraction to your children. Let them feel drawn to you and to it, like the needle to the pole.

Naming the Baby.—Some of the names given to Chinese-girl babies are very pretty and poetic. If the child fixes its eyes on some agreeable object the name is considered found—"Lovely Cloud," "Scented Leaf," and so on. These names are dropped when the little girl reaches her seventh year, and a more pretentious literary appellation is chosen instead, though the immediate relations continue to call her by her first name.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

IND Your Eyes!—Engravers, watchmakers and all others who use the eyes constantly in their work, take extra care to preserve them by getting the best possible light by day, and using the best artificial light at night. The great army of readers are careless, and have, sooner or later, to pay

the penalty of their carelessness by giving up night work entirely, and sometimes reading itself, except at short intervals, and under the best conditions. All departures from common type, making the matter more difficult to take in, increase the danger. The magnitude of the physical labour of reading is not appreciated. A book of 500 pages, forty lines to the page, and fifty letters to the line, contains 1,000,000 letters, all of which the eye has to take in, identify, and combine each with its neighbour.

Yet many a reader will go through such a book in a day. The task is one he would shrink from if he should stop to measure it beforehand. The best positions and best lights, clear type, plain inks, with the best paper of yellowish tints, and abundant space between the lines, afford the best safeguards against harm.

When Man is Strongest.—The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline; our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer, and the following are given as the average figures for the white race. The "lifting power" of a youth of 17 years is 280 lbs.; in his 20th year this increases to 320 lbs.; and in the 30th and 31st years it reaches its height, 356 lbs. At the end of the 31st year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first. By the 40th year it has decreased 8 lbs.; and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the 50th year is reached, when the figure is 330 lbs.

Many Things.

ROWING Old.—Professor Max Müller, in the preface to his last volume, "Auld Lang Syne," has the following striking sentence:—"As we grow old it is our lot to lose our friends; but the friends we have lost are often nearer to us than those who remain. Will they never be quite near to us again? Stars meet stars after thousands of years, and are we not of more value than many a star?"

Great Men.—Have great men been mostly tall, short, or of medium height? According to Mr. Havelock Ellis, out of 311 men of genius, 142 have been tall, 125 short, while but 74 have been about the average height. These conclusions are borne out by results obtained independently by others—notably Mr. Bohannan, who collected data concerning over 1,000 American children, and found that the tall and the short were intellectually superior to those of medium height. And not only so, for the authors of "Word Portraits of Famous Writers" show that out of 116 famous

workers, forty were tall, twenty-four short, and only twenty of middle height. It should be added that 68 per cent of the general population are of medium stature. Clearly, then, the long and the short of it is good; and extremes meet in embracing genius.

A Cycling Note,—Mr. H. G. Wells has discovered one of the chief charms of cycling. He says:—"Its value is simply inestimable to nervous men, and I think all writers are more or less troubled with nerves. There's no time to think of anything when you are on the machine. It's all nonsense for people to say that they think out stories and things when they are cycling. It is just the simple fact that you are travelling so rapidly, and—however expert you may be—have to mind what you are doing, which drives away all possibility of thinking of work, and that is the joy of it. All the cobwebs get brushed away from the brain, and you return to your work really refreshed."

Points for the Temperance Platform.

Knocking Down and Building Up. there's nothing like beer; why, when I get home at night and have drunk a quart or two of ale, I feel as if I could knock a house down." "Ah," replied the other quietly, "but since I have been a teetotaler I have put two houses up, and that suits me much better."

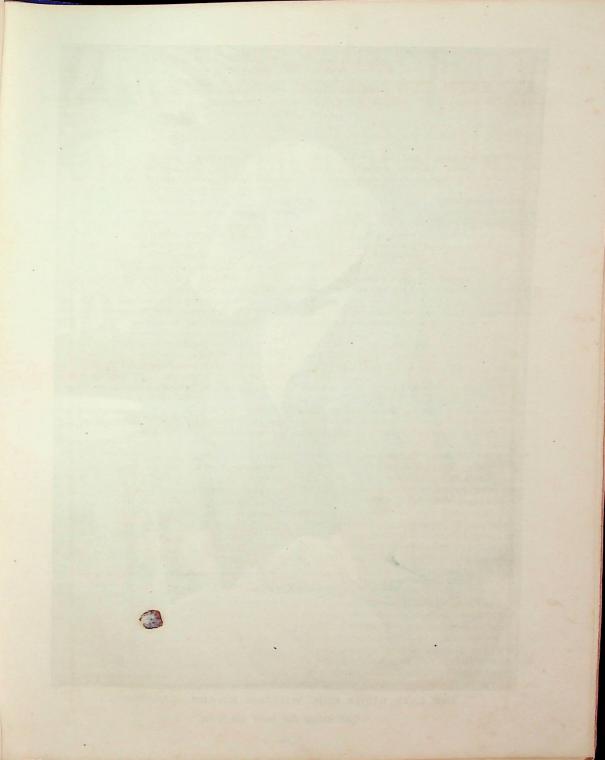
What is the Bill for Beer? An official document recently issued sets forth some remarkable figures of the quantity of beer quantity, it is stated, amounts to 17,700,000,000 litres or quarts. Of this amount 5,000,000,000 quarts are made in Germany; in Great Britain and Ireland, 4,790,000,000; in the United States, 3,200,000,000; and Austria-Hungary, 1,350,000,000; in France, 840,000,000; and All the Russias only 400,000,000 quarts.

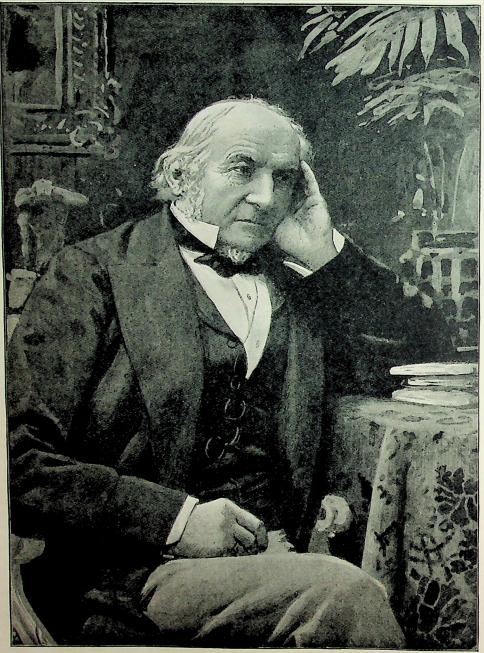
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ITH the cuckoo, we have everything in tune "in June." In other words, our half-yearly volumes are ready, price sixpence each. We need not recapitulate the contents of "Home Words" Midsummer Volume; it is simply six times as attractive as the present number. "Hand and Heart" and "The Day of Days" Volumes vie with one another; the former containing a large number of short tales and articles, notably a

series on the "Humours of a Clergyman's Life," and the latter serial tales by well-known writers, and special Sunday reading. For short and long holiday reading, the three volumes will be found admirable companions in spare half-hours, and sent on a journey to the colonies, they will be sixpenny snatches of sunshine from the old country.

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FOR HEART AND HEARTH

-+6655500--

Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT MR. PETERSON HAD SAID.

sentence which Mrs. Cragg had read haunted her.

Not that she was able to recall the precise words. Her eyes had run over the lines hastily, and the fright of Pattie's unexpected return had left confused impressions. She was, however, disposed rather to magnify than to minimize what had been written; and one portion of the sentence recurred clearly, "I have resolved not to prosecute."

Then there had been something for which this Mr. Peterson might have prosecuted Mr. Dale. Something so serious in its nature that Mr. Dale could have been had up in a court of justice, and possibly could even have been condemned to penal servitude. In which case Pattie would have been the child of a convict.

Mrs. Cragg leaped in a hurry to this conclusion, with very little to build upon. She found some gratification in it. Had she not taken a dislike to Mr. Dale at first sight? Had she not known by instinct that he was not a dependable person? Had she not warned Mr.

Cragg to have nothing to do with him? Here was proof of her sagacity.

No very decisive proof, after all, when she came to think it over. Mrs. Cragg did not for a moment doubt her own sagacity, or the correctness of her own hasty conclusions—people of hasty and shallow judgment seldom do—but she was aware that the reasons which satisfied herself might not satisfy everybody. They would not, for instance, satisfy her husband. So she became impatient for further proof. The idea of reading that letter through took hold of her, and she argued with herself that she had a right to do so. She and her husband were giving Pattie a home—at all events for a time—and if Pattie refused to answer questions as to her past history, Mrs. Cragg had a right to find out what she desired to know in some other way.

So Mrs. Cragg stated to herself. She did not feel inclined to state the same to Pattie; nor had she the smallest intention of being discovered in the act of reading a letter not her own. Her "rights" would doubtless wear a very different aspect at such a moment. She did, however,

privately intend to see the letter again.

After all, she argued, it was only fair to Pattie and to Pattie's father that she should do so. Now that the notion was in her head, she could not get rid of it; and she might be doing an injustice to an innocent man. The rest of the letter would, of course, either confirm or destroy her impression; therefore it was desirable that somehow or other she should manage to read it.

Whether Mrs. Cragg really believed this curious line of reasoning may fairly be doubted. She

said to herself that she did.

Difficulties thickened in the road, when she had made up her mind thus far. During several days Mrs. Cragg could find no safe opportunity for action. Dot was unable to go out, except for a turn up and down the road, on account of her leg; and Pattie seemed seldom to care to go alone. She was willing to undertake any slight errand for Mrs. Cragg, but she always came back quickly. Besides, so long as Dot was to the fore, Mrs. Cragg had to be cautious. Dot might be too lame for a walk, but she was not too lame to go stumping about the place, poking her sharp little nose into every room in

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succession. If Dot's keen eyes should detect her "ma-ma" in Pattie's room, Dot's high-pitched voice would cheerfully proclaim the fact to all the world. Mrs. Cragg preferred to avoid this. She wished it not to be known that she ever troubled herself to go inside Pattie's door. So she had no choice but to wait.

Dot's leg mended gradually; and at length a day came when it was decreed that she might venture on a good hour's ramble. Pattie was to

ta ke her; and Mrs. Cragg fixed on a time of the day when no one else would be about in that part of the house where she wished to secure half an hour's quiet. She saw them off the premises, waited for Dot's shrill little tones to die away in the distance, and then betook herself to Pattie's room. bolting the door inside.

The box of papers was no longer where it had first been placed, under a small table at the side of the room. Mrs. Cragg took a good look round, and went to the

cupboard, within which she at once descried it on the ground under some cardboard boxes.

"What nonsense to put it there!" said Mrs. Cragg.

The cardboard boxes had first to be carefully dislodged, and then her own key had to be fitted in the lock. It turned easily, and Mrs. Cragg, lifting the lid, drew out two or three letters, which she had laid loosely at the top at the time of her last attempt. As she did this, sudden terror sent all the blood from her face.

For Cragg's voice sounded just outside the room, calling.—

"Dora! My dear! Where are you?"

Mrs. Cragg dared not stir, even to restore the letters.

"My dear!" called Cragg again; and then—"Pattie! Pat—tie, where are you?"

He rapped at Pattie's door twice, tried to open it, and rapped a third time. Another step then became audible outside, and Mrs. Cragg turned

sick with fright. Could it be Pattie already? Somehow Mrs. Cragg's "rights" did not look quite so clear to her at that moment.

"Ann, where's
Mrs. Cragg?"
Then it was
only the girl;
not Pattie. A
revulsion of
relief swept
over Mrs. Cragg.

"I don't know, sir. I think she's gone out."

"And Miss Dale?"

"Oh, Miss Pattie's out with Dot."

"Does Miss Pattie always leave her door locked?"

"No, sir, she don't."

"You're sure Mrs. Cragg is out?"

"No, sir, I ain't sure. Only, she don't seem to be nowhere about."

"Well, when she comes in tell her I want to speak to her."

Then the voices ceased, but Mrs. Cragg could

not at once recover herself. The alarm had decided her to escape as soon as possible. She thrust the letters into her pocket, shut down the lid, and tried to turn the key. It would not lock so readily as it would unlock; but after several ineffectual struggles it gave way. Mrs. Cragg heard the click of the hasp with delight. She dropped the keys into her pocket, hastily lifted back the cardboard boxes, stood up, and listened. Steps again. Mrs. Cragg's heart went into her mouth. This time it was Pattie and Dot.



"You'm doing to dive me that dee-ar lickle sodger, Pattie?"

"Yes, darling. I'll get my purse, and I'll buy him for you."

"He's dot a yed coat on, Pattie."

"Such a grand red coat," echoed Pattie.

Mrs. Cragg's heart stood still. Pattie turned the handle, and the door refused to open.

"Why, it is locked! How funny!"

"Ma-ma doned it," Dot said promptly.

"Why should ma-ma lock it, Dot? How

funny!" repeated Pattie. "Something must be wrong with the door, I think. It seemed all right this morning. Well, never mind. I'll get you the red soldier by - andby, when I can have my purse. We'll take another little turn now, till ma-ma comes home, and then we'll tell her about the lock. Come, dear."

Again the voices ceased. Mrs. Cragg strained her hearing to listen. She heard the front door open and close; and then she slipped out, shutting the door behind her, and fleeing upstairs to her own room. She would not attempt at

once to read the letters in her possession, but tucked them away in an under pocket, and hurriedly donned her walking-things. On her way to the front door she encountered the girl.

"Please, 'm, Mr. Cragg wants to see yer."

"Where is he, Ann?"

"I dunno. He come all round, hunting for yer."

"Oh, well; I can go out that way."

"And he tried to get into Miss Pattie's room too, and he couldn't open the door. She was out, and the door was fastened."

"What on earth could it have been fastened

for?" asked Mrs. Cragg, trying to speak with indifference. She was conscious of failure, however, conscious of a very red face and a disquieted manner; and she saw, or thought she saw, that the girl eyed her curiously. She would very much have preferred to avoid an interview with her husband just then; but no doubt he would ask later if his message had been given, and she did not wish to arouse any spirit of inquiry. So she walked through the warehouse, sincerely hoping not to meet Cragg. Her hopes were vain,

for she came plump upon him. Cragg looked up at her abstracted ly, and then his gaze grew interested.

"Has anything happened, my dear?"

Mrs. Cragg tossed her head, and increased in redness.

"Anything happened! What should happen, I should like to know?"

"I thought you looked as if something was not right."

"Well, something isn't. I don't want to be kept here, wasting my time."

Mr. Cragg felt disposed to make a useless remark on the small amount of time thus

wasted. He refrained because it would be useless. "If you've anything to say, you can make haste. I want to go out."

"Ann told me you were out some time ago."

"That don't hinder me wanting to go again now." Mrs. Cragg flattered herself that she had avoided telling an untruth, not realizing the falsity of that little word "again."

"Where have you been?"

"I haven't been far; I'm going farther now. Anything else you want to know? I've got no time to waste."



"Cragg, with a hopeless gesture, thrust the bill into his pocket."-Page 150.

"My dear"—Cragg spoke nervously—"I want to show you this. I want to know if it really is yours, because if it is——"

He held up a bill before her eyes, and Mrs. Cragg

shoved it aside.

"Really, Mr. Cragg, I haven't got time for bills

this morning," she said.

"I'm afraid you'll have to find time. It's a bill 'rendered,' you see. No items given. You must have had it by you, unpaid, for some time. And not only that, but you will have to find the money too, if this sort of thing goes on. I cannot afford to meet such demands."

"Pooh, Mr. Cragg! A paltry fifteen pounds!

And everybody knows what you're worth."

"A good deal better than I know it myself, most likely. What are the fifteen pounds for?"

"How should I know? Whose is it? Wakeforth & Co.? I suppose it is my green velveteen

jacket, and-a few other things."

"Dora, you will have to make a change. I am not a rich man. My business has been less successful the last two years than it used to be. There are more rivals now, and younger men with newer methods. I cannot afford these unexpected demands."

"And you must needs go and build houses that tumble down in a week, and take up people that

aren't your own !"

"The first was a mistake; the second was a duty. I cannot afford to pay bills of this sort, my dear."

Mrs. Cragg walked away, and Cragg, with a hopeless gesture, thrust the bill into his pocket. What could he do?

Some hours later, in the course of that same day, Mrs. Cragg sat alone in her bedroom. She had taken the precaution to lock her door. Mr. Cragg was still busy in the warehouse, and Dot was safely occupied with Pattie. She had waited till now to examine the letters, and all three lay upon her knee.

The first of the three which she read was as follows:-

" DEAR DALE,-

"Will you come round this evening at eight? I have something of great importance to say. I hope from the bottom of my heart that it is nothing—that all will prove to be right. But I am yery uneasy. Pray come punctually.

"Yours sincerely,
"J. PETERSON."

The second letter bore a date some three or four days later.

" DEAR DALE,-

"I have gone into the matter very closely, making the most careful examination in every

possible quarter; and, grieved as I am to say such words, everything points the same way. No one except yourself has had the opportunity. The whole suspicion rests upon you, and upon you alone.

"I see no other possibility. If a loophole existed, no matter how improbable, I would give you the full benefit of the doubt; but absolutely none is to be found. What have you to say for yourself? Better far, from every point of view, that you should make a clean breast of the whole!

"Tell me that you have been in difficulties; that sudden temptation seized you; that your strength was inadequate to resist; that you have done wrongly, and repent—tell me so much, and I am ready to forgive. Make frank confession, and though I cannot retain you in your present post, I will see what can be done. I will do my best to give you a fair opportunity to retrieve your character. For the sake of your child, as well as for your own sake, I entreat you to confess all.

"Yours ever,
"J. Peterson."

The third letter was that which Mrs. Cragg had already glanced at. It ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,-

"I have received and read yours with the deepest concern, and there is now little more to be said.

"Unhappily, I am unable to feel as I could wish to do about your assurances. Everything points in the one direction, and I fear there is no doubt whatever of your guilt.

"Since you say that you have not done it, and declare yourself incapable of any such act, I can only reply that I sincerely wish things may be so. I have resolved not to prosecute, but it is impossible that I should keep you on in your old post. Much as I regret to have to dismiss you, after all these years that we have worked together, I have no choice.

"Your next quarter will be paid in advance; but I cannot ask you to come again to the counting-house, nor can I wish to see you again. It is a sad ending to so long a friendship. The loss of the money to me personally is a minor matter. If, by-and-by, you come to a different mind, and if you are willing to make full confession, you will find me ready to act the part of a friend, and forgiveness will await you. Not, of course, reinstatement. That is impossible, for the sake of others.

"I shall mention to no one the reason of your dismissal; but I fear that the matter will to some extent ooze out, through the various inquiries which it has been necessary to make.

"Yours faithfully,
"J. PETERSON."

CHAPTER X. DOT'S OPINION.



Y the bye. Pattie, were you out this morning at about half-past eleven?" Mr. Cragg put the question suddenly at tea - time, nothing leading up to it.

"Half - past eleven! Oh yes; just about then I took Dot out for a walk."

"I couldn't find Mrs. Cragg, so I tried to find you, and your door was

locked."

Mrs. Cragg writhed, conscious of a change of colour.

"Was it? Oh, I remember. I came back with Dot to get my purse, and I could not get in either. Somebody must have locked it by accident, or else the bolt may have slipped. It seemed all right a little later, when we came back again."

"You don't know who locked it, my dear?" Cragg noticed his wife's uncomfortable look.

"How should I know, pray?" demanded Mrs. Cragg sharply.

"Somebody probably knows," remarked Cragg composedly. "It might be you or any one."

"As if I ever troubled myself with Pattie's concerns! I'm much too busy."

"Pattie's concerns have to be attended to, like everybody else's concerns, now and then," Cragg said, with a kind look at the girl. Pattie was gazing earnestly at Mrs. Cragg, and did not see the look. A recollection had come to mind of finding her cupboard that afternoon in a somewhat disorganized state. Pattie was very neat, and she always knew exactly where each article in box, or drawer, or cupboard lay. She had supposed that the girl had been turning out her things for dusting purposes. But the discomforted expression and reddened colouring of Mrs. Cragg's face suggested something quite different. Pattie said nothing. She was lost in thought.

"Anyhow, I'll take a look at the lock, and see if it wants oiling," remarked Cragg. Pattie?"

"Thank you very much," Pattie answered, and the subject was dropped.

Now that Mrs. Cragg had gained the informa-

tion that she wanted, the question arose-what to do with it? She could not tell her husband what she had learnt, because she dared not tell him how she had learnt it. She dared not refer to Pattie's past in the presence of Pattie. The questions that she had meant to put to Pattie became impossible, in the face of her own secret knowledge. She had small command of feature, and she knew that at any moment her face might betrav her.

It was disgusting, she said to herself. To think of a girl, who might have been a convict's daughter, but for the forbearance of this Mr. Peterson, actually fondling and petting Dot half the day; actually sitting at their table; actually being called "Miss Pattie" by the girl-for upon that Mr. Cragg had insisted. The whole thing was

really too bad, was quite unendurable.

The weight of these thoughts made Mrs. Cragg additionally unpleasant to Pattie; and Pattie noticed the fact with some quiet wonder. She supposed that Mrs. Cragg was growing tired of her presence in the house, and she began to cast about in her mind where to look for work. When she consulted Cragg he put the matter aside, and said, "No hurry yet awhile." But Pattie did not feel disposed to fall in with this view of the question.

Pattie's was not a suspicious temperament. Although the idea had flashed across her, in connection with Mrs. Cragg's look, and with the fact of her disturbed cupboard, that Mrs. Cragg might have been examining something in her room, and might have locked the door, she had not encouraged the notion, but had done her best to dismiss it altogether. Pattie had a great horror of suspecting any one falsely.

That she would sooner or later leave the Craggs, and go out to make her own way in the world, was a settled matter in her mind, though she knew that it might not be possible for a little while. When that time should come, her great trouble would be having to say good-bye to little Dot. Dot had twisted herself in and out with Pattie's heart-strings, and life apart from Dot wore already a forlorn aspect.

On Sunday afternoon Dot was always supposed to be in Mrs. Cragg's charge, while Dot's nurserymaid went to church. Of late, being with her mother had really meant being with Pattie. Next Sunday Mrs. Cragg, having eaten an unusually heavy dinner, was, or appeared to be, particularly sleepy at that time; and she sat nodding drowsily on the sofa.

The sleepiness was partly put on, for Mrs. Cragg was really thinking. She had not yet restored the three letters to their box in Pattie's cupboard, and she was growing anxious to do so. If she could not restore them soon, she would have

to burn them, for fear of some accidental discovery; but that she was reluctant to do, for more reasons than one,—by no means primarily for Pattie's sake. There had been some talk of letting Dot go to the children's service with Pattie, and Mrs. Cragg presently asked, with a yawn.—

"Are you going to take Dot to church?"

"Dot would like it very much, if I may."

"I don't care if you do. You'll have to be in good time. And Dot must sit still."

"Dot will behave like a mouse. Oh yes, we will go early. It is too soon yet: The bells won't begin for some time."

"Tell me that tory adain," begged Dot. "About

wicked naughty Gazi."

"But you know that story quite well, Dot. Suppose you tell it to me instead."

Dot pulled herself upright, and assumed a

solemn air.

"Gazi was a naughty wicked tory-teller," she said. "Tory-tellers am always wicked. And when Lijah asked him, 'Where'd he'd been and wented to?' Gazi said he'd not been wented to nowhere. And then he got all twite whited all over him."

"But he had been somewhere, hadn't he?"

"Oh,—m-yes,—he'd been and wented after that other man, what was made well. He was naughty, too, only he didn't tell no tories, and then he was good. And he wanted for to give Lijah fings,—lots and logs of fings, and nice focks and ever so much pennies. And Lijah wouldn't have nofink; 'n so Gazi thoughted he'd go an' get somefink nice. And he wented and telled a lot of big tories—big big tories," repeated Dot impressively. "And so he gotted all white, all over hims."

"That was his punishment, wasn't it?"

"Him's punishment," repeated Dot.

"Dot, you don't mean ever to tell stories, do you?"

Dot shook her head vehemently. "'Cause I'd get all white."

"I think if you told stories, you would have to be punished in some way. It might not be in the same way as Gehazi. But God is our Father,

you know, and a Father has to punish his little children when they are naughty, so as to make them learn to be good. You don't want to be naughty, do you, and to make God sorry?"

Another shake. "Does drown-up peoples ever'n tell tories now?"

"Sometimes, I'm afraid."

" Does ma-ma?"

"Hush, Dot. You must never ask such silly questions as that. The question that you have to ask is, 'Does Dot?'"

Dot was not easily turned from her purpose. She said in a very loud and clear whisper,—"I know twite well when ma-ma telled a wicked tory. When she saided she was out and she wasn't. 'Cause she was in your room, own Pattie darlin'."

Pattie was startled. "No, Dot, no. You are talking nonsense. Hush."

Dot spoke more energetically, running her words together. "I not spawking nonsense. Ma-ma was in, and she saided she was out. Ann telled me. 'Cause Ann saw ma-ma come out."

Mrs. Cragg sat up with a jerk.

"Really, Pattie, if you encourage the child in that sort of impertinence, I shall have—I think the less you're with her, the better for Dot. She is growing insufferable; and it is all your fault."

Pattie met the angry gaze quietly. "I am not encouraging Dot indeed," she said.

"Ma-ma angly," remarked Dot.

"If I hear any more such impertinence—mind, Dot, I mean what I say—if you say such things again, I shan't let you be with Pattie. So you'd better take care."

Dot hung her head, and tears came to her eyes.

"I am sure Dot did not mean to be rude, did you, Dot?" asked Pattie, even while it flashed through her that Mrs. Cragg had made no attempt to deny the truth of Dot's assertions. But then, perhaps Mrs. Cragg did not think it worth while. "Come, I think it is time for us to get ready for church. If I take you, will you be a good girl?"

"Vely dood," Dot declared cheerfully, restored to her usual spirits, and the two went off together.

Mrs. Cragg remained gloomily behind.

(To be continued.)

LENDING A HAND.

HE following story of Mr. Gladstone is told by a Sunderland correspondent. Years ago (he says) I was in Hawarden, and in talking to an old man, who said he was older than Mr. Gladstone by a year or two, he told me he knew Mr. Gladstone since a few days after he was married. This old man in his younger days used to carry pig-iron from a ship or boat to a foundry some miles distant. He had a hill to go up, and he had to put his shoulder to the

wheel. One day Mr. Gladstone was going up the hill, and he too put his shoulder to the wheel until he got to the top. The man rested his horse at the top of the hill, and an old man breaking stones said, "Do you know who that was who put his shoulder to the wheel?" The carter said, "No." "Well, that is Miss Catherine's husband," was the reply. How happy it would make the world if every one would "lend a hand"!

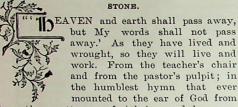


"The two went off together to the Children's Service."—Page 152.

"Thy Word is Truth."

XI. THE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM EWART GLAD-STONE.



beneath a cottage roof, 'their sound has gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.'

"Nor thus alone, but in a thousand silent and unsuspected forms will they unweariedly prosecute their holy office. Who doubts that, times without number, particular portions of Scripture find their way to the human soul as if embassies from on high, each with its own commission of comfort, of guidance, or of warning? crisis, what trouble, what perplexity of life has failed or can fail to draw from this inexhaustible treasure-house its proper supply? What profession, what position, is not daily and hourly enriched by these words, which repetition never weakens, which carry with them now, as in the days of their first utterance, the freshness of youth and immortality? When the solitary student opens all his heart to drink them in, they will reward his toil.

"And in forms yet more hidden and withdrawn, in the retirement of the chamber, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death, the Bible will be there, its several words how often winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold, to invigorate and stir. Nay, more, perhaps, than this; amid the crowds of the court, or the forum, or the street, or the market-place, when every thought of every soul seems to be set upon the excitement of ambition, or of business, or of pleasure, there too, even there, the still small voice of the Holy Bible will be heard, and the soul, aided by some blessed word, may find wings like a dove, may flee away and be at rest."

[We quote this extract from a preface to an American work on Bible History, written a year or two since by Mr. Gladstone, on the authority of the Bible as the Divine Revelation of Truth—"the impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." We have seldom read anything more striking and practical, or more truly eloquent, than this expression of the heart's best feelings as to the precious inheritance we possess in the Word of God. Mr. Glad-

stone thus confirmed the experience of the wisest of men in all ages, who have studied or digged into the Bible as the miner digs beneath the soil for gold. They have found its treasures unsearchable—inexhaustible.

And as in life so in death his own feet were firmly planted on "the impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." When the evening shadows gathered "in the retirement of his home, in the stillness of the night season, upon the bed of sickness, and in the face of death," the words of the Divine Book were "winged with their several and special messages, to heal and to soothe, to uplift and uphold," until the soul, aided still by some blessed word of "the still small voice" of Bible truth, "found wings like a dove, and fled away and is at rest."]

XII. TRUE COMFORT.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. KITTO, M.A., HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.

"Though I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

There is my comfort, there is my security, there is my peace.

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see."

For He who appoints the duties will bestow the power to fulfil them; and even in the day of trial or suffering, if He sends it, He will be very near us to cheer us with His presence, to support us with His strength, to give us "a happy issue out of all our afflictions."

"Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Can God's love change? Never. Can He forsake us? Never.

Can He forget us? Never.

Oh! that we may be able to trust Him, and so find peace and calm and rest.

"Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt."

Happy they who, amidst all the experiences of an ever-changing life, are able thus to shelter in the arms of Everlasting Love.

XIII. PRAYER.

BY THE REV. CANON M'CORMICK, RECTOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY.

THE best of all aids to devotion is a knowledge of the Bible. We may pray the prayers of David,

or Hosea, or St. Paul, or of saints who composed and used our own or other Liturgies, or we may speak as God has taught us-as children, at best as foolish children, to their Father-but whatever may be the nature of our words or conduct on our private devotions, they should always be characterized by candour, whole - heartedness, humility, reverence, and simple but firm faith in God and His promises.

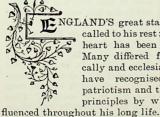
Some of our Lord's personal prayers were simply quotations from the Old Testament. Thousands of saints have found in the Psalms the very words in which they could express their wants, hopes, fears, joys before God. In the fourteenth chapter of Hosea penitent backsliders are told what to say in returning to Him Whom they have dishonoured. How very kind and gracious our Blessed Lord was in teaching us to pray! What a tremendous argument we can use when we repeat the Prayer He has given us, with all our hearts and minds, and remind our Heavenly Father of the fact that the words are the words of His own beloved Son, with which He is sure to be well pleased!

St. Paul was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and by precept, example, and words, he is of incalculable service to us. He lays it down as a principle that in our approaches to God, we are, at best, ignorant, and need help; but he points out that assistance is ever at hand-"The Spirit helpeth our infirmities." He condemns senseless prayers - prayers without the understandingprayers in an unknown tongue - prayers not offered in the Spirit. By so doing, he repeats the caution of our Lord against vain repetitions and guards against formalism. And yet, though we are ignorant, and though we are ever beset by a tendency to formalism, he urges the necessity of cultivating the habit of prayer, to what some might think excess-" pray without ceasing "-" I will that men pray everywhere." "Continue in prayer "-once more, using a peculiar expression, "praying always with all prayer." Of course the real meaning is, that we should always and everywhere be ready for prayer as the bird, though not always on the wing, is always ready for flight at the slightest alarm. He also alludes to the practice of self-denial in that which is lawful, in order that the spirit may be in a frame for prayer and time may be given to it. All duties and lawful pleasures and customs are, he teaches, sanctified by the Word of God and prayer. And prayer with him is not to be offered and forgotten, but there is to be a thankful anticipation of, and watching for, a gracious answer.

In Memoriam:

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.



GLAND'S great statesman has been called to his rest: and the nation's heart has been deeply touched. Many differed from him politically and ecclesiastically, but all have recognised his genuine patriotism and the high religious principles by which he was in-

We cannot now attempt any fitting biographical tribute to his memory: but the noblest tribute is the fact that he adopted as the standard of rule, in public as in private life, the Christian ideal of right and wrong. His parting public words at Bournemouth, when he had learned for the first time that the end was nearing-" God bless the land we love"-might have been the motto of his life.

Most of us are familiar with his repeated testimonies to the value of the Day of Rest as one of God's most needed gifts in a world of labour and toil: and the deeper truths of Religion again and again found the clearest expression from him, both verbal and written.

Memory recalls an address given by him more than twenty years ago at Greenwich, at an educational gathering, when words were uttered by him

which, as reported at the time, we have since preserved, and regard as a testimony which we hope will not soon be forgotten. Referring to the limitations of his address to educational topics, Mr. Gladstone said :-

"Were it otherwise, and were I asked by any present what is the remedy for the deepest sorrows of the human heart-what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions-I must point him to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called 'The Old, Old Story,' told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind."

We remember there were two or three indications of disapproval of the introduction of even this brief and noble expression of Christian faith: but we are quite sure none will be slow now to appreciate Mr. Gladstone's testimony, and all will rejoice to know that in the evening of life he himself abundantly realized the Divine "remedy" and the Divine "comfort" for the "deepest sorrows of the human heart" in "the Old, Old Story" in "the Old, Old Book."



Photograph by

ORIEL BILL, OXFORD.

[JAMES SOAME, Oxford.

Some Ugly Dogs.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERT BROWN.



Oxford it is not long before you learn the beauty of ugliness. "A thing of beauty," says Keats, "is a joy for ever." No doubt the poet may have mentally added that there is also a joy,

for a time at least, in downright ugliness. There is joy for instance in being the owner of a bull-dog, and no one could call even Oriel Bill exactly beautiful. Look at his photograph above, as he appears in his master's college cap and gown, and you will admit his cleverness.

I recollect, on one occasion, finding myself in a railway carriage with a miner. When I entered it had struck me that he seemed to be hugging something under his coat. When we had steamed out of the station, he produced a small mongrel. I showed my interest.

"Now, aren't he a real little beauty, sir?" remarked the man.

I tried to make a noncommittal sort of reply. The little creature was all skin and bone; its coat "out at elbows," its general appearance woe-begone

"He's not—not very well, is he?" I ventured.

"You've bin an' guessed it, sir, right away," he answered huskily. Then with something like defiance in his tone: "This little dawg's lived with me, and bin with me day and night since he were born. Up to work he's come with me reg'lar as can be. Think I'm going to let him die in his muzzle, a-tryin to lick my hand thro' them ugly bars!"

I saw the glassy eyes of the mongrel look up in the miner's face with indescribable fidelity and love. Yes, love—and it is just that love which makes ugliness beautiful.

Some people think that cleverness may make up for a lack of good looks. I do not think it ever does in real life, and certainly not in dog life, unless the owner has a good heart as well.

Oriel Bill, when I knew him, had a heart big enough to love all Oxford. He made more friends that you or I are likely to have if we live to be a hundred. And yet it was not easy for him to be sociable. Dogs are not allowed in the quads and courts of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; nor is a man permitted to bring canine friends into his rooms. Bill, however, like the miner's

mongrel, was often smuggled inside the gates surreptitiously, and fully appreciated the pleasure of breaking college law.

In one summer term I remember a certain college porter came to me to complain that an undergraduate persisted in keeping a dog in his rooms. I was walking round the quadrangle at the time, and was inclined to treat the information lightly. Suddenly a loud barking came from some rooms on the first floor above my head.

"There it is again!" exclaimed the porter, making a dash for the staircase.

I followed with more dignity. Once again as I mounted the stone steps I heard the barks, and a

scuffle, as though a dog were jumping for biscuit. Then I overheard this colloquy.

"Mr. Dawson! the Dean's compliments, and he wishes to know if you have a dog here!"

"Really, Barnes, I must complain to the Dean that I cannot work with such constant interruption," was the answer.

"You must let me in, sir; the Dean is below, and has heard the dog barking."

This evidently produced an effect.

"If I do not pass 'Mods' (his next examination) the Dean will know the reason why."

The "sported" door was undone, and the porter entered triumphantly. There were three other undergraduates in the owner's room.

"You wanted something," suggested Dawson sweetly.

"The dog, sir! where is it? It must be turned out of the college at once."

"You must look for it, Barnes—under the sofa, or in the cupboard, or even up the chimney. I am sure the Dean would like you to search."

At this moment I reached the room. It was time to rescue Barnes from his persecutors. I believe I am a popular Dean; at all events I think I dealt with this little escapade satisfactorily.

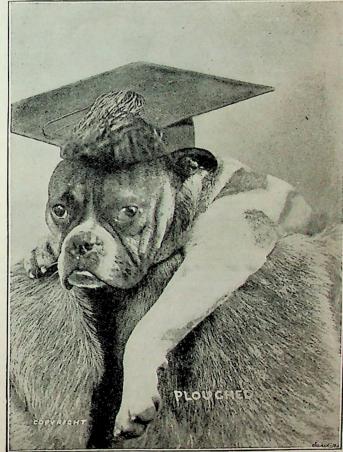
"Thank you, Mr Dawson," I said as I entered. "I will conduct the investigation myself. Will you kindly come round to my rooms to-morrow at 8.30, and explain why you have wasted the time of a college servant by mimicking a dog. I shall be breakfasting at that time. Your work, no doubt, now demands your attention."

Only one ugly dog do I recollect who acted in ugly fashion. On second thoughts I must admit that his owner may have thought his conduct most exemplary. I was abroad at the time, at Lauterbrunnen. Walking through the village I came upon a small cart, to which two dogs were harnessed. They were both lying down in the sun. Having an affection for everything canine, I went up to pat one of the pair - a meek-faced, lazy-looking dog, of by no means prepossessing appearance. Before I had time to touch him he made a sudden snap for my hand, and a tooth

touched my finger. In a moment both dogs were on their feet, barking, and dragging the cart after them in my direction. With no stick with which to defend myself I had to retreat. But down the narrow road came the cart rattling after me, the dogs transformed from meekness to the most savage ferocity. Happily for me the cart overturned, and I effected my escape.

Ugly and beautiful, small and great, it is best to let sleeping dogs lie; and I admit that I deserved all the laughs from my friends that greeted this episode. It is not often that they have seen an Oxford don take to his heels. But now that my indignation has had time to cool, I cannot but admit that the dogs, ugly though they were, did their duty.

[Our striking photographs of Oriel Bill represent him first after succeeding in his examination, and second after failure.—The Editor.]



Photograph by]

ORIEL BILL, OXFORD.

JAMES SOAME, Oxford.



BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

THE VILLAGE STORY-TELLER.

HERE is a great change in the teachers both of Day and of Sunday Schools. No doubt the change is, upon the whole, for the better. Teaching is much more a science. Knowledge is fuller, power to impart it greater on the part of

teachers in Elementary Schools than was the case forty or fifty years ago.

Yet there were good, enthusiastic, and not by any means ignorant teachers to be found then. One of my earliest recollections is of being present at a sort of show day in an Elementary School at our market town. I sat by with wonder whilst the sharp lads of my own age answered questions in mental arithmetic, geography, grammar. My cheeks were hot with shame when some kind person wanted to know whether I could answer such questions. Of course I could not. I had not been taught in the same way. I have some reason to think that there had been very careful drill and preparation for the occasion, and that not a few of the questions answered so readily had been gone

over a good many times before—for the master himself was the examiner.

In our own Village School, built under my father's auspices, with no little expenditure of thought, time, and money, the Schoolmaster was a personage of importance. The candidates for the appointment were many.

One tall, thin, lanky, lame, odd-looking person, who was my idea of Scott's Dominie Sampson as to appearance, was very wrath with my father because he was not appointed. I can hear him now, in imagination, loudly pressing his claims. "I know Latin, I tell ye. What's 'digitalis'? D'ye think I don't know? May-be ye don't know yourself, tho' you are a parson. Why, it means foxglove—that's what it means. You put me on in Cornelius Nepos and see if I can't construe it."

As knowledge of Latin was not needed, even if the poor man could have construed that book (which in older days was the first Latin book given to boys to construe) it would not have proved his fitness for the post he sought.



IN SCHOOL TO-DAY.

But he could not.

How I chuckled when, by way of curiosity, my father tried him, and the poor fellow failed com-

pletely.

The energetic little man who received the appointment was entirely selftaught. But he had great enthusiasm, and I believe did his work well: though hardly in such a way as to have satisfied Her Majesty's Inspector, had there been one then to trouble the peace of parson, parish, and pedagogue. He maltreated letter h in the most terrible fashion. His reading of hymns was extremely emphatic, but trying to persons who had a sense of the ludicrous. "Hevery heye shall now be-old im," he would give out in majestic manner. How girls were taught sewing then I can't remember: but I know the master was a bachelor.

His successor I remember with gratitude. He was an earnest Christian. He taught us at the Vicarage in an

evening: and though his main duty was to teach arithmetic and writing, he certainly gave us Scripture lessons, in which I for one took the deepest interest. But I expect he was too good for a small village like ours. I know he did not stay long.

The next master remained many years. I have often wondered how he ever became a Schoolmaster. except on the principle that a man must live, and he had tried many other means of earning a livelihood and failed. Not that he was stupid, or idle, or illconducted. On the contrary he knew a good deal in a way. He was capital at figures, wrote a beautiful hand, and in a wooden way knew a little grammar, history, and geography. He had been a traveller in tea, had sold books in numbers, had kept books for small tradesmen, and had always been industrious and upright. His wife had been our nurse. Was that the reason he got the appointment? I suspect it was-aided by the fact that the salary was not big enough to entice a teacher of higher pretensions. For, at that time, there was a stir in the educational world. Trained teachers were coming out from Colleges.

Important as are many trained teachers to-day, they are humble and unpretentious in comparison with the "young man from Battersea" of the later forties or early fifties. He had learned just enough to make him bumptious: not enough to show him how little he knew. He looked down with pity and contempt upon the, it must be admitted, not too successful efforts of the clergy to give religious instruction in School. A small village was beneath his notice, unless his income could be increased by playing the organ and training the choir.

As for our third Schoolmaster, he managed to make



IN SCHOOL A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

a tidy living. His wife taught the girls to sew, and alas! poor soul, often had to keep the whole School in order-such order as it was! For her husband was Registrar of Births and Deaths, and held one or two other offices, which took him away, now and again,

With all his shortcomings he was a good man, and was glad to act as superintendent of the Sunday School. He used to open it with extempore prayer: always the same prayer, word for word. His prayer had the merit of being short, and we always knew when it was coming to a close. When there was no one else to do it he started the hymn. It was always the same hymn to the same tune. He kept his teeth

close together, and sang through his nose. Still, he never broke down. You had a happy confidence that what he had begun he would carry through with stern determination.

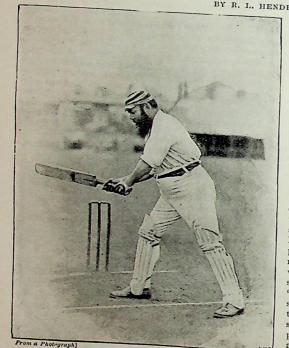
In later life he gave up schoolmastering, and kept the village shop, with a very fair measure of success. He was what in our village was called "a little near," and would have been very wrath had he known that sometimes the sweets he parcelled out to certain children whom his wife loved much (she never had any of her own) were purchased with pennies his wife

Well! they were worthy folk, if not quite up to

date as Teachers.

"Fifty Aot Out!" A CHAT ABOUT OUR CHAMPION CRICKETER.

BY R. L. HENDERSON.



CUTTING.

[by HAWKINS, Brighton



ENTURIES upon centuries have been crowded into our champion cricketer's career. W. G. Grace is the centurion of batting, the captain of a hundred hundreds and more. A few years ago it

was whispered in the pavilions that the Gloucestershire captain had lost his skill and cunning, that the following season would find him low on the lists

of averages. His answer was fairly conclusive. Before most men had made a hundred, before some of the counties had played more than one match, the champion scored nearly a thousand runs, made up of two double centuries, a single century, and a string of fifties; in fact, his average was a fraction less than 106 for eight completed innings.

This year-his jubilee year-he started by knocking up 68. No wonder that England is proud of her "black-bearded swart Alexander." His fame has even reached to out-of-the-way corners of the continent. I have in my notebook the following delightful paragraph, penned

by a Spanish admirer :-

"The eminent cricketer, W. G. Grace, of whom all London, or rather all England, is at present speaking, is a 'batter,' and his famous career has just been crowned by a performance which filled the whole world of cricketers with admiration and wonder. At an age when the hour of retirement is generally at hand for players of cricket, W. G. Grace attained in a recent match a score of a thousand 'points,' which means that he ran a thousand times a space of several metres which separates the two 'rows of wickets.' Every time that the player strikes the ball with his 'batte,' he has to continue running this distance until the bowler succeeds in recovering the ball." A thousand points! I fear even W. G. would be dismayed at such a mammoth total for a single innings.

But if the Spaniard's notion of our national game was peculiar, it was, at least, nearer the mark than that of a French critic who once

said: "It is terrible difficult to understand. A man hit what you call 'goot stroke,' and he haf to run, and the others hurl the ball at him; but if he make one bad stroke, or forbear to hit the ball, he can stand still or return to the pavilion, and get plenty rest and enjoyment."

After all there may be exceptions to the rule laid down for young Grace's benefit by his father:-

"Have patience, my boy," he said; "where there's a will there's a way; and there is nothing you cannot attain if you only try hard enough." With the best will in the world I fear Mr. Grace could not make a "thousand points" without losing his wicket, nor could he act up to his reputation, as illustrated in the following after-dinner story. "Many years ago," a gentleman once remarked with great gravity, "I played in a cricket match at Smyrna against a team of which W. G. Grace was a member. When 'W. G.' went out to bat I was long-leg, and placed such a distance away to field that I was easily captured by brigands. It was not till three years afterwards that I obtained release; not because the ransom was paid, but because it was found nobody would pay any ransom for me." Shall I pass you the salt?

W. G. Grace was born at Downend, near Bristol, on July 18th, 1848. Before he was two he had handled bat and ball, and before he was ten he had appeared in his first match. His first important game was in 1864, when he put together 170 and 56 not out for the South Wales Club against the Gentlemen of Sussex, at Brighton. Not a bad beginning for a youngster of sixteen! A dozen years later Grace actually scored 1278 runs in a single month, with an average of 127.8. That year-1876-he made 344 against Kent. Two days later 177 came from his bat at the expense of Notts, a score that was closely followed by 318 not out against Yorkshire. For the year his average for Gloucestershire was 80·10, for the M.C.C. 70·4, in all first-class matches 62.18, while he captured 124 wickets at a cost of a little over 19 per wicket!

Naturally with so long an experience of the cricket field as well-nigh fifty years, Mr. Grace is our link between the past and the present. He remembers the primitive pitches, so well indicated by a certain old print, which still survives. It shows a cricketer on his way home from a match, having a black eye, a damaged leg and arm, etc. He is stopped and accosted by a friend, as follows:

Friend: "Good match, old fellow?"
Cricketer: "Oh, yes, very jolly."
Friend: "What did you do?"

Cricketer: "I had an over of Jackson. The first ball hit me on the arm, the second had me on the knee, the third in my eye, and the fourth had me out."

The champion has considerable respect for the "trundlers" of the past. "The best bowlers that I can call to mind, and against whom I used to play," said Mr. Grace on one occasion, "were Freeman, Tarrant, Willsher, J. C. Shaw, Emmett, Alfred Shaw, and Peate. The best bowlers of the present day compare favourably with these names, but certainly are not better. We have a greater number of good players at the present time; but still I think the best of the old players would have held their own with them."



From a Photograph]

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

[by HAWKINS, Brighton.

It is impossible to do justice to such a king of cricket in a short paper. Therefore, I must content myself with two more stories—good hits I hope—and then retire to the pavilion.

There are, as every one knows, many "paper" cricketers, who follow the county scores in morning and evening news. Said one of these enthusiasts: "I can stand a good deal of inconsistency, but what I can't swallow is just this: If Mr. W. G. Grace does not score in one match, he's safe to be doing it in another on identically the same day. The other morning I read of his scoring over fifty in one part of the country, and about the same in another. There I drew the line. Cricket is one thing, cricket reports another." Possibly, since this candid expression of his difficulty, the gentleman may have found an opportunity of seeing "W. G.," the champion, and "W. G., junior," the Cantab, playing in the same game, and for the same county. The son is worthy of his greater father, for it is not so very long ago that he made a century and a half, with Richardson bowling against him! It is said that W. G., senior, was playing in a match when a telegram announcing the birth of W. G., junior, was received by him on the field. He promptly celebrated the happy event by scoring an innings of over a hundred.

True Lobe :

A STORY OF NORSELAND.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW"; ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

CHAPTER VII.

FLOTSAM.



I was very hot in the accident ward of the Stanley Hospital. The sunshine was reflected on the walls; there was not a breath of air coming through the open windows. Towards evening, there glowed a

saffron tinge in the sky. Clouds hung still and heavy over the city; a thunderstorm was brewing.

All the afternoon there lay on the corner bed a man moaning, and partly unconscious: he grew worse as night came on. The storm broke towards midnight, and they put a screen round his bed, the lightning flashes were so vivid; but neither they nor the crashes of thunder disturbed him.

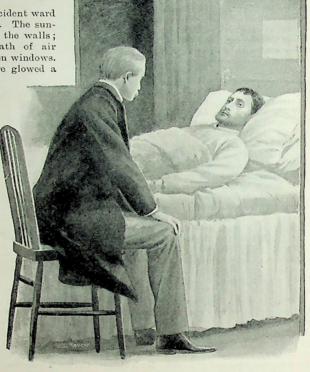
"I think, sir, he will go towards morning," said the nurse to the house-surgeon, as he made his last visit for the night.

"Very likely," answered the doctor, looking at Eric; "but you can call me if necessary."

The nurse sat down behind the screen, and watched the patient. He was a sailor brought up from the dock on a stretcher. His foot had slipped as they were "tying-in"; he had fallen a great height, and only just missed going over the side into the Mersey. As it was, he had broken his arm and fractured his skull.

The dull moaning went on all night; but when the morning broke the sailor was still alive. The nurse was struck with his face; he was young, he could hardly be five-and-twenty; and yet his brow was lined by suffering, but not, as she well knew, with pain from the accident, of which he was probably unconscious. Whatever that sorrow had been which had marked his past life, the remembrance of it troubled him now. A few times he muttered some words of entreaty in a foreign tongue, and just as the early sun shone in, and touched the opposite wall, he opened his eves for the first time, and whispered in English, "It is too hard; I cannot do it." Then he again became unconscious, and the dull moaning went on.

At ten o'clock the two head-surgeons came



"'I cannot tell, sir; but it would be best if it ended here."-Page 163.

round the ward, attended by the house-surgeon and some students.

"The dock accident is still alive; he must be a very strong man," remarked the house-surgeon.

"Oh, the man you mentioned as brought in yesterday?"

"Yes, the same, sir."

The screen was moved away, and the gentlemen stood closely around the bed.

Mr. — started. "I know this man; he is a Norwegian, the brother of that young man with the bent knee and that obstinate Coles's fracture, Mr. — "

"Ah! I remember now, sir, seeing him. I thought I had done so somewhere. Yes, he is a fine young fellow; his name is Eric Olsson."

At the mention of his own name the patient

opened his eyes; a flicker of recognition passed over them as he saw the doctor, and then they closed again. After that day, the doctor took special interest in the corner-bed patient. It seemed impossible that he should recover at first; and even when he began slowly to mend, again and again he had feverish attacks, which retarded his recovery and threatened his life. Considering his great strength, his fine constitution, and that he had to some degree recovered from an accident which would have killed most men on the spot, these sudden relapses rather puzzled his friend, and set him thinking.

Eric was never impatient, and he even looked

happy, as the chaplain read the Bible to him; and when he spoke to the sailor of death, and bid him not to be afraid, for if it should come Christ would be with him, the Norwegian answered with a little smile.—

"I fear it not; I fear rather to get better. Yes, I fear it; He will be with me. I would rather say, 'Farewell,' and go to Him."

"That hopelessness, that absence of even a desire to recover, is not natural, and is keeping him back," thought the doctor. "The chaplain does not seem to have found out the reason; I wonder if I can; I know his home."



"'Very likely,' answered the doctor, looking at Eric; 'but you can call me if necessary."—Page 162.

So one day, when the sailor was stronger than usual, his friend seated himself by his bed, and began to talk to him of his beautiful Norway; and, seeing the sailor's eye brighten, he spoke of the Nærödal, and then of Gudvangen. Instantly the smile faded, and the patient's brow contracted with the lines of pain which always preceded a relapse; so the doctor changed the subject, and spoke of Lars. He told Eric what a capital cure his was. "And," said the kind doctor, "he owes it all to you; you have probably been the means of saving his life. You certainly have saved him from being a useless, suffering cripple."

The pain passed out of Eric's face, and a look of great peace came there.

"I hope you will soon do us as much credit as

"I wish to thank you much, sir," said Eric humbly, "but know not how."

"Why, by getting well, man."

"I do not wish that, sir."

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell, sir; but it would be best if it ended here—best for me a great deal, and for them."

"You should not say so; life is a good thing."

"I used to think so, sir; but I have had enough. I want to die—please God," he added reverently.

The doctor left him, and found next day that

Eric had passed a restless night. The day following he tried another plan.

"Lars will be back next week, and he shall come and see you, Olsson."

The sailor started.

"Has he been all the summer in Nor-

wav?" "No; he went in May, but he returned, and remained with me until the very day of your accident. It is strange that it should so happen; but he went then with my partner to Scotland for the month of September. Mr. - has some fishing there, and as Lars is useful on a river I lent him to him for six weeks."

"Is his wife here?" asked Eric, turning

away his head.

"Certainly not; he has no wife. He went back to Gudvangen to exhibit himself, and, I think, try and induce some young lady of his acquaintance to return with him. I told him it was a foolish idea. However, I was saved any further trouble, for she would not consent."

The sailor feebly raised his right hand and covered his eyes; the doctor went smiling away.

"A noble fellow; I fancy we shall have no more relapse."

"So!" Eric thought, "He has given me all—this life as well as the other. All, all are His"; and in this great peace he rested and grew well.

It was the first week in October. As far as the eye could see stretched a vast, undulating tableland. To the north were seen the crests of high mountains, covered with snow; far away to the south were distant valleys, indistinct and dim, looking like mere scratches. Near by, the ground was covered with thin grass, moss, and heather plants. The plain was intersected with streams of pure water, generally rushing through a mossy, many-coloured bed. The sæter house stood here -only a little stone hut. The two girls had finished their day's work, and at the end of the week Pehr and the boys would come up, and the cattle would be taken down to Gudvangen. The goods and the summer's produce of cheese and butter would be conveyed home also, and the sæter would be closed for the winter. Margrit and Ammitta now could rest; the former was embroidering with beads cloth for the front of a Sunday bodice, the latter knitting thick winter gloves. Just then, in a pause of their work, they saw two figures approach across the plain.

In that boundless solitude the least movement attracts attention, and to eyes accustomed to its vast distances, it is very easy to tell if the distant object is a mounted traveller or one who comes on foot. Presently, as they approached nearer, Ammitta exclaimed, in a tone of amazement,—

"They are two men walking."

"They are travellers, then, and will doubtless stay the night, Mitta. What can we give them to eat?"

"Nothing new, I fear, little Margrit; there is not much bacon left, though we have plenty of cheese and butter, as thou well knowest, seeing that between us we have made it all."

"Yes," answered the other girl, laughing, "and

for the same reason I know there is fladbrod; besides, there is some coffee and much cream."

"And in the big stream the net is set, and some trout may be in it; but you will not think it worth while to go so far, Margrit; for if one of them is Jan Hemsen, he has been here more than once before."

Margrit blushed violently. "Nevertheless," she replied, "I will go and see if any trout are taken. It is a shame to waste good food."

The girls went smiling into their hut, and put on their newly-embroidered bodices and gaily-coloured stockings. Then Margrit ran out, a basket in her hand, and Ammitta went to the door to watch her. She saw one of the men, who were rapidly nearing the sæter, quit his companion, and cross the upland at an angle to meet Margrit, and then to accompany her in the direction of the river. But who could the other stranger be? He was coming towards the hut. Mitta's heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. Yes! it was he, thin, worn, changed, but her own Eric at last!

In another moment both her hands were clasped in his, and he was looking into her eyes. He had intended to say many words; but that one look told him much. He only said, "Mitta, my little one, dost thou love me?" And she, throwing her arms about his neck, cried, "Thou knowest it, Eric."

Ah! yes, so it was. Rooted by the storm where only faith can rest and be at peace, having found their Redeemer when they were in bondage, now in the freedom and sunshine they ever grow closer together, knowing that no sorrow can take from them the joy He gives, and that death itself is but a pause—not a discord—in the eternal melody.



PITHY PROVERBS.

FRUGALITY is a great revenue.
Every season has its reason.
To love a small sin is a great sin.
The tongue of idle persons is never idle.
"They say so" is half a lie.
Be much with God, if you want to be much like God.

Buttons all right are husbands' delight.

Buy one fine thing, and you must buy ten more.

By losing present time we lose all time.

Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet are fine physicians.

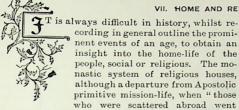
Don't wait for something to turn up, but turn it up for yourselves.

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## The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

VII. HOME AND RELIGIOUS LIFE-ALCUIN.



everywhere preaching the Gospel," no doubt furthered scholarship, and promoted, in some measure, Evangelistic effort. At the same time it naturally led to a false view of what was called "the religious life": as if, under the sense of sin and the vanity and emptiness of earthly display, the monastic or convent sacrifice of wealth and position, instead of their consecrated employment in "the common round, the daily task," would entitle men and women to regard themselves as specially "holy." As we have seen by Bede's testimony, and that of the Council of Cloveshoe, the "holiness" was sometimes very doubtful in its character. Still, in spite of the errors of the system, many of the inmates of these "religious houses" were certainly in these early times active workers. They went in and out of the houses of the people: and services for prayer, teaching, and preaching, were held in remote villages. The moral influence was also considerable. Laws against gluttony, drunkenness, and other vices were enacted, and the curse of practical slavery, which held a large portion of the population in bondage, was at least mitigated. Marriage and burial services were also introduced: and habits of industry, in the redeeming of forest land, moor, and fen for cultivation, were greatly promoted.

How far the full and simple teaching of the Gospel prevailed is doubtful. Roman error was creeping in more and more rapidly, though truth resisted its advance. It is noteworthy that even Bede found it necessary to appeal to Archbishop Egbert to enjoin that, since monks and nuns were aiming to have Latin services, the vernacular English -"understanded of the people"-should be used in public ministrations, or at least that explanations should be given of any Latin ritual. The Epistle and Gospel of the day, for instance, were always to be expounded to the people in English, and translations into English of the Old and the New Testaments were circulated freely. Aldhelm and Bede, early in the eighth century, are said to have completely translated-the one the Psalter, the other the Old and New Testament. So long as the Scriptures were thus read, "the entrance of God's Word" could not fail to "give light."

When Bede died, in 735, the school of Jarrow

speedily came to an end, being displaced by the school at York under Archbishop Egbert. Egbert was a stern disciplinarian, and his monastic rules and some of the penances he enjoined for erring ones were very severe. He was energetic and watchful as an ecclesiastical ruler, and fond of splendour and magnificence in the services of his Minster. Music, embroidery, illuminations, gorgeous bindings of sacred books decorated with gold and silver and even precious gems, employed the monasteries and convents, to the hindrance of Evangelistic work in the villages and hamlets. His successor, Albert, was an indefatigable collector of manuscripts, and a great church builder. He restored York Minster, which had been injured by fire, renovated the "altar" in the Chapel of Paulinus, and introduced crucifixes of silver and gold inlaid with precious stones.

Alcuin, who followed Albert, claims prominent notice as the friend and adviser of the Emperor Charlemagne. Born A.D. 735, he lived in the reign of Offa. Offa, having murdered an East Anglian prince, sought—as many now began to seek—expiation for crime by Church gifts: as if pardon could be bought by money. He thus built the Abbey of St. Albans: and on a visit to Rome he foolishly endowed an English school there with a grant of one penny per annum upon every house in his dominions except those occupied by those who were called serfs or slaves. This, oddly enough, was the origin of the Pope's claim to Peterpence!

But to return to Alcuin. After joining Charlemagne he was on one occasion a firm champion of Scriptural truth against Roman error. Gregory the Great, when one of his Bishops, Serenus of Marseilles, had destroyed some images, had approved of the idolatrous practice, and it gained ground so rapidly that the second Nicene Council, A.D. 737, also sanctioned it. Pope Hadrian confirmed the canons of the Council, and they were sent to Charlemagne to communicate them to the French and English clergy. Happily the clergy rejected them-"the worship of images being that which God's Church altogether execrated." Alcuin also warmly resisted the innovation, and in one of his books treats the adoration of images as a pagan and Satanic suggestion. "I kiss and adore images!" he exclaims. "Marvellous confession for a Bishop! Images, which are devoid of reason, are worthy of neither salutation nor adoration."

Alcuin sought to end his days in England, but the Emperor would not part with him. He died at Tours a.b. 804, sending Charlemagne, as his last and best legacy, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, corrected with his own hand. He well understood that "the entrance of God's Word giveth light."

#### BE PRAYERFUL.

B E prayerful; ask, and thou shalt have strength equal to thy day.

Prayer clasps the Hand that guides the world—Oh, make it then thy stay;

Ask largely, and thy God will be

A Kingly Giver unto thee.—Anon.



QUEEN OF THE CASTLE.

## The young folks' page.

## QUEEN OF THE CASTLE.



HAD worked like a slave, like two slaves, for my Queen. There she sat, ruler of the rippling sands and the pools and the rocks, and I was going to say the rolling waves. But that is another story—quite!

"Now," says Her Majesty, "'oo must weally kneel down, and I'll say, 'Wise up, Sir Uncle Dick!'"

I meekly suggested that there might be drier spots than the castle moat, but she would not be denied. I spread my handkerchief for the sake of my second best trousers, and was duly slapped on the shoulder by Her Majesty's spade. I rose up Knight Commander of the Bucket—a veritable K.C.B.

"Pwomise oo'll defend me till oo'r lastest, littlest bweaf, and if any big giant wants to hurt me, oo'll go and fight him while Queenie wuns away."

To be sure I would.

"Then hadn't 'oo better walk wound and wound the castle, to keep watch?" said she.

Which I did, until the tide began to make matters awkward.

"'Oo mus' paddle," commanded my Queen.

So I paddled, and kept watch and ward round the

castle walls. But as I was about to make the circuit of the moat on the seaward side for the twentieth time, I spied a big wave breaking far out.

"To the rescue!" I shouted. I ought to have said "For the crown!" but there was no time to think. I seized my Queen in my arms, and we "wunned away" from the giant together.

When Her Majesty saw the destruction of the castle, she forgave me.

"That wasn't a big giant," she said, as we walked home.

"No," said I, "it was the little giants that did all the damage. I saw the castle walls were undermined by the baby waves, and when a wave just a tiny bit bigger came toppling in, I knew there was no time to lose."

"I sink you'd better pwomise to defend me fwom little giants, too," said she.

And I promised I'd do my best.

I wondered how I should be able to keep my promise. There were so many little giants, and I might not be always near my Queen. But I told her of Another who could help her, when I could not. She is older now, and she understands what I meant.

When the waves of trouble—the big overwhelming waves-or the tiny waves of temptation come in over the sands of time, then we all need that Helper. In His Almighty keeping I know I can leave my Queen.

#### A PATRIOT STATESMAN.

ENGLAND is proud of her statesmen. They have not always agreed as to what was best for the nation: but they have wished and aimed to accomplish what they thought would be the best: and that is true patriotism. Lord Beaconsfield, for instance, we are quite sure, would have joined Mr. Gladstone most warmly in his parting words at Bournemouth before he went home to Hawarden to "fall asleep": "God bless the land we love."

We hope to tell something at least of the story of Mr. Gladstone's life next month: but meanwhile the "Young Folk" who read this page will be interested in two or three brief anecdotes of the great man who has been honoured by a last resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

#### Filial Love.

When young, Mr. Gladstone rather wished to become a clergyman, but he yielded to his father's wish that he should prepare for Parliament. At Oxford he preferred the study of classics to mathematics; but again he yielded to the home wish: and in after years he often said that had he not thus pleased his father he would never have been Chancellor of the Exchequer!

## His Love of Sunday.

Mr. Gladstone would sometimes say he did not believe he would have lived so long if he had not always kept his Sundays quite apart from his weekday work. It was the rest for body and mind and soul which fitted him for the work.

#### His Kindness.

Sir Edwin Arnold tells us: "A youth in an office once wrote to Mr. Gladstone, saying he was a struggling student of Homer in his hardly-earned leisure hours, and asking his opinion upon some point of grammar. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, but he not only found time to write to the lad, but wrote also to arrange with the Vicar of the parish to instruct him in Greek.

## The Crossing Sweeper.

A clergyman, who had often noticed a crossingsweeper near Harley Street, missing him from his accustomed place, visited the man in his wretched home. He found him ill and unable to leave his bed, and, having asked him if any of the clergy had visited him, the crossing-sweeper replied, "Well, no, sir; no one has come except Mr. Gladstone; he comes and reads and prays with me."

## Mr. Gladstone's Final Word.

Mrs. Gladstone was with her husband to the end, and held his hand in hers. The last word which Mr. Gladstone was heard to say was "Amen"-in response to a prayer which his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, was reading by his bedside. Before that, he had said several times, "Kindness, kindness, kindness-kindness everywhere." He knew for himself "the kindness of God" in the Gospel of His Son: and saw it reflected in those who ministered to him in his last hours.

#### Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

#### QUESTIONS.

- 1. QUOTE three prayers given in the account of one New Testament miracle.

  2. When was silver reckoned of little value?

  3. Our Lord twice multiplied food: how many times had this been done previously, and where are the instances recorded?

  4. Where are we commanded to "love the stranger"?

  5. Give some pressures which show the need and the hampiness.

1

- Give some passages which show the need and the happiness
- of being whole-hearted in God's service.

  6. Name the people of whom we read in Old Testament history, who wanted to keep well with both worlds, fearing the Lord and
- serving their own gods.
  7. Give some texts which speak of the blessing of afflictions
- even in early life.

  8. What are the four things that the earth cannot bear?

- ANSWERS (See May No., p. 119).
- 1. Rev. xvi. 4.
- 2. Acts ix. 11.
- 3. Decapolis: Matt. viii. 28; Mark v. 20.
- 4. Diotrephes: 3 John 9, 10.
- 5. Prov. xix. 15.
- 6. St. John xix. 19, 20.
- 7. Ps. l. 7-14; Prov. xxi. 3; Isa. i.11-17; Jer. vii. 21-23; Micah vi. 6-8; Matt. vii. 21-23.
- 8. Gen. i. 16; Numb. xxiv. 17; Deut. iv. 19; Judges v. 20; Neh. iv. 21; Job iii. 9; xxv. 5; Ps. viii. 3; cxxxvi. 9; Isa. xiv. 13; xlvii. 13; Ezek. xxxii. 7; Dan. viii. 10; Matt. ii. 2-9; Luke xxi. 25; Acts xxvii. 20; Rev. ii. 28; viii. 10; ix. 1.

## The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

### HOME DOCTOR.

NJURIES to the Eye. - If something gets into the eye suddenly, keep it quietly shut a short time, that the tears may wash it away, but on no account rub the ball round and round.

If the substance is still there, take firm hold of the lashes of the upper lid and draw them over the lashes of the lower one two or three times.

Bites, Stings, Bruises .- Tie something round above the bite at once. Suck the wound if poisoned, if your lips and tongue are sound and not cracked. Bathe the wound with very hot water.

If a bite be from a supposed mad dog, burn the bite as well with a hot cinder or a fusee.

When any one is stung, apply ammonia (sal volatile) to the part, and extract the sting if left in.

To bruises apply cold water, or ice, or spirit and water lotion to prevent discoloration.

Injuries to the Ear .- Foreign bodies in the ear if firmly fixed should be removed by a surgeon. On no account syringe, if it be a pea or a bean, or it will swell up. If an insect, pour warm oil

A Help to Sleep .- A raw apple eaten just on going to bed will induce sleep; two, if not large, may be taken. There is no risk of any kind involved in this proceeding. Onions and lettuce, though not so efficacious, may also be taken.

LEEP.-King Alfred's division of the day-"eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours'. sleep is concerned, is an excellent average arrangement. One general principle may be laid down, namely, that the younger the person is, the more sleep is required. Infants sleep, in health, from eighteen to twenty of the twenty-four hours. Young children up to the age of two and a half years require not less than fourteen hours daily; until school age, twelve hours; in adolescence, ten hours; and from that period till middle life, not less than eight hours. The aged sleep less than the young and middle-aged, but for them ten to twelve hours' daily rest in bed is beneficial in conserving their waning physical strength. The general reason for the longer periods of rest in those of tender years is that new growth as well as repair need to be attended to, whereas, as middle life is approached, it is only the daily waste that requires to be repaired.

Temperance and Health.-The story is told that the late Sir B. Ward Richardson once visited one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public-house. Although there were 4,000 people there, the local doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice. Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: "Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched teetotallers not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing."

## Many Things.

ALL a Millionaire Gets.—A poor man was once asked in New York, "Would you take care of John Jacob Astor's estate merely for your board and clothing?" "Do you take me for a fool?" was the indignant answer. "Well," rejoined the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it. The houses, wares, ships, and farms which he owns by the hundred, and has to take care of, are for the accommodation of others. He can do nothing with his income but build more houses or lend money on mortgage for the convenience of

The English Language.-Three centuries ago the English language was employed by less than three millions of people; to-day it is spoken by over 115,000,000 people in all parts of the globe. At present it is distributed as follows :- United States, 65,000,000; British Islands, 38,000,000; Canada, exclusive of French Canadians, 4,000,000; West Indies, British Guiana, etc., 1,500,000; Australasia, 4,000,000; South Africa, India, and other colonies, 2,500,000. This includes only those whose mothertongue is English, no account being taken of the vast number who speak English but who have another tongue.

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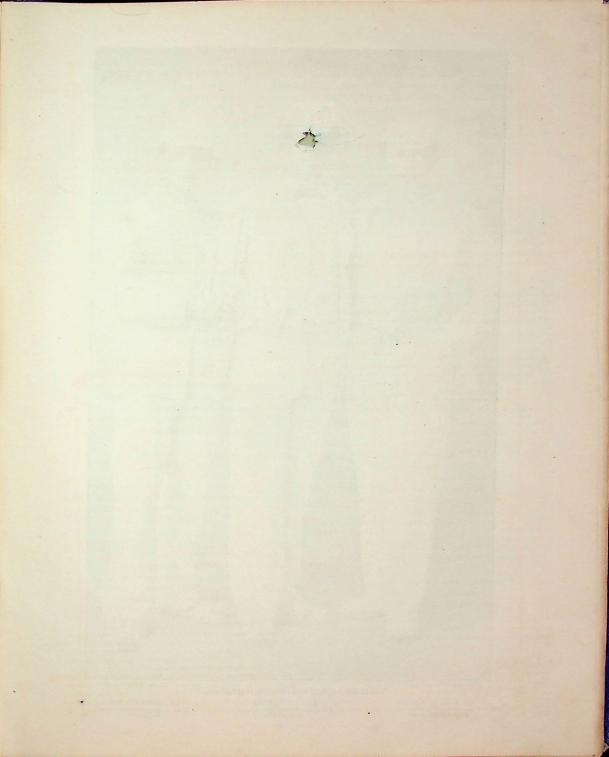
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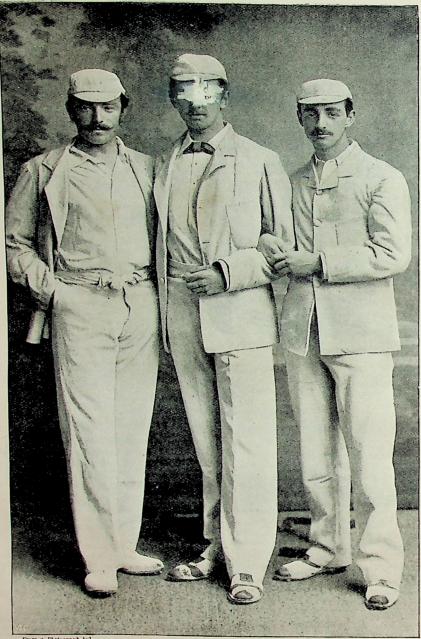
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The books will be despatched by the Publisher from Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, as early as pos-





From a Photograph by]

THREE CAMBRIDGE "BLUES."

[ Messra, Elliott & FRV.

Mr. J. E. K. STUDD.

{Now Honorary Secretary of the Polytechnic, Regent Street, London.}

Mr. C. T. STUDD.

(Recently returned from mission work in China.)

Mr. G. B. STUDD.

(Now occupied in mission work in California.)

# HOME WORDS

# FOR HEART AND HEARTH

-



OT'S words had given something of a shock to Mrs. Cragg, and now she was sorry that she had taken any notice of them. For her own side of the matter, it might have been better if she had seemed not to hear what was said. Her anger would no doubt have served to fix the recollection upon the child's mind, which otherwise might soon have passed away; and probably also she would have made an impression upon Pattie's mind not soon to be forgotten.

When the two should have gone to church, she would be secure of a quiet hour, the girl being out also. She meant then to restore the letters to the box. That once safely done, she would have no more concern in Pattie's possessions.

But when once a person gets into a coil through wrong-doing, it is not so easy to get out of it again.

Pattie and Dot disappeared beyond the front door; and Mrs. Cragg waited until the bells should cease and the service should be in full swing. Mr. Cragg always went at this time for a country walk, and she believed that he had already started.

Just as she was proposing to set about her business, in came Cragg unexpectedly, and sat down. So long as he should be within reach, Mrs. Cragg dared take no steps. She waited with ill-concealed impatience, answered tartly when he spoke, and inquired whether he did not mean to go out for a walk.

"It's a new plan, your stopping in Sunday afternoon," said she. "I thought you always wanted to get fresh air. Not to sit lounging about here!"

"You seem in a great hurry to get rid of me, my dear."

"Well, you always do go out on Sunday. Why shouldn't you to-day?"

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"I do generally. I am not feeling quite the thing this afternoon—a little out of order, somehow—and I thought I'd take a quiet time."

"Fresh air's likely to do you more good than

anything."

"Presently, perhaps,—just a turn. Has Pattie said anything to you about her father's papers?"

Mrs. Cragg reddened.

"Why should she, pray? What have I got to do with them? Of all suspicious men, you are

the very most-"

"My dear, what can you mean?" Cragg was gazing at her in surprise. "I do not see anything to vex you in what I have said. Nor do I understand what you can have in your mind. There is no suspicion in the matter. I have asked a very simple question. Has Pattie said anything?"

"Nothing particular.
Why should she?"

"I do not fully understand her feeling about that locked box. She objects to examining the contents."

"Yes. It's perfectly ridiculous."

"Then you do know?"

"Yes,—I didn't see what you were driving at. She told me that. The girl's an idiot. I said it was absurd; and she was as obstinate as a mule. Of course all her father's papers are hers now, and she ought to read them."

"I should have said that she ought. There

might be something that he would wish to have done. But she has a feeling of delicacy. Perhaps that feeling might be more frequent—with advantage—as to those who are gone."

"I don't know what you mean. I know what Pattie means. Feeling of delicacy, indeed! Stuff and nonsense! Pattie knows that her father was a scamp, and she doesn't want to have to make it known. That's the fact of the case!"

"My dear! Do you know what you are saying? What possible reason can you have for such a notion?"

"I know! There's a lot too much mystery.

People don't go hiding up things when there's nothing to hide. I believe he was a downright bad man. And I believe Pattie knows it too. That's why she won't tell us about him, and why she pretends she doesn't want to read his papers. It's because she knows things will come out, and she doesn't want to have to explain anything."

Cragg was silent. That some mystery existed, that some shade lay over Dale's past, he could not deny. But he thought of Dale's dying words,—"Remember! I did not do it. In the sight of

God I say that. It was not I. I didn't do it."

"My dear, you are mistaken. Dale may have been unfortunate. He was not to blame, I am sure of that."

"And I'm sure just the other way, Mr. Cragg. Some day you'll find out that I am right."

Cragg remained for a while lost in thought. Then he stood up slowly, as if disliking further argument, and made his way from the room. Mrs. Cragg watched impatiently for his going out; and she had to wait nearly half-an-hour.

At last the coast was clear.

The letters and the bunch of keys were in readiness. Mrs. Cragg hurried across the passage, entered Pattie's room, rushed to the cupboard, pulled away the cardboard boxes, fitted in the key, and turned it.

Then she lifted the lid, and almost fell backwards in her amazement. The



" At last the coast was clear."- Page 172.

box was empty.

Had Pattie emptied it? If so, for what reason? Mrs. Cragg sat upon her heels, staring bewilderedly. What to do next was the question. Should she restore the stolen letters to the empty box, trusting that Pattie would suppose herself to have overlooked them? Should she take them away and burn them?

After considerable hesitation, Mrs. Cragg decided on the latter course, as the safer of the two. She slipped the letters into her pocket, and locked—or rather tried to lock—the box.

But the key refused to turn.

Mrs. Cragg struggled; and her struggles were in vain. Again and again she strove, and the refractory key had the best of it. Time was getting on. In a few minutes Pattie and Dot might return. Mrs. Cragg waxed desperate. There was nothing for it but to leave the box unlocked. Pattie might forget, and might imagine that she had done this herself. She tried to pull out the key, meaning to decamp with all speed.

But the key refused to be pulled out.

It was attached to a large bunch, well-known in

the household as belonging to herself. Mrs. Cragg pulled, hauled, coaxed, struggled — and all in vain. The key remained firmly fixed. It could neither be turned nor withdrawn. Mrs. Cragg, heated and alarmed, tried to loosen the key from

the bunch; but the ring was of a new patent make, difficult to manage, and in her flurry she could not open it.

Then the front door could be heard to creak; and Dot's little voice asked in shrill accents,—

"Were I a dood lickle girl, Pattie?" "Very good, Dot." "Nor I didn't

"Nor I didn't fidget, nor make no noise, Pattie?"

"No, darling. Dot was the best little girl that ever was. I'll take Dot again to church another Sunday."

The bedroom door

opened, and Mrs. Cragg stood up, crimson and defiant. Since she could no longer hope to escape detection, she resolved to take refuge in

"Well!" she said, with a harsh laugh; "so you thought you'd cheat me out of it, did you? You thought you'd keep me from finding out anything, eh? But you haven't. I've been one too many for you this time. I've found out just what I wanted to know—just that, exactly—and you'd better have told me at once, and made no fuss. Pretending that you didn't mean to read the letters, and then doing it on the sly, as soon as ever my back was turned! Oh, I understand what it all

means. But you're too late, with all your cunning."

Pattie grew as pale as if she, and not Mrs. Cragg, had been the guilty person. Her lips parted, and a grieved little tremor passed over them. Then she turned, without a word, and went to the door.

"Dot, dear, run away. Run to the nursery. I'll

come there presently."

"I wants to tome into Pattie's loom."

"No, not now. I am busy, Dot."

"P'ease do let me," entreated the little voice.

"No, dear. Dot must be good and run away."

Then Pattie came back. She shut the door, and stood gravely looking at Mrs. Cragg, her face full of a simple wonderment. The cupboard door was still open, the cardboard boxes were still displayed, the bunch of keys still hung from the lock of the open and empty tin box.

"You needn't have been at all that bother and fuss-sending Dot away in such a hurry. It don't matter. I don't care who knows." declared Mrs. Cragg hardily, while unable to meet Pattie's gaze. "I told you I'd a right, and so I have. If you don't choose to tell me

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"If you don't choose to tell me things, I've got to find them out for myself. That's all.""—Page 173.

things, I've got to find them out for myself. That's all. And I mean to do it too. I shall do it again next time there's something I ought to know. I've a right; and I mean to do it. It don't matter Dot nor anybody knowing."

"I'm so sorry—oh, so sorry," murmured Pattie. Tears filled her eyes. "I didn't think you—could."

"You took mighty good care to empty the box, anyway. I s'pose you thought you'd make sure I shouldn't find out any of your secrets. But I've been one too many for you."

"I did not empty the box because of that—because I ever could have dreamt that you would look,"

Pattie said with difficulty. "How could I think of such a thing? Mr. Cragg was speaking to me about the letters a day or two ago. He said I might feel free to read them all, and he advised me to do it. He said that he thought I ought. And I could not feel as he did. How could I know what father would wish? I was afraid of being made in the end to do what Mr. Cragg thought right—and what I could not feel to be right. And so—so I took all the letters out, and—I burnt them. I took them down into the kitchen, and put them into the stove."

"Then you're a greater fool than I thought you even," Mrs. Cragg replied roughly. "Why, there might be money—there might be something

written to yourself."

"No. Mr. Cragg said that too, and I looked through all the packets carefully—not reading, but just seeing the names and dates. There was no money anywhere, and there were no letters or papers for me. None at all. All of them were letters to my father, and most were quite old—written a great many years ago. They were not meant for me to see. And you—you would have read them!" Pattie said this in a tone of unbelieving amazement. "You would have read them! Oh, you couldn't, surely, have meant to do that!"

A faint sense of something like shame kept Mrs. Cragg silent for the moment. Pattie came

a step nearer.

"If Dot had seen—only think, if little Dot had seen!" she said. "Dot—who ought only to know you as perfectly true! Think—if she had known."

"A baby like her! As if that mattered!"

"But it does matter—very, very much. Promise me that Dot shall never hear anything about this."

Mrs. Cragg broke into a laugh. "You're a queer girl if ever there was one," she said.

"And you are not sorry! You do not really mind! Not in the very least."

There was a short silence. Mrs. Cragg had some ado to keep up her hardness before that

grieved face.

"It's all your fault," she said at length. "You've been past everything with your fancies, not telling anything I'd a right to know, and pretending you couldn't read the letters. As if everybody didn't read other people's letters, when they're dead! And so of course I thought I'd just see for myself. There was no reason why I shouldn't. Mr. Cragg and I are giving you a home, and we have a right to know about you."

"Not to find it out in that way," said Pattie gravely. "And it was no pretending. I have thought it wrong to read the letters. Other people thinking differently did not make it

right for me. I could not do what I felt to be wrong."

# CHAPTER XII.



ATTIE pointed to the kevs hanging fromthe japanned tin box. "Those are yours -not mine," she said simply. "I can't get them out.

The key has stuck."

"When did you find that you could unlock my box?" Pattie's quietness had a sort of mastery over Mrs. Cragg, subduing her vehemence, and this question received an answer, which might hardly have been expected.

"I found the other day that I'd got a key to

"What day?"

"When the boxes first came. I found it out directly."

"And you read. Did you read anything?"

"Not directly—not that day, I mean." Mrs. Cragg wondered at herself for tamely answering these queries, yet she went on doing so.

"Then-another day you did?"

"I-yes-one or two letters."

"That was what you meant just now, when you said you had found out what you wanted to know." Pattie had to sit down, for her limbs gave way under her. "And to-day—you meant to read more letters."

"No, I didn't—really. I meant just to put them back—the ones that I had taken away. I didn't want to keep them."

"Where are they?"

Mrs. Cragg brought the three sheets out of her pocket slowly and gave them to Pattie. The girl had grown very white.

"You have read these through?"

"Yes,—I didn't see why I shouldn't."—with another attempt to brazen it out. "I don't see now why I shouldn't,—if you wouldn't tell me anything. It was your own fault—being so obstinate."

"If you have read them, I must read them too."
Mrs. Cragg fidgeted uneasily. Pattie sat

motionless, her eyes travelling slowly down one page after another.

"Yes," she said at the end, with a deep sigh. "That was what brought us away. I see it all now. He was accused of something — and I guessed it partly. And I was told, but of course I did not believe what I heard. And father never explained it to me. He only said it was a mistake, and he was not really to blame. And I believed him—because I knew what he was. I

knew he could not have done the thing he was accused of. You did not know him, and so you could not tell. And he wanted to spare me knowing about this. He knew it would make me unhappy, and so he kept it to himself. and never explained. And you-you could find it out for yourself-you

could pry into another person's secrets! I can't say much to you, because Mr. Cragg has been so good to me; and because just now I depend upon you for a

home. But—after this, I cannot depend much longer. I must make a change as soon as possible. It has been very, very cruel of you."

Pattie hid her face.

"I don't see, for my part, what you've got to make such a fuss about," remarked Mrs. Cragg uncomfortably. "I don't see that you need bother. It isn't much more than you knew about before."

"Oh it is-much more!"

"Anyhow, I won't tell anybody. There's no need that I should. If you like to burn those letters straight off, nobody will ever hear a word about them."

"Ah!" and Pattie drew a long breath. "Yes—to-day you feel like that. But—another day——"Pattie's tone was sorrowfully distrustful.

"But I promise I won't say anything. If I promise ——"

Mrs. Cragg stopped. She knew suddenly that her promise had no weight, could have no weight, in Pattie's eyes. She had shown herself to be deceitful. Pattie could feel no possible confidence in what she might say. This fact cut home. Mrs. Cragg was unpleasantly conscious of the distrust written in Pattie's face. Her tone changed.

"You'll go next and tell Mr. Cragg, of course," she said.

"No. Not what you have done. That is for you to tell him—not me. I shall tell him what I have learnt about my

> father, and nothing more. I shall tell him that I have read three letters, and that all the rest are burnt."

> "He'll want to know why you didn't burn those three too."

> > "I don't thinkso. Men are not so curious," replied Pattie, with unconscious rebuke. "If he should ask, I need not say much. I think, if I were you, I should feel that I ought to tell him everything. But that is for you-not for me.



"'I can't get that key out."-Page 175.

have only to speak to him about what concerns father and me."

"I can't get that key out." Mrs. Cragg spoke curtly, yet in her voice there was a new note, a something like regret.

Pattie knelt down and worked patiently at the lock. It was a long business. For more than five minutes her efforts were in vain. Then at last the key yielded, and she handed the bunch to Mrs. Cragg. After which she stooped, and pressed her lips to the lid. Mrs. Cragg waited uneasily, longing to escape, yet hardly knowing how to do

"Pattie, you really have behaved uncommonly nice about it," she said at length. "And—well, I don't mind saying that I didn't mean any harm.

I thought I'd a right—and I say so still. But I didn't mean any harm."

Pattie tried to speak and failed. Tears were

running fast over her cheeks.

"I don't see, for my part, why you should make so much of it. I don't see that it matters either, way. What difference can it make now—about what those letters say?"

"No difference at all—to you—or to any one except me," Pattie said, with difficulty. "Only I know better what it all meant—what he had to go through. He bore it all so patiently—never a hard word said about anybody. And all the time he was accused of what he had never done. And I loved him so—I love him! It doesn't matter to you—not the very least. It does to me—more than anything else in all the world."

"But-" and Mrs. Cragg came to a pause.

"I can't bear to think of what he must have gone through. I don't know how to bear it. And any time it may come out—and people will believe that he did what he never could have done."

"Only, you can't be sure—you don't really know that!"

"He told me himself. I do know. You cannot know," Pattie said bitterly. "And if it all comes out, he will not be here to defend himself. He cannot explain how things really were."

"But you don't think I would go and make it known now, do you?" asked Mrs. Cragg involun-

tarily.

Pattie stood up. She had been kneeling by the box hitherto. Her lips moved, but no sound passed them.

"Why should I? It wouldn't do me any good.
I wanted to know—because I thought I'd a right.
But you might be sure that I wouldn't tell any-body else."

" Why should I be sure?"

"Why, of course — what should make me tell?"

"I do not know what should make you not tell," rejoined Pattie, in an undertone.

"Only, if I promise-"

That look of distrust again.

"You needn't put on that sort of air. It isn't right. If I promise that I'll never tell anybody what I know—and if I mean it——"

"You do not mean to say anything, just to-day. But another day, if you happened to be vexed with me, and wished to show it—you would tell the whole at once. How can I be sure that you would not? It would be only natural—for you!" Pattie glanced at the keys, which still hung from Mrs. Cragg's hand.

There lay the gist of the matter. Mrs. Cragg had once deceived her. For a long while to come

Pattic could never again feel sure that she was not being deceived by Mrs. Cragg.

If Mrs. Cragg had never in her life been abashed before, she was so now before that child-like tear-stained face, with its truthful gaze. There was no unkindness in Pattie's expression, no lack of forgiveness; but there was entire lack of confidence. Her look said plainly what her words said—how could she ever again feel sure? Mrs. Cragg had proved herself untrustworthy. That fact once shown, trust in the person concerned becomes a thing impossible. There may be kindness, forgiveness, pity—there may even be an appearance of trust put on, for one reason or another—but real trust is out of the question.

Nothing more was seen of Pattie until half-past five o'clock, when they were wont to meet for a rather more substantial meal than on other days. Dot was always present at tea-time, and on Sunday she reckoned upon extra sweets and cakes, as well as upon extra leisure on the part of Mr. Cragg to pet and spoil her. Pattie was silent, and looked grave, and her eyelids were reddened, but otherwise her manner was much as usual. She sat with her back to the light, so that Mr. Cragg did not quickly note the signs of tears. Dot claimed all his attention as she eagerly related how she had gone to church, and how she had been "dood," and how Pattie had praised her. After which she launched into a description of what a lot the Vicar had "talked," and how Pattie had told her to listen, "so's I can tell you, daddie, all about it," she beamingly declared in the intervals of cake.

"Tell me, Dot, what did the clergyman say?"

"Lots," declared Dot, eyeing the jam.

"Well, let's have it. Make haste, because I'm going to church this evening, and so is Pattie; and I want to hear about the afternoon sermon first."

Dot did what some older people are sometimes capable of doing. Since memory failed to recall the address in question, she calmly substituted something else.

"Gazi went and telled a wicked tory, and got hims all whited all over," she asserted.

"Oh no, Dot, it wasn't that," Pattie interposed with haste. She felt the subject a dangerous one under the circumstances. "Not Gehazi—you're forgetting. That was what we talked about before we went to church. The Vicar preached something quite different. Don't you remember? About the little boat on the lake."

Dot declined to remember, and the small head was shaken with a positive air.

"Gazi was a wicked, wicked mans, and he wented and telled a wicked, wicked tory," declared Dot, "and when he done that Lisha made him all white, and he went off and he was most

dreadful sorry; and lots of peoples tell stories,

dad, and they'se all got to be whited."

"All right, don't stop the child," said Cragg, when Pattie would again have spoken; "I like her to speak out what is in her little mind. After all, the important question is what has made an impression on her, not what might make an impression on you or me. Go on, Dot; what else did Gehazi do?"

Pattie would not look towards Mrs. Cragg, and Mrs. Cragg, remembering former hasty errors,

held herself in with difficulty.

"He wented and he got focks and coats and lots of fings, and he hided them away, and he saided it was Lisha what had sented him, and Lisha didn't. It was all a bad tory, dadda. And Lisha was dreadful angry, and so Gazi got all whited. Poor Gazi! Ain't you sorry for Gazi?"

"But perhaps Gehazi deserved it, Dot."

Dot cheerfully assented to that view of the question.

"Naughty, bad Gazi!" she remarked. "And

Lisha wasn't naughty, was he, Pattie? Lisha was good. I saw Lisha in the picture frowning at Gazi most dreadful. It's Pattie's little picture. And lots of focks and coats all hided away."

"But you couldn't see the frocks and coats in

the picture, Dot?"

"Oh no, dadda, 'cause they was hided away, and Gazi telled a wicked tory, and saided he hadn't not been nowhere. 'N then he was whited. Does everybody get whited what tells wicked tories?' Does ma-ma when she tells tories?"

Mrs. Cragg was the reverse of white at this instant. Cragg uttered a hasty "sh-sh-sh!" glancing at his wife as he did so. Something in her face made him repeat the look, even while he said again, "Hush! hush! little girls must never talk like that. Hold your little tongue, Dot; that won't do at all."

Then his eyes fell upon Pattie. She had moved slightly, under the stress of feeling, and he could see her better than before.

"Why, Pattie, you've been crying!" he exclaimed.

(To be continued.)

# God's Mysteries.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

kemember several years since, a few kindly words about the bounty of God in the seasons, spoken to an intelligent working-man in London, led him to tell me he had been so perplexed by the many things going wrong, the suffering, and the injustice which he daily witnessed, that he had thrown off

belief in God. I asked him if his unbelief mended matters at all? I admitted the mystery and darkness of much that we see around us; but I told him his plan appeared only to extinguish what light there is. In losing God we lose the only promise or presence of good. The key that might in due time open the lock and reveal the love was taken out of our hands. Unbelief could only help him to say—and oh, how miserable the creed of unbelief!—

"The sun that sets again will rise,
And paint the heavens and gild the skies;
But when we lose our little light,
We sink in everlasting night!"

Yet, I added, was the light we possess after all so "little"? Did not the religion of Christ show "a bright light" even "in the cloud"? I had, I told him, just left a great sufferer, who had been in the furnace of trial for months; one who had served God devotedly, and whom many had learned to call, and still call, blessed—I referred to Cathe-

rine Pennefather, one of London's noblest benefactors—yet her faith sustained her. "Ah!" said my friend, "but does not that prove my point? If I were God Almighty I would have ended the suffering at once!"

It was plausible enough; but only plausible folly! "Wiser than God" was the man's starting-point, and of course it led him astray. I reminded him of the mission of suffering as God's angel in a world of discipline, to say nothing of a world of sin! In this case the sufferer herself craved no "annihilation"—all that unbelief can imagine—but "rejoiced in tribulation," submitting to God's will, and so growing in the grace of patience and meetness for heaven's exaltation. Others, too, around her were learning from the "living sermon," which was to them verily "an epistle of Christ."

He admitted there was something in this. And I went on to ask him, as a father, whether he had not sometimes seen the blessed mission of affliction in the home—the crippled child a fountain, as it were, of deeper love in the parental heart, and also a source of binding affection to all the members of the family. With affliction and trial we love only too little! Without affliction and without trial we should be far less happy than we are. He thanked me for my words, as working-men will thank us if we try to help them in their difficulties of all kinds.

I might have pressed on him still further-and I would press this on those who are troubled by God's mysteries-the mission of service, self-denying service to the suffering which sorrow always brings. Without these dark pages in life there would be no mission of service-all might be selfpleasers: and then how far more miserable the world would be! I remember once asking an aged and suffering villager whether she thought if I could by a word arrest all pain in the village I should do good by uttering it? After a minute's consideration she wisely answered no. She knew pain has its mission of mutual service one to the other, and hearts are thus softened in sympathy, and drawn more closely together. The heart grows happier too in service. Rich as well as poor know how true this is. A somewhat celebrated doctor once prescribed for me as a remedy for overwork -" Rest." I knew the prescription was worth a guinea: but instead of the guinea I told him I would give him a prescription for some of his patients. His curiosity was roused, and it was satisfied too, when I quoted one line of a simple melody-

"Do something for somebody, quick!"

"Why," he said, "that would cure half my patients!" and he would not let me go till he had written it down. "The heart"—even the afflicted heart—"is happy still that is intent on good": and the burdens of life would be blessings in disguise, if we allowed them to work their gracious end. "Thy will be done"—in me and then by me for others—is a prayer which, if we acted out the gracious answer, would be followed, as Frances Ridley Havergal once said, by "a Hallelujah Chorus!"

Go thou, then, and be thy poor suffering brother's keeper! Go thou to those who are in heathen darkness, whether at home or abroad. Take sunshine to the sad! Be thou the "good Samaritan" to some neighbour, some Lazarus "at thy gate." Be thou, as God helps thee, a Christian indeed, like thy Master "going about doing good." And the mystery of suffering—perhaps the greatest mystery of all—will then not hinder your seeing, nay, will help you to see, the wonder-working God whose "knowledge is perfect"—too wise to err, too good to be unkind—making all things "work together" for our highest, truest good!

But the truth is "the Mysteries of God" in Nature, as well as in Providence and Grace, "belong to Him." In His own time and way He will solve them. And—what chiefly concerns us—there is no lack of present Comfort for waiting, trusting faith. The humblest believer may say—If I do not know or comprehend the mysteries of Nature—"the balancing of the clouds," for example (Job xxxvii. 16)—ought I to expect to know the more mysterious balancing of the clouds of

affliction and sorrow? Nevertheless, as with the physical clouds, so with these mental and spiritual ones, though nature "dreads" them—for

"Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain"-

I do know they are clouds "big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on my head."

And so also, the believer's very limitation in the knowledge of the still deeper mysteries of Nature and Grace really helps to establish him in his faith. "I rejoice," he will say, "because I cannot 'by searching find out God,' even in His works. But I can at least trace His footsteps in the living light of the rippling silver sea, and mark His pencilling not only in the myriad flowers of the valley, but as some of us have seen it in the one glorious ice-flower of the mountain height-a single voice for the God of beauty, but oh, so clear and distinct, that he who has hearkened once can never forget! I look too for mysteries of love and wisdom in His Word: and though I cannot always trace Him even there, I do not want to bring God or His Word down to the level of my puny intellect. I do not want, for example, to fathom the mystery of the Trinity in Unity, any more than the equal mystery of the Divine Omnipresence or Omniscience. I cannot comprehend one or the other. But I want to love and worship the Triune God-Almighty to love, Almighty to redeem, Almighty to sanctify: and this faith, I find, commends itself to the simple trust of a child's mind, whilst it exhausts the utmost sense of need and aspiration that can be felt by the intellect of a Milton or a Newton. I want, in a word, to adore the Infinite-I want to say and to feel there is infinitude in God that I cannot possibly comprehend, but which is, for that very reason, 'a Rock of Rest' in the light of the supreme mystery of Redeeming and Sanctifying Love."

Oh, happy they from whose heart-knowledge of Gospel truth the grateful testimony rises to the Throne of the Infinite—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift"—the Gift of infinite love and infinite wisdom too—the Gift of One who not only knows "the mysteries of Nature, and will solve them all," but the secret of every dark cloud of sorrow or trial or discipline or conviction of sin that can overshadow us in the spiritual life: who sees both the depths below in the sinful heart within and the heights above in the never-failing Covenant of Grace, "ordered and sure"—the Gift of One whose "works are wondrous" and whose

"knowledge is perfect."

"This, this is the God we adore— Our Faithful, unchangeable Friend: Whose Love is as great as His power, And neither knows measure nor end!"

# The Right Reb. J. C. Hoare, M.A.,

THE NEW BISHOP OF VICTORIA, HONG KONG.



HINA is becoming more and more a country in the development of which we have great hopes in the way both of evangelization and commercial progress.

A leading pioneer in the work of Chris-

tian Missions, who has laboured for twenty-two years, mainly we believe as a volunteer, in Mid-China, has just been consecrated Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong. A son of the late venerated and beloved Canon Hoare of Tunbridge Wells, the new Bishop is a man of character and force. His motto in life might well have been "This one thing I do."

As principal of the C.M.S. College at Ningpo for training Chinese converts, his work has been most important. When he first went out the Christians numbered 600: now they are over 1,900.

The Bishop is a firm believer in the value of native

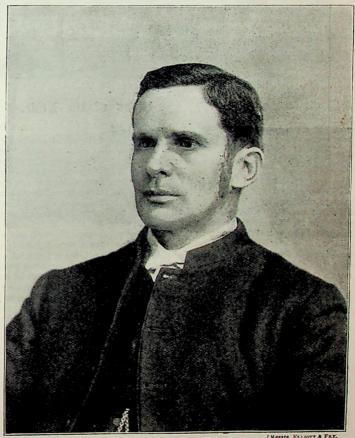
pastors and workers. The first work in Tai-chow was done by native agency, and the Church there in ten years increased from one member to 700. A building, five years ago an idol temple, is now a church devoted to God's service, and crowded with worshippers.

The Bishop also takes a deep interest in Medical Mission work. He says:-"I have known convert after convert in our hospital at Ningpo, and I can certainly point most distinctly to three Churches which have been born in it. A few months after the hospital had been started, an opium smoker came up to us from a place about 140 miles away, to be cured of the habit. He heard some of our native preachers telling the old, old story of the Cross of Christ. God's Holy Spirit brought the Word home to , his heart, and he stood up in the midst of that heathen crowd, and cried out aloud, 'Why, that is exactly what I want!' Yes, whether we are in Christian England or in the heathen cities in China, this is exactly what we all want-a Saviour from sin; or rather-thanks be to God !-we wanted one, but we now have one in Christ. This poor man was afterwards baptized, and asked

for an Evangelist to be sent to his home in the city of Tai-chow. One was sent, and about two years later I went down to the city myself—the first European who had set foot in it—and the result of that convert in the hospital, assisted by this native preacher, was that on the first Sunday I spent there I had the privilege of baptizing thirty-seven converts. Now they have a strong Church there, numbering over 700 baptized converts. They have two native pastors, and contribute liberally to their own self-support; the Church, mind you, having been born in the waiting-room in that Ningpo hospital."

Our readers will feel that we have indeed "the right man in the right place" in the appointment of the new Bishop to Victoria, Hong Kong. May God richly bless him in his ministry of the Gospel amongst the millions of China.

R. T.



From a Photograph by]

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THE BISHOP OF VICTORIA, HONG KONG.



to read the Bible "with a view to some particular inquiry, with a view to clear up some peculiar question of interest" which attracts the reader: and he maintains that in so doing a far more thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures in general is acquired, than if they were read without any special purpose at all, while the devotional end is more surely attained. In accordance with this hint let us see what the Bible has to say on the subject of our study-Birds.

suggests that sometimes it may be well

In the fiftieth Psalm God claims for Himself perfect knowledge of living things, and among them of the birds-"I know all the fowls of the mountains." Finite man can never attain to this, however much he may study Nature, in the open air or by the aid of books; but he can know much if he takes the pains to understand. The wise king who "spake of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes," doubtless watched the birds and noted their habits, studied their nests, and listened to their songs.

Not very much of what he spake has come down to us in the Canticles and the Books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, but putting his observations to those of the other inspired writers, there is much that is interesting and instructive

to lovers of the two Divine Volumes, the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature.

In dealing with particular birds mentioned in Holy Scripture we are met by a double difficulty. In the first place, many species are merely named in lists of creatures allowed or prohibited to the Israelites for food; and, in the second place, there is much doubt as to the identity of some of the birds named. As, however, there are many birds whose identity is beyond question, and whose habits are used to illustrate some Divine lesson, we shall not suffer from any lack of material.

Let us begin with the king of birds.

There is a certain loftiness about the references to the eagle which is very impressive. Special attention is drawn to its great wings and powers of flight. The King of Babylon in Ezekiel's parable is "a great eagle, with great wings and long pinions, full of feathers." Saul and Jonathan, David says, were "swifter than eagles." Jeremiah speaks of horses and of pursuers as being "swifter than eagles," as if language could not express greater swiftness. In Job there is a wonderful sketch of the habits of the eagle: its flight, nesting place, "on high," and keenness of vision.

" Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,

And make her nest on high?

She dwelleth on the rock, and hath her lodging

Upon the crag of the rock, and the stronghold."

In the message of comfort in the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, they that wait upon the Lord are promised the vigour of eagles instead of weariness: "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." God's Fatherly care of His people is in Deuteronomy illustrated by the eagle's care for its young:—

"As an eagle that stirreth up her nest,

That fluttereth over her young,

He spread abroad his wings, he took them,

He bare them on his pinions:

The Lord alone did lead him,

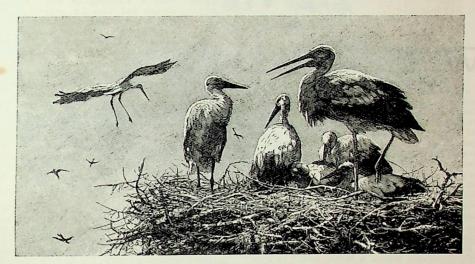
And there was no strange god with him."

Vultures are often spoken of with reference to their habit of feeding on dead bodies; and perhaps it is these members of the eagle family which are alluded to in the saying, "Wheresoever the carcase is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." ark by Noah to see if the waters of the Flood had subsided, which did not return, but "went to and fro until the waters were dried up"; and also the ravens which, at the command of God, fed Elijah by the brook Cherith in the time of the long famine, bringing him bread and meat morning and evening. Some older commentators quaintly suggested that the ravens procured Elijah's meals from the table of King Ahab, his deadly enemy. In the wonderful chapter, the thirty-eighth of Job, the question asked by God is its own answer, "Who provideth for the raven his food?" but the Psalmist says in so many words:—

"He giveth to the beast his food,

And to the ravens which cry."

Three birds differing a good deal in structure, but agreeing in their habit of dwelling in waste places,



A NEST OF STORKS.

In Micah the absence of feathers on the vulture's head and neck points to a comparison, "Make thee bald, enlarge thy baldness as the eagle"—baldness being, it seems, then uncommon, and therefore exposing people to ridicule.

The owl is mentioned by the Psalmist to express his own forlorn condition: "I am become like an owl of the waste places." The Arabs call the owl the "mother of ruins."

Ravens are common in Palestine, and perhaps, therefore, were singled out by our Lord to illustrate God's providence. "Consider the ravens, that they sow not, neither reap; which have no store chamber nor barn; and God feedeth them: of how much more value are ye than the birds?" In the Canticles the raven's colour is referred to in the description of the bridegroom:—

"His locks are bushy and black as the raven."

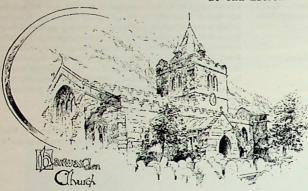
Every one will remember the raven sent out of the

in fens and swamps, and near rivers, among the reeds and flags—the bittern, the pelican, and the crane—are taken as illustrations of the desolate condition of the inspired writer, and of the utter destruction which should come upon Edom and Babylon.

The prophet Jeremiah uses four of the migratory birds to point a contrast: "The stork in the heaven knoweth his appointed times; and the turtle and the swallow and the crane observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the ordinance of the Lord." They all, unless forcibly prevented, set out in the spring upon their long journey northwards, each arriving in Palestine at the "appointed time." Storks, for instance, which migrate in large flocks, time their departure from Africa so accurately that they usually arrive in Palestine in the latter part of March. They "know the ordinance of the Lord."

# William Gwart Gladstone.

BY THE EDITOR.



E had hoped to give a biographical sketch of the life of the distinguished statesman who has so recently passed away: but we find our space forbids the attempt. A life of eighty-nine years—and such a life—could not possibly be compressed into two or three pages.

Much as many differed from him on some important points, Lord Salisbury well said, "All classes and schools of thought recognise in him a great example—of which history scarcely furnishes a parallel—of a great Christian statesman." In both Houses of Parliament all agreed in their high estimate of one who, whatever his mistakes, ever acted "on a line with his conscientious convictions," and who aimed to legislate in the fear of God.

On the philanthropic, social, and family side of his character he won the hearts of all who knew him best: and he was always faithful to his religious principles.

As a schoolboy he was brave to do the right. One who afterwards became a Bishop said, "At Eton I was a thoroughly idle boy; but I was rescued from

some worse things by getting to know Gladstone." Bishop Charles Wordsworth testified "that no man of his standing in the University habitually read his Bible more or knew it better." As a young man in London, before his marriage, he always had family prayers with his little household. His wedded life was unique. "They lived happily ever after." His noble wife amply fulfilled some lines addressed to her on her wedding day:—

"Be thou a balmy breeze to him,
A fountain singing at his side;
A star whose light is never dim,
A pillar to uphold and guide."

His servants in the home at Hawarden

honoured and loved him: and well they might. His true greatness would be seen in taking an interest in reclaiming a widowed charwoman's wayward son, taking him to his study—"The Temple of Peace"—reasoning with him; and then adding, "We must have a word of prayer before you go."

As a worker he seemed never to rest. If one occupation failed, another at once took its place. Work was his necessary food and recreation—work mental and work physical: for every one knows what a woodman he was. Yet he always had time for prayer—in the church and in his family. And Sunday was the true "Rest Day." He knew its value, as a preservative of health, and

still more as a day when "Heaven's door stands ope,"

Endless similar anecdotes and incidents might be recorded—we give a great many in our July number of The Firestde—illustrating his testimony to the Bible as the "Old, Old Book" which tells the "Old, Old Story." We wish we could call special attention to his remarkable work on The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. We have done this in a volume just published, "The Land we Love." We hope the clergy and others will take steps to place Mr. Gladstone's work in all Parish Libraries, and to circulate it amongst our thoughtful artizans. No better remedy for the shallow scepticism of the age could be found.

The record of the closing months of Mr. Gladstone's career must be briefly given. His life had spoken, and that is enough: but his death sealed the testimony of his life. The testing time was severe indeed to one who had passed over eighty-nine years in almost unvarying health: but his faith in the infinite wisdom and love failed not. The journey to



<sup>• &</sup>quot;'The Land We Love': William Ewart Gladstone." A Non-Political Tribute. By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. The volume contains, in addition to the biography, eight or nine chapters on distinct topics, and a very large collection of "Incidents and Anecdotes": also illustrations and portrait. (London: Home Words Office.) Price 2s.

England, and the sojourn at Bournemouth, soon revealed the hopelessness of any remedy: and his wish was granted to return to Hawarden to die.

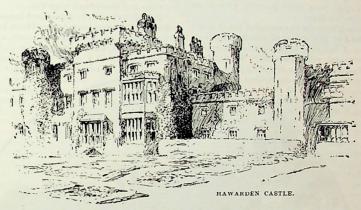
Mr. Gladstone left Bournemouth on March 22nd. It was the day of his last public utterance. As the small crowd of bystanders respectfully gathered round the carriage in Bournemouth station several voices were heard saying, "God bless you, sir!" "May the richest blessings rest upon you, sir!" Mr. Gladstone heard the murmurous sound of their benediction as he was entering the train. He halted, turned right round, and facing the crowd said, in that clear, sonorous voice which never failed him even to the last hours of his life, "May God bless you all in [or "and"] this place, and the land you love!"

We are told, as the end drew near, what he mainly dwelt upon was that which he shared in common with the poorest peasant in the land—the consciousSo it was as he went down with steady foot into the chill waters of the river of death, comforting himself with reflecting on the marvellous loving-kindness of the Lord, while he lamented that he had been such an unprofitable servant.

All were struck by the way in which he seemed to fix and concentrate his whole being on the Future opening out to him. His mental attitude seemed that of one who desired to have his sense, or almost his grasp, of another and swiftly oncoming state disturbed by no earthly considerations—scarcely even by the last farewells of oldest friends and comrades.

During his last days he would often say, "Kindness, kindness, kindness; nothing but kindness on every side." At length the end came so peacefully and gently that it was well described as simply "a passing from the sleep of life to that of death."

On the wall opposite the bed in which Mr. Glad-



ness of the loving presence of his Lord. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." That which cheered him greatly was the report that his granddaughter had decided to dedicate herself to the work of a Christian missionary to the heathen. "Again and again would he revert to it; and always with joy."

The following letter, sent to him by his old friend, Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh, touched him deeply:—"The old Primate of Ireland desires to send his poor benediction to Mr. Gladstone. He lifts up his hands and heart to God at the moment as if he were present with him, and prays that He would bestow upon His afflicted servant perfect pardon, fulness of peace, and the grace of His Holy Spirit for Jesus Christ's sake." "Tell him," said the dying statesman, "that, with profound personal reverence, I appreciate with extreme force and with great humility the beautiful Christian and Apostolic spirit comprised in those sentiments, and earnestly pray that every blessing may rest upon that bishopric and that Church, and the whole Christian work connected with it."

stone died, there was hung an illuminated scroll bearing the sacred words—

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

Possibly they were the last words his eyes rested on before they closed in death. His last articulate words were, "Our Father."

It is well known that the dying statesman's favourite Hymn in life and at the last was "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." On one occasion, when Premier, he was asked if he did not sometimes find time unoccupied in the House. His reply was, "I have been translating 'Rock of Ages' into Latin." So was it with him in busy, active life, and so was it with him when the Home-call reached him. He realized what he once described as the Divine "remedy" and "comfort" for the "deepest needs of the human heart" in the simple Gospel of Divine Grace.

"When our end comes," in the impressive words of the Dean of Norwich, "may we be like him, with accents falling upon our ears that speak of sin that must be pardoned, and of salvation which the blood of Christ has for ever secured."

# The Prettiest Billage in England.

BY HENRY FERGUSON FOSTER.



results.

land.

the far-away days of flying slippers and travelling carpets there was never very much difficulty about quests for the biggest, the best, or the most beautiful things in the world. If you had no fairy godmother to lend you a helping hand, you were in a very bad case indeed. In fact, the sooner you abandoned all hopes of

winning the lovely princess the better for your peace of mind. For the hard-hearted king of those days was not satisfied with searching inquiries as to the wooer's prospects in life, but invariably required him to undertake some desperate adventure. There was some reason in the test. If he succeeded it was clear that a fairy godmother was in league with him. and he was accepted and lived happily ever after

with the matchless princess.

With sincere longings for the welcome aid of some relative, possessed of the power of wonderful vision, or league boots, I set out on a bicycle one spring day to find the model village of merry England. I confess that I had no intention of riding from Land's End to John o' Groats unless

slight headwind gathered the particles in clouds and distributed them evenly over myself and my machine. I could hear the grit grinding in the bearings. Clearly if I was close to a model village, at least it did not possess a model approach. The more I bumped over the uneven surface, the less confident I became of the attractions of Penderby. The place should not detain me long.

It did not. I was thirsty; it had no ginger-beer in stone bottles, only soapy stuff in glass torpedoes, threatening to burst and scatter destruction.

"What are the sights of your village, my good woman?" I asked.

My good woman, not being best pleased with my criticism of her drinkables, answered that there was a sight too many cyclists. She added, however, that her shop was considered very fine.

"Outside or inside?" I inquired innocently.

Despite the refreshment, I could not but admit that it was pretty, with its gabled porch and diamondpaned windows, but the ginger-beer !!

Along the road I came upon a farmhouse overlooked by an ancient yew, but the sudden scattering of cocks and hens across the road spoilt my temper. The incident,

trivial

though it

my fairy godmother offered to push behind. I had contrived a plan-perhaps I owed the idea to my kindly relation. The model village of Loamshire should be my destination. Having found it, I would send a brief letter to every county newspaper, telling of its charms, and then await calculated that each division of the country would produce at least half a dozen correspondents eager to describe far prettier villages in other counties. Thus I hoped to obtain a unique list of the delightful nooks and corners of rural Eng-

Away I pedalled, not too fast, for I had a notion to cover fifty miles in the day. The roads were rather dusty, and a was, convinced me that Penderby might be surpassed.

further on. The road had improved. Convenient hedges broke the force of the wind: it became a gentle, cooling zephyr. A vision of thatched cottages nestling round an ivied church rose before my mind's eye. Assuredly the model road must lead to the model village. Through the leafy trees the light came dancing, and I could fancy fairy wings rustling, and fairy feet flashing ahead of my wheel. Over the distant downland giant shadows

passed which might have been signs of

the moving of ogres. In the midst of my day-dream I arrived at Stagecross. A red-bricked, blue-slated, double-chimneyed erection faced me. It boasted a plot of ground surrounded by a low wall, but it was entirely uncultivated. large notice-board informed me that I could buy milk there. A chalk-pit was quite close! The rest of the village straggled in the direction of

cattle-shed there.

" A model of ugliness," I said to myself.

Heatherfield was next on my list. Of a "hedger and ditcher" I asked the nearest way.

"Go 'long to the sign-poast," answered the man, " and fust turn to the left should take you there." I remember he looked critically at my steed. "You'll hev' to walk her," he added significantly.

When I reached the by-road I hesitated. It was muddy, even miry, and flints had been thrown down like currants in a cake. However, I decided to persevere. Occasionally I was forced to carry my machine. Bespattered with mud I tramped for the best part of half a mile.

"Be you goin' to Heatherfield?" The voice came from over the hedge.

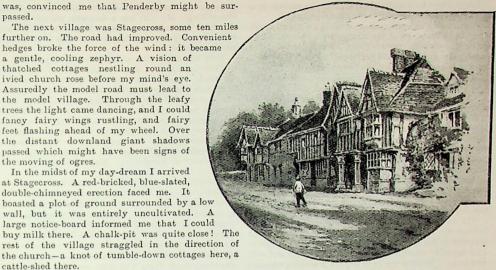
"Yes," I called back; "can you direct me?"

"A'm fer thet waay," answered the voice.

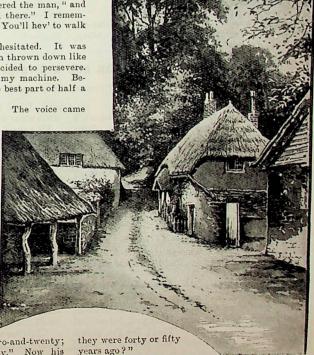
Through a gap in the hedge came an old man, his face furrowed, his eyes sunken, yet not destitute of "lightsomeness." Together we trudged another quarter of a mile.

He had lived in the village "since he were born "- which argued a long experience. Yes, he was over seventy. How did he begin life? He scared the birds. No, he "wasn't no scholard." He earned his first money when he was seven. No, he couldn't read or write. How much did he earn when he was a young man? About "tirteen pounds" a year with board and

lodging. When did he marry? At two-and-twenty; he'd had his "Jubilee wedding day." Now his



grandson was earning sixteen shillings a week. "Do you find clothes and food cheaper than



"Ave, they be a sight cheaper, but the cottage is a bit more. Five pound a twelvemonth us pay."

But we had arrived at Heatherfield; dropped down upon it, in fact; for it lay snugly in a hollow of the hills, the church tower alone showing above the trees. My guide advised me to call on the Vicar, who, he was sure, would show me the church.

Most hospitably was I received, particularly after I had explained my quest of the model village.

"You need go no further, sir," said the Vicar, with a laugh.

How proud he was of his parish and of his church. He seemed to know the history of every stone of the latter; every story of the trials and joys of the

"These three windows were plastered up when I came," he told me. "They are Norman. Here, too, is an interesting piece of rough sculpturing, six hundred years old."

I pressed him for information on the condition of

the rural population.

"It is being bettered every day, at least for the labourer. I thank God for the good work of the Provident Societies. Ours was started by the squire and myself; now it is in a flourishing state and selfworking. To-day we have eighty members who are £1 1s. shareholders, fully paid up at threepence a week. We now have under the Society's control a village store where you can buy anything, from groceries to stationery and papers."

"On the ready money principle?"

"Yes, to be sure. Year by year our capital increases. Personally, I am relieved of responsibility, the committee of management (seven members) doing everything. My wife has a domestic servants' book, in which the names of the girls in our parish are entered; we send a monthly letter round to those who are in service."

Then we talked over a plan recently expounded.

"The land can be made to give more," the Vicar declared. "As things are, with industry, perseverance, and thrift, young men earning full wages at the age of eighteen or twenty might easily save enough by twenty-five or thirty to start married life comfortably. But how induce them to save? I believe in a co-operative labourers' farm, in which the worker can buy shares. The labourer will work better, for he will be working for himself as well as his master. He will have hope in his heart."

The village was like a honeysuckle bower and rose garden combined. Here and there blinked the windows of a cottage. Across the road stood the schools, a countrified building, neat, compact, and scrupulously clean inside. Further along was the village store-a business-like plate glass window with a fine array of the necessaries of life. A widow was in charge-a shrewd body, with both wit and wisdom. Standing back from the road was the church and vicarage-a picture such as any artist might put on

Yes, Heatherfield is good enough for my purpose. Can it be matched? Who can say? I believe it can be over and over again; and because it can be is the secret of the happiness of the country homes of England.

# A Man and a Brother.

BY "CARRUTHERS RAY."

I.

was lovers' light in the lane as I walked up to the Mill Cottage. John Blair was ill, going out with the tide of ebbing sunbeams that still broke on the western hills. I wondered to myself whether the worn old man had ever, half a century before, loitered in the lane with

young love in his heart. I little guessed that I was to know the answer from John Blair's own lips.

"Giv' me yer hand, sir," he had said but a month before, when I came to the parish. Never a word more, but just that, and it was the welcome I remembered best of all.

He said it again as he reached out his hand over the coverlet that night.

"It's good of ye to come that quick," he went on, "and me amoast a stranger. But ye'll bid me God speed on tha last journey. 'Tisn't far I'm going. I knaw that. But I can't tell how soon 'twill be. . . . Ye doan't mind lettin' me talk, do 'e, sir? I feel flustered like; I was so when I fust went away from tha cottage."

He paused a moment to regain breath. There was a strange, almost unearthly, smile of happiness on his face. I know now that it was young

Softly to himself I heard him whisper over and over again, "Seeth his brother hath need." It was part of my text of a month before. I little thought that God had planted the seed in an old man's heart. His eyes were closed, and I thought he was falling asleep. His hand was still in

At length he stirred, and gazed at me as though he saw some one who had always been dear to

"Sir, will 'e preach tha' sermon again, 'bout tha brother? If ye do, say a word fer Mark." The anxious look in his eyes, pleading for my consent, could not be denied.

"Tell me about Mark," I said. And this is the story that fell from his lips, sometimes faintly,

sometimes with painful effort.



"But what i' tha world made Mark . . . look arter her?" - Page 183.

"Ah, sir, the A'mighty can't be givin' every one suddin. He were ten year older'n me, and brothers like Mark. He were left with my up-bringing, after tha old folk were took home solemn-faced; and the lasses said he couldn't be handful I was-just tha age to be sayin', 'I'm not goin' to do this or t'other 'cause you sez it,' and

not likin' him fer makin' me.

"Twas when I got to be top of tha school that I wanted to kick tha traces, and do fer myself. Ye see he had tha mill, and I never fancied workin' under him. Folk said 'twasn't nat'ral to stand his dull ways. He wouldn't do nothin' new, nor let me neither. So one day I up and said :-

"' Ye needn't grind and save fer my keep no longer. I've bin offered a plaace to Tinton.'

"I thought he would be angry, but he only answered :-

"'Come 'long down tha lane, Jackie, and us'll talk over 't.

"Ave, an' so he did; but the more he talked the

more I was fer goin' straight away. "'Father gev ye something to start me, I

reckon,' said I. 'That'll jus' do fer payin' Mr. Stoker to put me in his line o' bus'ness.'

"I didn't guess then that tha mill had been mortgaged unbeknown to folk, and that Mark had

scraped and scraped to pay it off.

"'There's not a-' he began angrily. Then, wishing to hide what he'd meant to say, he turned away from me abrupt. 'I'd rather ve didn't have anything to do with Mr. Stoker,' he added gentle-like, as though askin' me a favour.

"'Tis on'y twenty pound,' I answered. 'Or, he said you might like to partner wi' him, workin' the mill and tha corn shop together.'

"He put his arm round me, and I thought he

was goin' to coax.

"'You haven't bin talkin' with him much, Jackie? Say you haven't. You doan' know-Jus' like that he stops short, and never a word more, till he starts again.

"'Come into the mill, boy, and help me in tha

business.'

"I thought he were tryin' to spoil my chance. I was that bent on goin' to town, and I told him there wasn't room fer more'n one thereleastways no more'n one o' us.

"At last, seein' I was all fer goin', he half

gave in.

"'Ye shall hev forty pound to start wi' some one else,' he said.

"So I took it, as 'twas my right, I thought, and went to Lunnon.

"Three years it were afore I saw him again, and twice he sent me money which I wa'n't too thankful fer, always takin' it to be part of what'd bin left to my upbringin' and startin' in life. What'd I give to write him a letter now. But there, sir, I'm clean fergettin' I'll see him soon."

Then John Blair seemed to lose thread of his story, and to be dreaming of the dim past. When he went on, I knew he was almost unconscious of

my presence.

"Mark, ye did love me; ye'll mind me for sure when ye sees Jackie, and ye'll forgive me 'cause I

never guessed ye loved me so."

Suddenly all those fifty years of toil and moil had been swept away, as the wind clears the clouds from the heavens. The old man was young again, and-perhaps it was my imagination-I thought his voice became tender and musical, as it must have been once.

"Aye, 'twas three year arter I went to Lunnon that I heard tell of the accident to Mark. The old Vicar wrote t' me, beggin' me to come hoame. It was on'v a accident-simple like too. They was loppin' the trees over way, when a heavy branch broke afore they looked fer it, and down comes tha ladder, and Mark fell on his back. Nobody thought much were wrong, but there was. Tha doctor felt 'im all over, and didn't know how long he might be lyin' abed.

"So I come hoame and tended him the best I could. I reckon I wasn't too soft with Mark. It made me feel 'twas a shame the A'mighty let him get hurt like that. 'Twould ha' bin different, I thought, with a train smash. Jus' to be knocked over, and not even bruised bad, and yet bein' helpless like a child! I can tell 'e, sir, what with tha work at the mill and givin' up my prospecs in Lunnon, I didn't hev too sweet a temper.

"'Can't ye do anythin' by now?' I asked him

over and over.

"But, at last, he began to mend, and doctor said he might get up. That gave me a bit more time to look 'bout, and 'twern't fer naught. It were Molly thet caught my eye-Molly Martin. A bonnier lass ye never saw, wi' dimples ever so pretty, and eyes that made me think o' the sunlight dancin' on the ripples below tha mill. -

"An' a fine way with her she had. 'Tis the sweetest o' honeysuckle grows out o' reach, ye mind-out o' reach. Aye, an' I pricked my fingers

tryin' to pluck ye, my bonnie."

It was weird and almost uncanny to see John Blair living his past over again. Somehow it reminded me of the old Swiss crone of eighty winters, who recognised her lover, killed nigh sixty years before in a terrible Alpine accident, still young in face and form, for the great ice sea of the mountains gives up its dead as it receives

It was easy to picture the lane in lovers' twilight as John spoke of his courting days.

"'Ye'll marry me soon, Molly, my dear,' said I. 'Ye know I can't be waitin'; ye're so sweet to a chap, ye are.'

"'Mayhap I will when ye're master o' the mill,

if I like ye eno' then,' said she.

"That night when I come hoame Mark tried to find out what I was doin' goin' out so often.

"'Tis dull at hoame,' was all the answer I gave

him. But he looked so sad, I was near tellin' him the truth.

"Must ha' bin August when he got out. He was a poor bent sort o' figure, cramped like in the back. I mind I was walkin' with him, helpin' him along wi' my arm, he havin' a stick tha other side, when Molly comes down tha lane, with her hat all atilt, for me.

"'Top o' tha mornin' to 'e, Molly, my dear,' I said. 'Ye'll not ask me to give ye an arm till tonight i' tha lane.'

"I saw the blush come on her cheek, as she passed us with a word fer Mark, that she were glad to see him out and about agen.

"But what i' tha world made Mark drop my arm, and look arter her when she'd gone by? I thought he turned terr'ble pale, and all 'long hoame he leant ever so hard on me. He only answered me short when I spoke. I reckoned he were feelin' his back bad agen. Near tha gate he near fainted away, but I got him in. I think I'd have made a point of stayin' wi' him tha evening if it hadn't been for Molly.

"'Doan' ye stop,' says he; 'I'm right 'nough now. But ye'll be a good lad to her, Jackie, a good lad.' An' he turned his face away on the pillow, and I thought he were goin' t' have a good sleep."

steep.

(To be continued.)

# The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

VIII. THE DANES, OR "NORTHMEN"-ALFRED THE GREAT.



successor of Alcuin at York, Eanbald, entered upon a period of trouble, anarchy, and misrule. King after king of Northumbria were exiled and killed, and the famous School of York rapidly decayed. But far worse times were near at hand in the plunder-raids of the Northern Sea-pirates. The Engle and the Saxon were now, in their turn,

to share the misery and woe which they had inflicted on the Briton.

The Danes, or "Northmen," had long been troublers of the island, and their appetite for war and carnage was inflamed by their wild and fierce mythology. Abounding in ridiculous fable the pagan system and worship of Odin chiefly encouraged a ferocious national character. Piracy was the sport of their Sea-Kings and Vikings. After their battles they would give themselves to drunkenness, drinking ale and mead out of human skulls, and call it a foretaste of future happiness in Valhalla-the palace of Odin. Captives were not only killed, but terribly tormented first, and infants were tossed from lance to lance as an exercise of dexterity. Southey says: "This subject is too horrible to be pursued." Some of their ceremonies involved the sacrifice of human victims.

The hope of plunder was no doubt their chief motive in coming to our shores. Their pirate-ships were very simply built. They were about 50 feet long, by 16 feet broad, and 5 or 6 feet deep, drawing only about 4 feet of water, and driven by sails and oars. Ruin and desolation marked their dread track wherever they landed.

In 793 all England was alarmed by tidings that warships had landed in Northumbria: that Lindisfarne and the shrines of Aidan and Cuthbert had been sacked, and the monks murdered, and many villages on the coast plundered. In 794 the dread news spread that the long black ships had further sailed up the Wear, and burned the religious houses

of Wearmouth and Jarrow. Space forbids any attempt to give details of the rapid progress of the Danish invasion. Their main attack at first was upon the religious houses, attracted by the certainty of finding large booty and little or no resistance. There they found not only the Church plate, and the stores of the community, but often the moveable wealth of the surrounding country brought thither in the vain hope of miraculous protection. In 866-71, Ivar and the pirate Danes terrorized the whole kingdom. They were already in undisputed possession of the entire country between the Humber and the Forth, and now Mercia and East Anglia were attacked. The beloved King of the latter, Edmund (King and Martyr), was summoned by Ivar to reign as his lieutenant, and to abandon Christianity for the gods of the North: but he nobly refused. "Tell Ivar," he said to the messenger bidding him abjure Christianity, "that I am not terrified by his threats. You may destroy this frail body: death is more desirable than servility." The savage chief took the king, bound him to a tree, and scourged him with remorseless severity. He then riddled the tortured body with arrows, and beheaded him.

More than two-thirds of England had thus passed into the power of the Vikings: and now Wessex, which included well-nigh the whole of the South of England, became the scene of conflict. Ethelred, the King of Wessex, grandson of Egbert and the elder brother of Alfred (afterwards so truly the Great), resisted the invasion at first with some success, but at last he received a mortal wound. He left two infant sons, but the extreme peril of the kingdom naturally set aside the succession of these infants, and Alfred was unanimously acknowledged as the sovereign in 871.

The annals of these disastrous times, so far as they are preserved, form a record of destruction—the indiscriminate massacre of teachers and scholars, and the burning of libraries and manuscript books almost above all price. The final result was not only con-

quest, but a lamentable decay of learning, and Christianity seemed almost to have vanished, except in

remote villages and homesteads.

The accession of Alfred was England's hope. May we not say in the Divine Providence "man's extremity" became "God's opportunity." Deeply interesting is the history of Alfred's early years, during which his character was being formed for future eminence and usefulness. There was no "royal road to learning" in this age of strife and terror. The manuscript books were very scarce, and those who could read them were scarcer still. In his later days Alfred tells us that in his youth, "when he had the age and ability to learn, he could find no masters." Asser, his friend and biographer, relates that he was really illiterate till he was twelve years old or more. What he learnt was picked up from the song-men who in the evening sang to the harp old English songs in the hall of Ethelwulf, his father. "The ballads" of a country have often been its chief and most powerful literature. Alfred drank in the history of the past in this form, and it nursed his patriotism. We may conclude also the memories of the Christianity of the past were often preserved in these "songs of the night." The poets of the Northumberland school would thus cheer and stimulate the love of religion and law, home and hearth, wife and child. But earlier still, Alfred, we are told, sang the ballads of his people at his mother's

No doubt the vision of the Crucified One, as the soul's hope, was presented in these songs, mixed with much of superstitious fancy, as in the "Christ" of Cynewulf: but still the truth, though dimly seen, would nourish faith in the opening mind of Alfred. Certainly he never forgot these Saxon poems, and they became the foundation of future knowledge in his later life.

(To be continued.)

# The Young Jolks' Page. HOLIDAY CAMPS.

HREE cheers for the holidays! And three more for the bathing, and cricket, and boating! Every boy can echo those cheers, you say; there must be holidays everywhere in August. But there are not.

Come with me down a London alley in the East End. Let us pick out a house haphazard. We knock at the door, and a shrill young voice advises us to walk in. It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the breakfast has long been cleared away. In the middle of the floor of the first room we enter is a small boy of ten, surrounded by six babies. Yes, that is the way in which he is enjoying his holiday! School has broken up, and he has to mind his two little baby brothers and four other mites belonging to neighbours. Father is at work, he tells me; mother out charing, and two sisters in the factory, toiling from eight to one and two to seven o'clock.

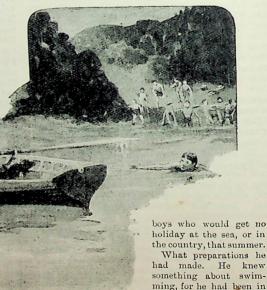
Though the babies make many objections we have a talk with the boy

nurse. Had he ever seen the sea ?

No; but he was going to, for the Vicar had promised to get him into a holiday camp.

What was that?

A party of boys were to be taken, for three days, to the sea, and they were to live in tents, and learn to swim in the sea, and go in a boat, and-but this page would not contain the pleasures to come. The year before he had hoped to go, but only a very few were chosen, and he was not one. This year he had got a ticket. But along the alley there were dozens of



the baths; and his mother

A HOLIDAY CAMP: THE MORNING DIP.

R. S.

had taught him how to cook and wash up nearly as soon as he was able to walk.

Can you say the same, you who have an outing every summer? Can you swim? Can you cook a dinner and wash up, leaving everything spick and span? If not, set to work and learn; for there is nothing more useful than those two accomplishments. Ask our great explorers, ask Mr. H. M. Stanley, ask Sir Martin Conway, ask Dr. Nansen, and they will all give you the same advice, "Learn to swim, and to cook for yourself." In other words, be a Robinson Crusoe in everything but living on a desert island. And, whenever you can, help to give others a holiday. Even a few pence may help our city and town clergy to give a day in the country or near the sea to the young folk of their poor parishes.

animals which would otherwise soon gobble up the tender leaves. Strange as it may seem, nearly all plants that have thorns in their wild state lose them after they have been cultivated for many years. It is as if plants brought under the protection of man gradually laid down their arms and trusted entirely to his protection.

So does God, our Father, train us. Little by little we learn that our defence is in Him, that our strength is nothing, while His is all-powerful. When we can say, "Why, then, I trust Him," we have learnt the great lesson of life.

"The God of love my Shepherd is, and He that doth me feed; While He is mine, and I am His, what can I want or need?"

#### SMALL THINGS.

When laying the Atlantic cable the engineers found the communication interrupted. When they had taken it up sufficiently, they found the difficulty

was occasioned by a small piece of wire, only about twice the length of a pin. which by some means had been driven through the covering of the cable, and carried off the electric fluid. So a very small thing will put us out of fellowship with God, and interrupt our communion with Him.

#### TRUSTING MAN.

ONE of the uses of thorns is to protect the plant from



A HOLIDAY CAMP: BUSY WASHING UP.

#### Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

- 1. WYHAT is the only revenge a Christian can take?
  2. Who, though not a King, is said to have acted in a
- kingly manner?
  3. What became of the brazen serpent?
  4. Give a text in which kindness to animals is made a test of Character.

  5. Name some passages of Scripture which show how God honours those who place their trust simply in Him.

  6. Give other passages which show how God is displeased with those who trust in man instead of in Him.
- Name a King who remembered his mother's teaching.
- 8. What events have occurred at Bethlehem?

- ANSWERS (See June No., p. 143).
- 1. Earnestness, determination, and patience (St. Luke viii. 15).
- 2. Gen. xxxv. 8.
- 3. Judges ix. 7-15; 2 Sam. xii. 1-4; 2 Kings xiv. 9, 10; 2 Chron. XXV. 17-19.
  - 4. Anise (Matt. xxiii. 23).
  - 5. St. Luke xxiv. 41.
  - 6. Acts i. 14. She was engaged in prayer.
  - 7. Prov. xiv. 30; xxvii. 4; Gal. v. 21; Jas. iii. 14, 16.
- 8. Job vii. 6; ix. 25, 26; 1 Chron. xxix. 15; Ps. cii. 3, 11; cili.

# The Bousewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

HE Dignity of the Queen.-It is related of the great French poet, Beranger, that, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to France, in 1855, he was seen hurrying to catch a glimpse of her. An English nobleman saw him, and knowing the poet's strongly Republican sentiments, asked why he ran. going to see the Queen, I am going to see the woman," was the reply; "and if there were many women like her, I would for-

give them for being Queens.

Be Queens !- John Ruskin has written of the queenly dominion, to which every woman is heiress: "That highest dignity is open to you if you will also accept that highest duty. et Regina! Roi et Reine! Right doers, they differ but from the lady and the lord in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person-that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be in many a heart enthroned. There is no putting by that crown. Queens you must always be, queens to your lovers, queens to your husbands and your sons. But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at Majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest, and leaving misrule and violence to work their will amongst men in defiance of the power which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of Peace, the wicked among you betray and the good forget!"

'Bus Horses' Appeal .- In several 'buses may now be seen this

appeal:"Old adage-A lame horse is no horse. If you love us do not strain our legs by needless re-startings, but kindly alight when we are stopped near your destinations.'

Hen's Milk .- We came across a recipe with a queer name the other day. A French cook highly recommended it as being very good for a cold. It consists of the yolk of a fresh egg, beaten in hot water, with a little sugar, and should be drunk on going to bed.

#### THE HOME DOCTOR.

BURNS and Scalds.—There are two preparations within easy reach of every-day life that give entire relief from pain and shock in the cure of a burn the moment either of them is applied-viz., a solution in water of washing soda, and the other a solution of Epsom salts. The salts are the best application for the face, head, and neck. Soft cloths dipped in the solution are carefully wound round or fixed upon the burn or burns and kept constantly wet with the solution. A perfect cure, with no mark or scar of any kind, will be had in from two or three days, according to the nature and extent of the burn or scald; but the principal thing is the instant and real relief from pain, provided attention is paid to keeping the cloths always wet with the solution

Stammerers. - It is said that stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment of speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been advocated, which is as follows:-For the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitutes the preliminary state of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice: and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.

# Points for the Temperance Platform.

What the THE following table is extracted from a pamphlet by Archdeacon Govett, entitled Money "Strong Drink and its Results." The would do! cost of clothing, it will be noted, is far too high for working-class tradesmen, so that the argument is all the stronger. The figures are for Liverpool only.

The amount expended for Drink in the licensed retail houses of Liverpool for one year would procure-

20,000 families house rent, at 7s. 6d. per week for

| one year                                              | £390,000                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 120,000 sacks of flour at 30s. per sack               | . 180,000                               |
| 80,000 tons of coal at 14s. per ton                   | . 60,000                                |
| 20,000 families 5s. per week for meat one year        | . 260,000                               |
| 20,000 sides of bacon, 36 lb. at 8d. per lb           | . 24,000                                |
| 20,000 suits of men's clothes at 70s. per suit        | . 70,000                                |
| 20,000 families 10s. per week for groceries, one year | r 520,000                               |
| 40,000 pairs of men's shoes at 15s. per pair          | . 30,000                                |
| 40,000 pairs of women's shoes at 10s. per pair        | . 20,000                                |
| 40,000 dresses for women at 30s. per dress            | . 60,000                                |
| 20,000 men's hats at 10s                              | . 10,000                                |
| 20,000 women's bonnets at 15s                         |                                         |
| 60,000 suits for boys and girls at 50s                | . 150,000                               |
| 60,000 hats, caps, and bonnets for children at 3s     | . 9,000                                 |
| 60,000 pairs of shoes, boys' and girls', at 7s. 6d    |                                         |
| 40,000 pairs of men's hose at 1s. 6d                  |                                         |
| 40,000 pairs of women's stockings at 1s. 6d           | 3,000                                   |
| 40,000 lots of china and earthenware at 40s           |                                         |
| 200,000 yards of flannel at 1s. 6d. per yard          |                                         |
| 400,000 yards of long cloth at 9d                     |                                         |
| 40,000 pairs of blankets at 15s. per pair             | ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,, |
| ~                                                     |                                         |
| OIID M                                                | TDOTTE                                  |

| 20,000 iron bedsteads at 20s                           | £20,000   |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 20,000 tables at 30s                                   | 30,000    |
| 20,000 half-dozen chairs at 30s                        |           |
| 20,000 hearth rags at 7s. 6d                           | 7,500     |
| 240,000 yards of carpet at 3s. 6d. per yard            | 42,000    |
| 20,000 daily papers at 1d. each per year               | 26,000    |
| 100,000 six-day excursion tickets to London, 15s. each | 75,000    |
| 100,000 persons, 10s. per day, for the six-days' ex-   |           |
| cursion                                                | 300,000   |
| 20,000 families for a week at New Brighton, South-     |           |
| port, or Blackpool, at £5 per family                   | 100,000   |
| 100 prizes for inventions by skilled workmen, an       |           |
| average of £100 each                                   | 10,000    |
| 100 three years' scholarships for boys and girls in    |           |
| High Schools, £150                                     | 15,000    |
| 100 musical scholarships at £150                       | 15,000    |
| Blue Coat School                                       | 5,000     |
| Myrtle-street Orphanage                                | 5,000     |
| Seamen's Orphanage                                     | 5,000     |
| School for the Blind                                   | 5,000     |
| It would pay the School Board precept                  | 42,000    |
| The Poor Ratessay                                      | 200,000   |
| The Liverpool Hospitals                                | 50,000    |
| Three new reading rooms for north, south, and east     |           |
| Liverpool, at £10,000 each                             |           |
| Leaving a surplus of                                   | 3,200     |
| (to be spent in conveying the neglected children       |           |
| of the city in the country during summer.)             |           |
|                                                        |           |
| Total£                                                 | 2,982,200 |
|                                                        |           |

#### OUR MIDSUMMER VOLUMES.

UR half-yearly volumes are now ready, price sixpence each. We need not recapitulate the contents of " Home Words" Midsummer Volume; it is simply six times as attractive as the present number. "Hand and Heart" and "The Day of Days" Volumes vie with one another; the former containing a large number of short tales and articles, and the latter serial tales by well-known writers, and special Sunday reading. For short and long holiday reading, the three volumes will be found admirable companions in spare half-hours.

London: "HOME WORDS" Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.





THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

From the Painting by W. HOLMAN HUNT.

"COME in! and coming, evermore abide— Faith bids Thee rest and make Thy dwelling here!"—Page 200.

# HOME WORDS

# FOR HEART AND HEARTH

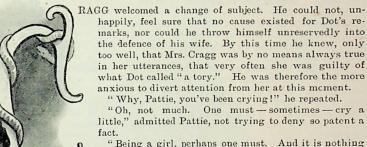
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# Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT HAD GONE WRONG?



"Being a girl, perhaps one must. And it is nothing that I can set right? You are sure?"

"Quite sure," she said, tears in her eyes again. "I'll tell you more by-and-by; but there is nothing to be done."

"Pattie was crying, 'way in her loom,' declared Dot, who never failed to put her small finger into every pie that happened to be going.

"You mustn't let Pattie cry any more, Dot. It's bad for her. If she does, come and tell me."

"All wite," nodded Dot cheerfully.

Tea presently came to an end, and Pattie noted as an unusual event that Mrs. Cragg had not flown into a passion in defence of herself. But little time remained for that or for other observations, since she and Cragg had to dress at once for church. Mrs. Cragg seldom

troubled herself to go in the evening.

Coming out of church an hour and a half later, Cragg said, as he walked beside Pattie in the half dusk,—

"What has been wrong to-day?"

"I can't tell you quite all," Pattie replied. "But-part, if you like. It is about my father's letters."

"Yes. What about them?"

"I have burnt them. Not to-day, but two or three days ago."

"You have!"

Pattie in

"I thought it right."

"In that case there's nothing to be said. People must follow their consciences, of course. But why?"

"I was afraid you might persuade me to read them-against what I felt to be right."

"Have I been so positive?"

"No. But you are so kind a friend to me, I might have felt bound to do what you advised. And I could not think it right. I could not feel sure that my father would wish it. So I glanced them through—just to see that there was no money, and that there were no directions to me about things he might want done. And then I burnt them."

"All of them! Every one?"

"I thought I had burnt them all, but I found to-day that I had not. Three of them were in another place. I came across them to-day, and I have read them. I had a reason for doing so, or else I would have burnt them too. And they have made me feel very unhappy."

"Do you mind telling me what they are about?"

"I think I should like to do that. I think I would rather show them to you, if you don't mind. It would be a comfort. They tell me more about his past than I have known before. I mean, about the reason that we had to leave our old home and came here."

"Poor girl!" he said, at the sound of a sob.
"I'm sorry you found the letters, if they trouble
you so much. After all, the thing is over now;
and he is beyond the reach of such troubles.
Can't you look upon it in that light?"

"Ah, but his name is not cleared," she said,

very low.

"You have not got the letters with you, I suppose? You have? Shall we go into this field and sit down on the log? It is not too dark yet for me to make them out. You would like that? Come along then. Pattie, do you know that your father said something to me when he was dying about this? I have never told you, I think."

"No. What did he say?"

"He implied that he had been wrongly accused of something. He said that you did not know it, and that he did not wish you to know until the truth should come out; so I am sorry you should have read the letters."

"But you thought I ought to read them all."

"Did I say that exactly? Perhaps I hardly realized that you would discover more than your father meant you to know. In an ordinary case, if a man wishes his child not to know a thing after his death, he would not keep letters bearing on the subject. There, now we can sit down, and no one will disturb us. Your father said something more, Pattie. He declared in the strongest manner, as in the sight of God, and as a man facing death, that he had not done the thing of which he was accused. He implored me to believe him; and I did believe him. I believe him still. I do not think any man, as he then was, could have said what he said—deliberately and more than once—if it had been a lie."

"You believe him? I am glad!" whispered Pattie. "Now I do not mind showing these to you. I think you will believe him still."

She handed the three sheets to Cragg, and then she waited patiently as he made his way through one after another — not an easy task in the waning light.

"Yes," he said at length gravely, "I see."

"You think?"

"My dear, I think that somehow things must have looked very black against him. This Mr. Peterson does not give me the impression of being a hard or an unjust man."

"Oh no; he was always so just and kind-before

this-always such a friend."

"And you had known him for many years. You may be sure he would not suddenly have changed, without believing that he had good reason. But, on the other hand, I cannot think that your father was guilty. Even the little that I saw of him gave me a strong impression that he was a true and upright man; and what he said when dying—no, I do not think he was guilty. I believe that some day his name will be cleared. Not yet, perhaps, but some day. What do you mean to do with these letters?"

"What ought I to do? May I burn them?"

"Don't do anything in a hurry. Put them up in a sealed packet, with a direction outside that they are to be burnt after your lifetime. Then lock the packet up, and do not let yourself dwell upon it in thought. You can do no good to him; and remember that he would wish you to be happy."

Pattie murmured a faint assent.

Neither of the two moved at once. It was a still and mild evening, pleasant in feeling. Now and again a soft twitter showed that not all the birds had gone to roost. Sometimes a sound of voices came from the town.

"Mr. Cragg," said Pattie.

"Yes, my dear."

"I want to find something to do."

"What sort of thing?"

"I want to get my own livelihood. Will you help me?"

"There's no hurry. Some day, perhaps."

"I want it now."

"Are you in such a hurry to leave us? To leave Dot?"

"Not Dot, oh no! I shall feel that dreadfully. And you—you are so good to me. But still, I cannot go on like this. I want to be independent—to make my own way; and if you would help me to find something—I don't mind what—"

"Pattie, I must ask one question. Has my wife

tried to bring this about?"

"No," Pattie said at once; "I don't think so. She has not said anything lately about wishing me to go. It is my own thought." "Not because of anything she has said or done?"
That put the question differently, and Pattie could not reply with a negative.

"It is my own wish," she repeated steadily. "I

want to be independent."

"But your father wished you to be with us. I promised him when he was dying."

"Yes, I know. I went in directly after, and he said something to me before he became unconscious. He said you had promised; but I could

not agree to that, you know. I could not be a burden on you; only just for a little while—and now I have been long enough. I mustfind something else to do. Perhaps I might take care of some children, as a nursery governess. Would not that do?"

"We must think about it," replied Cragg gravely. "I am not in a hurry to get rid of you, though you are in a hurry to go. It is very pleasant to have you in the house."

Then he stood up. "I'm afraid we ought to move; it is growing damp."

Not much passed between them on the way home. Mr. Cragg was thinking cragg was thinking would make to him when Pattie should be gone. Now he

could always look upon one face not clouded by ill-temper. He found himself dreading a return to the old condition of things. Pattie, wondering a little over his silence, feared that she had said something to yex him.

"It isn't that I am ungrateful, you know," she pleaded, when they had nearly arrived.

"If I wished you to go, I should be ungrateful," he answered. "You don't know how much you have done to brighten life for little Dot and me, since you came to us."

"Have I? No, I didn't know it. My mother always said one could do a good deal in that way,

if one would take the trouble; and I do try. But it isn't always easy. It is very good of you to speak so to me. But still—I think I ought to begin to work for myself."

"Well, we must consider. No need to settle anything hastily. There's time enough—by-and-

by."

Then they went indoors, and they had to submit to various complaints on the part of Mrs. Cragg, who had been waiting full ten minutes for

her supper.

Cragg received the complaints in his usual silence; and not much was said during the meal. Dot, the great talker, was in bed, sound asleep; and Cragg and Pattie had had their say. Mrs. Cragg demanded to know whatever in the world they had been about: and she requested another time to be informed beforehand. if they meant to go dawdling round and wasting their time after church. She didn't mean to wait for them, in that case-not she! Next time she should begin without them. Cragg and Pattie were very willing that she should; but to have said so would only have aroused her ire afresh; therefore they said nothing.



"'Your father said something to me when he was dying." "-Page 196.

Later in the evening, when Pattie too had vanished, Cragg put a direct question to his wife,—

"Has anything gone wrong with you and Pattie to-day?"

"Whatever should make you fancy that?"

"Only that she had been crying. I saw that at tea-time. And she said something this evening about wanting to find work for herself."

"She says that whenever she's put out. It

doesn't mean much."

"I never can see that Pattie does get 'put out,' in the sense you mean. And what has happened to 'put her out' to-day?" "How should I know, Mr. Cragg?"

A little voice in Mrs. Cragg's mind tried to suggest that she should tell her husband the

truth, but Mrs. Cragg refused to listen.

"You are more likely than any one else to know. Pattie has told me about having destroyed her father's letters,—but she has not told me everything: though I cannot guess what it is that she has held back. I thought you perhaps might know."

Mrs. Cragg was silent.

"I do not gather that she destroyed the letters to-day; but she seems to have come across two or three others unexpectedly, and for some reason to have felt bound to read them. I was perplexed altogether. Why should she have thought it right to read these, when she had burnt all the others for fear of being persuaded to read them? Are you sure you cannot explain this to me, my dear?"

Suspicion was plainly written in Mr. Cragg's face. Pattie had not managed quite so cleverly as she had intended to manage. And Mrs. Cragg took the bull by the horns, which she was quite capable of doing, as we have already seen.

"It's no such tremendous mystery, after all," she said. "Pattie found that I'd read the letters, and then she said she must read them too."

" You had read the letters, my dear!"

"Yes, Mr. Cragg. I had read them! And I'd read them again, if it was all to come over again!" Mrs. Cragg tossed her head, though she could not help her colour rising.

"You read—without leave—letters that did not belong to you? You do not really mean it!"

Mrs. Cragg hardened herself against her husband's look of incredulity.

"Pattie was so ridiculous," she said. "Wouldn't tell this, and wouldn't answer that, and so mysterious! So I just got hold of the letters, and found out for myself. And I'd a perfect right too. As if we weren't taking her in, and doing for her, all at our own expense,—and she, if it wasn't for us, pretty nearly a beggar! If I hadn't a right, I should just like to know who would have! Oh, I'm not ashamed of it! I'd do it over again, this minute. And so I told Pattie."

Cragg was roused for once. He had always been a man of honourable feeling.

"I would not have believed it—even of you!" he said pointedly. "If somebody else had told me, I should have said it was impossible."

"Well, then, it isn't impossible; and you're wiser to-night than you were this morning," retorted his wife.

Cragg stood up.

"Now I understand!" he said. "I understand—and I do not wonder—that Pattie should wish to live no longer under my roof. I have never been more ashamed—for myself—and for you!"

Then he left the room.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

LITTLE DOT-A CATASTROPHE.



thud."—Page 200.

HE household atmosphere was thick and uncomfortable during many days after. Pattie heard nothing of that late Sunday evening talk, for Cragg would not complain to her of his wife, and Mrs. Cragg felt that she

would gain little by repeating what had passed; but there was a general sense of strain. Cragg had become exceedingly grave and silent; Mrs. Cragg was very much out of temper; and Pattie found that skill was needed to steer straight in every-day life. But for little Dot's clinging devotion to herself, she would almost have felt the condition of things to be unbearable.

Nearly a week later Cragg, meeting her one day on the stairs, stopped to say abruptly,—

"If you are still bent on leaving us, Pattie, I shall not try to hinder you."

Pattie again thought that the tone meant annoyance. She looked up with moist eyes:--

"I don't think you quite understand."

"Yes I do. I understand—better than I did last Sunday evening. I'm not surprised that you wish to go. And I—have no right now to prevent it—if I could. I will help you all I can. Not that I like you to go; but I—can say nothing."

Pattie knew then that, in one way or another, the truth had reached him. She was glad and sorry; glad that Mrs. Cragg should have told him, if indeed she had done so; and sorry that he should be so distressed.

"But I do not mean that I am in a great hurry," she said. "I do not want to go directly. Perhaps I shall not hear of anything to do for a long while. It is only that in time I ought,—I cannot go on always being dependent. And you know this is not a new thought. Ever since I came I have always said that it was only for a time."

"Yes, yes, I know. But now—it's natural you should wish it more."

What could Pattie say? She could not deny the truth of his words.

Cragg sighed and passed on. To an upright and truthful man, it is a terrible feeling that he cannot trust his own wife, that she has not even so far the sense of honesty as to be ashamed of her own meanness when she has acted meanly.

He went to the room where he carried on such correspondence as was necessary. He managed to get three business letters accomplished; and then he lost himself in regretful thought. A boy came in, bringing letters just arrived. Several were unimportant, containing orders or inquiries connected with his stock of furniture. But one brought an exclamation to his lips—What was this? A bill!—and one that he did not expect. A long bill, too, weighty in its sum-total. Cragg glanced at the name heading the first sheet. He knew

it as that of a large linen-draper's in a neighbouring town. His wife often went there for her shopping.

But, being aware of her extravagant tendencies, he had always in sisted that she should pay ready money for everything that she bought, except in the case of two or three specified shops at Putworth, from which the quarterly accounts came regularly in.

More than once in the past Mrs. Cragg had broken through this rule. She had not, however, done so very lately. He had had to complain of the extent of her Putworth bills; but he concluded they com-

prised the whole of her expenses. Now he knew his mistake. Here were two long pages of items, ranging through twelve months past and more. The sum-total was especially startling to Cragg at this moment. Troubles were already crowding tpon him, and he could hardly see how to meet his liabilities. He put the bill down and groaned aloud. Then he examined it afresh. Evidently the bill had been sent to Mrs. Cragg, and had been sent in vain. And so the draper, despairing of getting the worth of his goods from her, had decided on an appeal to her husband.

And Cragg knew that he would have to pay it. He could not let his wife remain in debt. Yet—how to spare the money?

A feeling of indignation swept over him. She was very very wrong. The manner in which she had behaved to Pattie made it the harder for him to meet this patiently. The wife who should have been his help and stay was becoming only a clog and burden; something to be endured, instead of some one to be dearly loved. And it was all her own fault. Cragg wished to be a good husband; and he had borne much very patiently. Things now were getting almost beyond bearing.

He stood up, paper in hand, and walked quickly to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Cragg was gener-

> ally to be found. She was there, and so was Dot.

> "Dadda!" shrieked Dot in rapture.

> Cragg took her up, kissed her, and said, "Run away, my pet."

> "What's she to run away for?" demanded Mrs. Cragg.

"I want a few words with you."

"If you're going to grumble, I'd rather not. Dot can stay."

"I must have a few words with you," repeated Cragg, his

manner unusually stern. "Run away, Dot darling."

"All wite, dadda." Dot trotted off.

"I want you to explain this bill to me." Cragg did not say "my dear." He was surprised and half alarmed at the degree of his own resentment towards her—a resentment piled up by one thing upon another. It was half for Pattie, half for

himself, and it was increased by the sense of her falsity.

Mrs. Cragg looked at the bill which he laid before her, and, as usual, hardened herself.

"They'd no business to send that to you."
"Where did you expect them to send it? How

do you suppose you are going to pay it?"

Mrs. Cragg tossed her head.

"I shall pay it in time-of course."

"There is no 'of course' in the matter. The money that I allow you is never enough for immediate wants, apparently."

"Then you'd better allow me more."

"I cannot afford it. I am on the high-road to beggary."



"A bill !-- and one that he did not expect."-Page 199.



"You're uncommon fond of talking nonsense, Mr. Cragg."

"I am speaking sober truth. At this rate of going on I shall very soon be bankrupt."

Mrs. Cragg declined to believe what he said. She took up the bill and glanced it through.

"Those people are regular cheats. I don't believe it ought to be half nor a quarter as much." "You mean that you have not had the things?"

"I had some of them, of course. But not all that long list."

"Find something in the bill that you have not had, and I will go at once to make complaints."

"Really, Mr. Cragg, I didn't marry you to be kept in as close as this, and lectured as if I were a school-girl. And I don't mean to bear it neither. You've been worse than ever since Pattie came—and that's the truth."

"I shall have to be worse," Cragg answered coldly. "I cannot afford this sort of thing, and that's the long and short of the matter. If you run into debt, you must manage for yourself. But it's no use speaking to you. You don't choose to understand": and he left the room as Pattie came in.

"Has anything happened?" she asked. "Mr. Cragg looks—"

"He's in a temper," said Mrs. Cragg.
1to me."

Pattie's lips formed a mute protest.

If Mrs. Cragg had said, "I am in a temper," no-

body would have questioned it.
"I came to find Dot," remarked Pattie, knowing

it was useless to carry on any discussion with Mrs. Cragg. "Do you know where she is?" "How should I know? Mr. Cragg sent her away."

"How should I know? Mr. Cragg sent her away."
A shrill cry, followed by a heavy thud, sounded:
and then scream after scream filled the air.

(To be continued.)

# "The Light of the World."

(Suggested by W. Holman Hunt's celebrated Picture. See page 194.)

BY THE REV. F. BRODIE MACNUTT, B.A., CURATE OF HOLY TRINITY, BECKENHAM.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii. 20.

OME in, though late! The night is black and chill;
Wild howls the wind across the lonely moor.

I will not wait to work Thee deeper ill,

And leave Thee cheerless at the bolted door.

Alas! too long this purblind war with fear:
Too long the mate of grief hath dwelt my heart,

Nor turned to greet the love that stood so near And pleaded entrance, never to depart.

There hath been turmoil here, there hath been pain, There have been doubt, and doubt's dark bride de-There have been selfish loves, and passion vain, [spair. And weary conflict with invading care.

And many a fickle guest hath been before, And shelter found and feasted to his fill; Then careless vanished—to return no more, And left me empty and unrestful still.

Yet thou wilt not despise to enter now,
O Saviour Christ. My weakness bids Thee come,
Though long the dews of night have wet Thy brow,
Denied a shelter and refused a home.

O could such pity unrequited plead,
Such proffèred pardon meet rejection base?
O could that love be spurned with little heed,
And blatant folly greet such boundless grace?

I hail Thee welcome, I salute Thee King!
I cast the burden of life's evils down.
I vow Thee fealty; and with homage bring
(For love hath conquered!) the surrendered crown.
Set me a seal upon my brow, and brand

This waiting soul Thine own, a happy slave: And take for ever from Thy vassal's hand The wanton will Thy patient love forgave.

Break loose the chains that bind my life in sin, And chain me in the thraldom of my Lord: Cast down the idols that are throned within, And spread Thy banquet on the empty board. Thyself the Light, dispel the gloom of pride,

Thyself the Light, dispel the gloom of pride, And chase afar the brood of faithless fear; Come in! and coming, evermore abide—

Faith bids Thee rest and make Thy dwelling here.

# "Thy Mord is Truth."

#### XIV. FORGIVEN MOST, MOST IN DEBT.

BY THE REV. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A., RECTOR OF ALL SOULS', LONDON.

ES, blessed paradox of grace, our indebtedness begins when all our debts are fully paid.

This is the teaching of that priceless gem of a parable so exquisitely set in the story of the Saviour's welcome of the woman that was a sinner; I mean the parable of the

two debtors, with its wonderful teaching about the fountain of love that God opens in the freely pardoned soul. "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. He that is forgiven most will love most." Love is the current coin of God's realm. Heaven's dues are only payable in love.

Nothing, therefore, is so conducive to true holiness as the Gospel of the free grace of God. When face to face with the law, we begin at once to discount its claims, and substitute outward conformity for loyal obedience. But when God's grace is revealed to the soul, and we learn that we are forgiven freely for Christ's sake, then a new sense of indebtedness and a new power of love are awakened. But for this the forgiveness must be absolutely free. Let the least thought of merit enter, and the love is damaged, if not destroyed. For the rule is: "He that is forgiven much will love much."

A shallow sense of sin leads to a low estimate of pardon and a little love. A deep sense of sin leads to a high estimate of pardon and a great love. If there is any thought of merit, if the debtor thinks he can pay but one farthing in the pound, the sense of sin cannot be deep, the love cannot be strong. Let all who value holiness magnify the free grace of God. Nothing but free sovereign grace can deal a death-blow to man's pride. Not till we submit to the righteousness of God is the broken and contrite heart created within us. And that is the only sacrifice God accepts, the only soil for love and true holiness.

#### XV. REAPING TIME.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.

I was once visiting the prison of a country town and inspecting its arrangements, when the jailor said to me, "We have at present a very hardened criminal under sentence for a dreadful crime. He resists all efforts to influence him for good; he turns a deaf ear to the instructions of the chaplain, and seems utterly abandoned. Would you venture to say a few words to him?"

I was soon in his cell. There he sat, silent and sullen, and gave no response to my greeting. Sitting down beside him, I tried to reach his conscience, but in vain. He maintained his doggedness of demeanour, and gave no sign of being even aware of my presence. At last a happy thought struck me: I laid my hand upon his arm, and said, "Were you ever at a Sunday School?"

A thrill passed through his powerful frame so suddenly and distinctly that it vibrated through my own, and made the iron bedstead on which we sat shake. The strong man quivered with emotion. Presently the grim silence was broken by choking sobs, and his tears poured down like rain. I saw my advantage and pursued it. The memory of the Sunday School had burst the bars of his heart, and he listened like a penitent and weeping child to all I had to say.

It was the springing up of a new and better life to that reckless felon; but it had its roots far away in the instruction and influences which seemed for a while to have been lost. Perhaps his teacher had often mourned over him; perhaps has never heard of the happy issue. I could not discover where he was, or I would have conveyed to him the glad intelligence; but his labour was not in vain in the Lord. He shall reap his harvest in the days to come. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

#### GOLDEN PROVERBS.

A walking Christian is better than a talking Christian.

Better walk by faith than talk of faith.

Bless God for your afflictions, and your afflictions will be your greatest blessings.

Death died when Christ rose.

Despair not, for thou hast a God; presume not, for thou

Believers are not free from sin—that is their burden. But they are not free to sin—that is their blessing.

Empty your bucket before you draw from the well.

God wants nothing from you but your necessity.

A handful of holy life is worth a ton of tall talk.

A hen with one chick seems mighty busy.

A journey of a thousand miles begins with a step.

A kind face is always beautiful.

A lazy man tempts Satan to tempt him.

Faith works love, works by love, and loves to work.

A bad book is a big thief.

It is easier to pull down than to build.

A bad reaper blames the sickle. Bad workmen quarrel with their tools.

# Our Bortrait Sketch. III. THE REV. FRANCIS SCOTT WEBSTER, M.A.



From a Photograph by



HE new Rector of All Souls', Langham Place, has been greatly beloved at St. Thomas's, Birmingham. Many prayers for increasing blessing accompany him to his new and important charge in London.

He was a scholar of Pembroke, Oxford, and took high honours. He was well known as an Evangelistic worker whilst a student, and, after taking his degree in 1881, became Curate at St. Aldate's, Oxford, with Canon Christopher. From 1885-8 he was Lecturer at Brunswick Chapel, London, and also Principal of the Church Army Training Home, in Edgware Road.

Parochial missions have always had a warm place in Mr. Webster's heart: and one of these in Birmingham probably led to the offer of St. Thomas's in that

E. B. Mowll. Birmingham.

city in 1888. He speedily gathered round him earnestminded workers. The Church became famous for thoroughly congregational singing and hearty services. Bishop Tucker, when speaking of the remarkable heartiness of the service in the native Church in Uganda, declared he had never heard such hearty singing anywhere in England, "unless," he said, "I except St. Thomas's, Birmingham." Mr. Webster taught the people to respond. "Remember," he once said, "that in public worship we have no business to be silent. You may pray as really when you say the words in your heart, but you do not help others unless you say them aloud. It is with a most literal meaning that quite early in the service we pray, 'O Lord, open Thou our lips: and our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.' Our Liturgy is one of the glories of our Church, because it makes congregational worship a reality." Evangelistic work was car-

ried on with much success amongst the poor-and St. Thomas's, out of its ten thousand people, has a large number of poor-whilst gradually a large congregation, not a few coming from Edgbaston, filled the church. A new Mission Hall, costing £1,360, a Church greatly improved in appearance, by an outlay of over £1,300, as well as important additions to the Schools,

are a permanent proof of the power with which Mr. Webster administered the affairs of the parish. He was happy in having in Mr. J. W. Lea an enthusiastic helper who spares neither time, trouble, nor money in helping on Church Schools.

It is almost needless to say the organizing work has included a Men's Sunday Afternoon Bible Class, with an average attendance of 108, a Young Men's Christian Union, large Mothers' Meetings, various Parish Clubs, Young Women's Christian Association, Temperance work, Prayer Union, District Visitors' Society.

Few could resist Mr. Webster's Foreign Mission pleas. In one of his Reports he writes: "There is sure to be a reflex blessing on our work at home in

aiding the millions of heathen abroad. But for the missionary zeal of the early Church we should have been heathen savages to-day. England owes everything to missionaries. May we soon send out a hundred times as many as we have done. For every worker we spare for the foreign field, God will raise up two to labour at home."

As a matter of course Mr. Webster has taken a deep interest in the Home Mission work of the Church Pastoral-Aid Society as hon. secretary for the Birmingham Auxiliary. The contributions have advanced in round figures from £1,000 to £1,600. The annual meeting this year in the town hall was, owing to special organization, by means of district committees, the most successful the Society has ever had. The hall was crowded on a wet night.

But perhaps, so far as spiritual work is concerned, the remarkable increase in contributions to the C.M.S., as well as the many offers of service made to the Society, and accepted, by curates, laymen, and ladies, ought to be put in the first place. In Mr. Webster's first year, St. Thomas's sent a little over £24 to the C.M.S., this year it has sent about £315. This is really the best year, though last year £1,200 was contributed, including a donation of £900. The most gratifying fact, and the one which may well give encouragement to others is this, the increase has been progressive. It has never flagged. It has been due, above all things, to the variety of means used, and the intense spiritual energy thrown into the organization of C.M.S. work.

Mr. Webster, we should add, has not neglected the use of the Press as our Church's "second pulpit." His parish magazine has been most successful. He is also the author of several admirable volumes. Amongst them may be mentioned Christians and Christians, Old Fashioned Christianity, Christ and the Comforter, The Secret of Holiness (Marshall Brothers), and Set to Obey (J. Nisbet & Co.). An extract from the latter will be found on another page.

Aston Vicarage.

HENRY SUTTON.

### "3 Iknow a Bank."

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

HERE'S a Bank that I hear about now and then That takes deposits from working men; It has shining mirrors and flaring gas, And it draws its draughts in a jug or glass.

The customer there for his savings shows
A shaky hand and a flaming nose.

Keep out of its books, for I've come to learn That Bank's a decidedly queer concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then That takes deposits from working men; Its clerks are never too grand or fine To enter a penny of yours or mine; And the pence tot up, as I hear folks say, To a nice little hoard for a rainy day. Get one of its books, for I've come to learn The Post Office Bank is a safe concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then That takes deposits from working men; A gentle tone and a loving look Are entered there in an angel's book; Kind words are its silver, kind deeds its gold, And its riches ne'er fail, nor its bags wax old. Oh, think of that Bank, for I've come to learn To have treasure therein is life's chief concern.

#### MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.



OW to be happy though married "(rather wicked that word "though," is it not?) was a question with our forefathers as it is with us. A book on "Folklore," recently published, says that, before the

ever-blessed Reformation shed its sunshine over our land, there were restrictions as to the seasons when marriages should be celebrated. On the flyleaf of a country register was written:—

"Advent marriages doth deny, But Hilary gives thee liberty; Septuagesima says thee nay, Eight days from Easter says you may."

Well, but I am afraid we do not ask Hilary or Septuagesima for their consent.

And then, old "Folklore" says, beware of becoming engaged to a lady or gentleman whose name begins with the same letter as that with which your own name begins. "To change the name and not the letter,

Is a change for the worse and not for the better."

Ah, but we take one another "for better, for worse," whatever that "better" or that "worse" may mean.

Then some people—Yorkshire people, sturdy northmen and women—think that whichever says "I will" the loudest will die first. That puts the matter unfairly into the lady's hands, because in whatever note of the gamut he says it she can go (trust her!) a note lower. Does my married reader remember whether bride or bridegroom spoke loudest? Ah! perhaps it was so long ago, so long, long ago! And you are still happy and true and thankful; and the children love you and you them, as dearly as when they prayed at your knee? Nothing on this earth is so happy as a united, affectionate, unbroken family circle.

Northmarston.

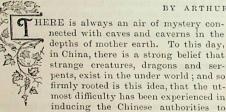
S. B. JAMES, D.D.



THE HASTINGS CAVES-THE HALL OF HARMONY.

# Under Ground.

BY ARTHUR T. BENSON.



allow British companies to sink shafts to search for coal. With tears in their eyes the Chinese officials have urged that their country would be devastated if the dragons were once let loose.

We need not laugh at our pig-tailed brothers, for it is not so very long ago that Europeans believed that every mountain was haunted by similar dragons. And not a few of us are still terribly nervous of exploring caves and caverns, particularly if they happen to be "darksome places."

Those who have descended an English coal mine, and penetrated its miles of gloomy passages, would be scared to be left alone underground: and many a man has been known to start to walk through a railway tunnel, and turn back, not because he feared a train, but because he dreaded that he should never

gain daylight again. Even after passing through a tunnel in a railway carriage—such as the St. Gothard for example—a feeling of relief is experienced on coming once more into the sunlight.

The caverns depicted in our illustrations have long lost their awesomeness. Nobody expects to see a dragon gaping at him from a dark corner of the Cave of Harmony. For if there was nothing else to dispel the air of mystery, the names of "John Jones" and his sister "Susan," not to mention those of other visitors, would do so. Dragons do not inhabit such well-trodden passages as those which lead to the St. Clement's Caves at Hastings.

How were they discovered? The answer must still further rob the caverns of any reputation as the home of unknown creatures. A certain Mr. Scott, while digging the foundation for a summer-house at the end of his garden, suddenly and quite unintentionally fell into the Hall of Harmony. Instead of abusing, or after abusing, the extraordinary formation which had caused his sudden descent in life, he determined to ask permission of the ground landlord to enlarge the natural cavity, and make of it a subterranean summer-house, where he might entertain his friends.

This he did; and one can imagine his satisfaction in airing his little joke among his friends. One wonders if he was content to let them down gently into his summer-house. In 1830 "The Caves" were leased to a Mr. Golding, who improved nature by making extensive excavations. Having done so, he opened the subterranean passages and chambers as a show place. A "Guide," dated 1835, describes them as "one of the greatest lions of Hastings." This is, of course, a mistake: Mr. Golding was the lion, his excavations one of the greatest dens of Hastings.

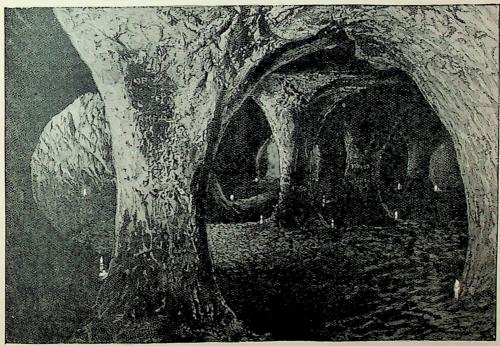
In summer, we learn, they were opened to the public once a fortnight, and in winter once a month, the darkness being dispelled by "two hundred candles." Illuminations for a private party cost thirty shillings, but on public days the charge per head was sixpence. Mr. Golding was an enterprising man. He closed the old entrance, which was too high for convenience; opened a new one on a level with the floor of the caves, and cut out of the soft rock (the surface soon hardens by exposure) several galleries of approach to the hollows. He also enlarged the great pillared "saloon," the "Cave of Harmony," in which generations of trippers have made their names but not their reputations. Now they are open every day of the week in summer and twice a week in winter.

Of course a number of queer legends have gathered round the caves; but they have been so much improved and enlarged to fit the extensions of the caves that one cannot tell where fiction begins and fact ends

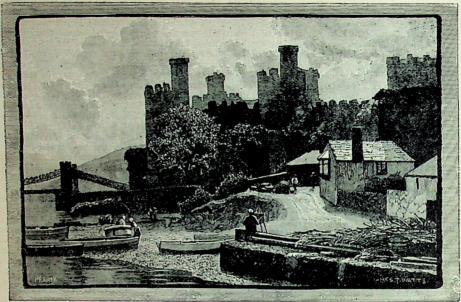
Occasionally, underground burrowing by inquisitive men has been rewarded by most valuable finds. Thus, for instance, one might take Silchester, the buried Roman city, as a notable example. It was discovered in an interesting way. Three hundred years ago it was noticed that over a space of one hundred acres, within the ancient walls (supposed to be those of a ruined Roman city), the corn grew in very strange fashion. "The corn is marvellous fair to the eye," said Leland, "but when ready to show perfection it decayeth." The country folk declared that poor corn followed the lines of buried streets; and farmers asserted that when the crops were fully grown the sites of the streets and principal buildings could be noticed, on overlooking the fields, by the thinness and weakness of the ears in long lines and patches, while all else was luxuriant.

Subsequent excavations proved this to be correct, and foundations of buildings and street pavements were found a few feet below the soil. The Roman forum was traced, and valuable relics of the invaders of Britain, including many coins, were dug up.

As for the value of our coal finds "under ground" they actually amount to 195,361,000 tons, a total only approached by the United States. How long will our store of black diamonds last? According to a leading authority about four hundred years.



THE HASTINGS CAVES-THE CRYPT.



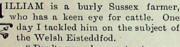
From a Drawing by]

CONWAY CASTLE.

[JAMES T. WATTS.

# The Welsh Eisteddfod.

BY TAFFY AP JONES.



"Don't ye ask me to try new stuffs," said he. "Mangel-wurzels are good enough for my cows. No Welsh mixture for me; thank you, sir, all the same."

Welsh cattle? Yes, he knew all about them. What more natural than that Eisteddfod should be thought a patent fodder?

What, then, is the Eisteddfod? In a word, it is one of the oldest literary institutions in the world. Year after year Taffy holds his great meeting, where prizes are to be won, and honours, such as every true Welshman loves, to be gained. Eight hundred years ago the first poetical and musical festival brought together all the bards of the kingdom. The King of North Wales, His Majesty Gruffydd ab Cynau, summoned from east and west and north and south the singers and minstrels, and a mighty concert must have been the result. Nearly eight hundred years later the Prince and Princess of Wales were made "Bards." without an examination, at Carnarvon. Seven years before, the Eisteddfod had been held at the Albert Hall "in the chief city of Lud in Britain," the Prince of Wales having been present on that occasion.

A good deal happens at an Eisteddfod. Every

Hannah Jane and John Thomas in the Principality hopes to win, or see a friend win, a silver medal, or a money prize, in open competition. Nearly all are singing (choral and solo) contests, and one must needs have some courage to enter for an event. The tale is told of a most dramatic conflict which happened in the reign of Edward III. Two bards, Rhys Meigen and Davydd ap Gwilym were rivals for the poetic prize. Rhys recited his piece, but Davydd replied with such force that the ancient chronicle declares that Rhys fell to the ground and expired, being overcome by the bardic utterances of his opponent.

Hannah Jane and John Thomas do not risk such terrible encounters nowadays.

But let us begin at the beginning of an Eisteddfod. First comes the grand proclamation of proclamations, given "in full view and hearing of the country people and aristocracy, in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light, where no weapon shall be bared against them." It must be "proclaimed under the expansive freedom of the sky, and under the protection of God and His peace."

Suddenly a gentleman in a blue silk robe, bareheaded, and with his face to the sun, at the risk of a sunstroke, ascends the Druidical stone and gives the opening prayers. He is a clergyman, and he is followed by the Crown Bard, who makes a speech.

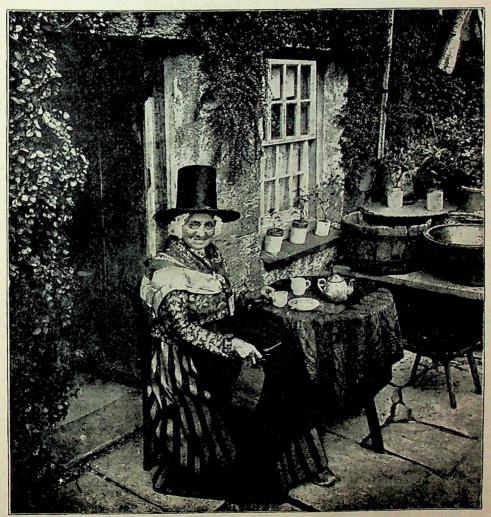
Then the candidates for degrees come up. There

are three grades—druids, orates, and bards. To-day the bards receive many new members. For instance, a young man, pale with fright, and looking as if he were going to be married, appears, supported between two bards, who handle him very much after the manner of police constables. He is led to the stone, where the Crown Bard receives him, and, holding his hand, asks him a number of questions on poetry or music. If they are answered satisfactorily, the Crown Bard jumps on the stone, uncovers, turns to the sun, and shouts three times, "Jarrett Roberts—Pencerdd Eifon."

After this degree-giving is over we go to the "Pa-

vilion," where the Eisteddfod is to be held. There proceedings begin with much speech-making, and are followed by all sorts of competitions, from essays on learned subjects, singing contests for single voices and chorus, to making a patchwork quilt or slate-splitting

Many are the striking incidents. A pretty peasant woman, in her national costume, knitting in hand, comes forward to play the triple harp in the performance of the harping bards. Then we have the Chair Prize Competition. One year it was given for the best piece of poetry on the Bible. The prize was £21 and a small gold medal.



IN THE LAND OF THE EISTEDDFOD: A WELSH WOMAN IN NATIVE COSTUME.

Let me close this slight sketch with a translated extract from a recent Eisteddfod speech of Llawdden—the bardic name of the Dean of St. David's, who has

gained the hearts of all who know him :-

"One of the chief charms of the Eisteddfod is that it brings together the eminent men of the nation. In England they are statesmen, warriors, commercial men, scientific men; but the eminent men of Wales are her bards, her literary men, her musicians, her hymn-composers, and her preachers. What do we see in the cottage homes of Wales? Not pictures of horseraces—not portraits of prize fighters. No, no; but portraits of the pulpit giants of the Principality, portraits of Gospel heroes, of the warriors of the Cross, the messengers of peace.

"As a nation we have many faults, but there are spots even on the sun. Show me a nation with higher national characteristics: a nation among whose people the Word of God has such a power in family and social life: a nation in which law, sobriety, honesty, and industry so prevail as amongst the Welsh: a nation by whom the Sunday is better sanctified and the Sunday-school upheld: a nation which is now speaking the same language as was spoken by their forefathers more than 2,000 years ago. Or show me another nation whose working men sacrifice the greater part of a week to attend a musical and literary festival in their thousands."

Some day, perhaps, there will be an English

Eisteddfod, and then-!

## A Man and a Brother,

BY "CARRUTHERS RAY."
(Continued from page 189.)

II.

the weeks went, an' I began t' feel real pleased I'd come hoame. The harvest were good, and there were work in plenty—aye, an' money, too. An' things went pleasant, 'cept that Mark didn't mend so well as he ought to 've done. Yes, they went pleasant enough till thet night when we missed Mark. I

can tell ye I've never felt so bad i' my life, never such a selfish, wicked sinner afore God and man. I thought he'd drownded hisself, and I'd done nothin' to cheer him and hearten him while he were ill. That day I'd bin to Tinton, and when I come back he'd gone. An' 'twas the very night ole Mrs. Martin hed promised to bring Molly to tea at the mill.

"Ne'er a sign did we find o' Mark, tho' we dragged the mill-pool. I mind I went callin' him round and round by the lane, and in tha copse thet night. And neighbours come and helped,

but 'twas all fer naught.

"For days I hadn't the heart to do more'n moon roun' tha mill. The ripples didn't seem to dance no more; they went by like a fun'ral procession. An' the weepers on the bank bent theirselves over the stream, as though they were pointin' down at what I couldn't see. An' when the sun 'd gone down blood red, and the night wind moaned roun' the eaves, I sat and shivered, afeard to move hand or foot. Maybe 'twas livin' solitary that made me feel that bad. Everythin' I set my eyes on started me thinkin', thinkin'—till I'd fancy I heard his step on tha gravel, or a tap at tha door.

"But a man mus' work if he's not to go mad. I mind I was settin' to it desp'rate when one fore-noon I catches a sight o' Molly i' tha lane. Up she came, her hat all awry, and her hair fallin' back.

"'They've found him,' she gasped. 'D'ye hear,

Jackie? 'Tis Mark, they say, an'—I—dussent—go; but I mus' know if 'tis he.'

"She jus' wailed out them las' words, and they rung in my brain for days like bells a-jangle 'Live or dead is he, girl? Quick, speak! An' where is he?'

"'Daown to Tinton,' she moaned. 'If 'tis him he's dead—drownded.'

"I stayed for no more. The road seemed clogged wi' clay that nipped my boots, but once out o' tha lane 'twere easier. I stopped to ask Joe Merle if 'twere true, but he thought I were mad, and on I went. At las' I got wind o' tha news. 'Twas a man bin hooked out o' tha river by a barge cap'en below Tinton, and nobody knew whether it might be Mark or no.

"They gev' me a lift in a cart, but it seemed months I was on the road.

"An' then 'twern't he; 'twern't he, but a poor chap they'd missed, for I found his friends there.

"Back I come to the mill, and as the days and the weeks marched by there seemed no good in grievin'. I felt it mightn't be my fault arter all. 'Twasn't half-way I went. I was amoast cheerful, and wanted ever so to hear the sound o' my own voice. Once again I took to courtin' Molly, and she—she were not the Molly as was so sweet. At least, not at first. An' when I asked her straight to marry me, she said,—

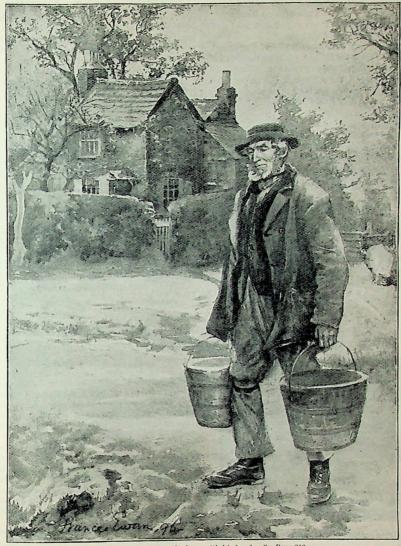
"'I've somethin' to tell 'ee, Jackie, that not a soul i' tha world knows—no, not Mark hisself.'

"I started at the sound o' Mark's name. But she still kep' close to me.

"'No, he never loved me, never said so much as a word; but, Jackie, I could ha' loved him.'

"Aye, an' I honoured her fer tellin' me. She'd seen i' a glance what I'd not seen i' years.

"That very night when I got hoame I found a letter from Mark. Every word I mind as if they



"He would totter up the lane with his burden."-Page 210.

were written afore my eyes. Aye, sir," and the old man's face lit up with love, "that letter's never been fur away this fifty year. 'Dear Jackie,' says he, 'come to me; I want ye. 'Tisn't likely I'll be master o' the mill agen. I do hope ye're good to Molly, an' she likes tha mill cottage fine. I couldn't stay an' be in your way, lad, an' the doctor said hospital would set me up grand. Come and see me afore long. From your affectionate

brother, Mark.' 'Twas sent off from Chilester Hospital, forty mile away.

"Rainin'! how it did rain—drip, drip, and the leaves wet like with tears. Them weepin' trees made me feard to go to Chilester; they seemed to be cryin' over what I'd done drivin' poor Mark out o' house and home. But next day I went, feelin' wretched enough.

"At the hospital I had to get leave to see him;

but they didn't keep me long afore they let me into the big ward. When I set eyes on him, I was thet staggered I dropped on my knees and jus' buried my face in the bed things.

"'Mark, what hev they done to 'ee?' I groaned.
'Why didn't ye send fer me afore? Why did ye go?'

"The nurses wanted me to give over. They said I was doin' no good, on'y harm. But I couldn't help it; he was thet wasted and him so young.

"'Jackie,' he said, 'don't 'ee tek on. 'Twere never no fault o' yourn.'

"Ave, he said that, God bless him fer it.

"'You couldn't ha' told,' he went on in his feeble voice. 'You couldn't ha' told thet I'd loved Molly, and hoped to marry her afore tha accident. 'Twas on'y thet made me give up hope o' askin' her. But, Jackie, you'll forgive me, but I couldn't bear to see you courtin' her. I couldn't bear to think you'd bring her hoame and not me. I prayed God to forgive me, and He showed me what 'twas right to do. Take care o' her, lad, and show her you're not 'feard to be on the A'mighty's side in the battle o' life. I'm goin', they say: so you'll not be worried no more with a cross-grained elder brother, but ye'll have the Captain o' the Lord's host to be your Elder Brother, and He'll lead 'ee straight.'"

John Blair's voice faltered, and died away. A smile of far-away beauty broke on his old face, like the light of a new day. From time to time I heard him whispering to himself, but his eyes had closed. Soon he fell asleep, and I rose quietly and left the room.

That night I walked down the mill lane with thoughts of love and death hovering round me. The hush of darkness, the silent trees, the stars faint gleams darting through the gloomy branches, the thud of my own footsteps—everything reminded me of the life-story I had heard. Surely love had spanned the life that was fast ebbing, spanned the fifty years as though they had been but a day.

A week later we laid the old man to sleep in the quiet God's acre where the birds sing. He lies close to Molly, his wife: but Mark's resting-place I have never found. But of this I am sure, that brother has met brother in the land of the leal.

The parish misses John Blair sorely. Many a tale of his kindly deeds have I heard—some too sacred for print; but one picture of him I can never forget. For six months before he took to his bed he used to draw water for Widow Candlish, whose well had gone dry. He would totter up the lane with his burden, "because his brother had need."

# Courage.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE STEADY ARM."





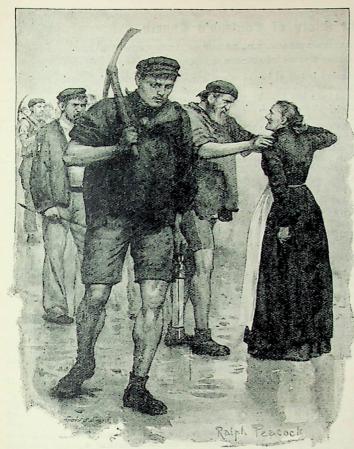
IDE by side with the grand old pictures of past courageous deeds and noble actions I would place others of our own time.

"Bill the Banker" was a poor navvy whose work, when he was engaged in the construction of railway embankments, lay amongst the "tip" wagons. It so befel that he obtained the post of "tip-man" over a shaft in one of the many tunnels found necessary on the Manchester and Leeds Railway. This shaft was about two hundred feet deep, with sides and bottom of solid rock. His duty was

to raise the trucks filled below, and run them to the tip, returning them empty to his mates at the bottom. If a chain broke away, or a great boulder slipped off a truck, Bill had to shout, "Waur out!" and the miners below crept into their "drives," and the dangerous article fell without injury to any. One unhappy day, Bill's foot slipped hopelessly, and he knew that he must be hurled from side to side of the narrow shaft, until he lay, smashed and lifeless, at the bottom. But his mates? If he screamed, the unusual sound would draw them all out together to ascertain the cause. With a truly heroic courage, he gave the customary signal in firm, unfaltering tones, "Waur out below!" And his mates heard in their secure retreats the dreadful thud, and final crash of their brave comrade's shattered remains.

Another example is one of deliberate courage. In the course of his labour among the collieries, George Stephenson had discovered the need that existed for a lamp which, while affording the miners sufficient light to prosecute their work in the bowels of the earth, should not ignite the inflammable gas or "fire-damp," that invariably accumulates in the less ventilated parts of a coal-pit, and is singularly dangerous to life. After various experiments on the nature and properties of the fire-damp, he succeeded in constructing a lamp which, he believed, would annihilate the risk of explosion.

It became necessary to put his new invention to the



"Accompanied by his son Robert and two friends."-Page 211.

proof. Accompanied by his son Robert and two friends, Wood and Moodie, he hastened to Killingworth Colliery. It was nearly midnight when they reached the coal-pit and descended the shaft. They proceeded towards the foulest of all the underground galleries, where the explosive gas issued from a blower in the roof, with the fierce hiss of a jet of steam. Here some boarding had been erected in order to concentrate the foul air in one particular spot. Moodie advanced, examined the spot, and returned with the information, that if a light were introduced an explosion would inevitably occur. He added a grave warning as to the danger to themselves and to the pit, if, unhappily, the gas took fire.

Stephenson had faith in his lamp; further, he was prepared to run any risk in his effort to conquer the dangers of the dreaded fire-damp. Ordering his companions to withdraw to a safe distance, he advanced, with the moral courage sprung from

generous self-forgetfulness, towards the inflammable air. Fainter and fainter waned the tiny ray of the safety-lamp as its courageous bearer penetrated into the dark ramifications of the mine. He was pressing onwards to death, perhaps, or to failure, which was worse than death; but his heart never hesitated, nor did his

hand tremble. He reached the place of peril, he stretched out his lamp so as to meet the full blast of the explosive current, and patiently waited the result. At first the flame increased, then it flickered, decreased in brilliancy, and gradually expired. The foul atmosphere made no other sign. No explosion ensued. It was evident that Stephenson had invented a certain means of lighting up a mine without any danger of igniting its combustible air.

Let others praise the ingenuity of the invention; what most concerns us is the calm and lofty moral courage which tested its efficacy.

The greatest courage of all is moral courage. Every one is not called upon to show physical bravery, but there is not a man who does not need moral courage every day of his life. At any mo-

ment he may be called upon to decide whether, for the sake of peace or interest, he will turn from the right and adhere to the wrong, set aside the truth, palter to the prejudices of the crowd, listen to the voice of flattery: or whether he will follow, steadfastly follow, in the paths of rectitude and justice. To preserve our purity, to maintain our honour, to obey the Divine laws, is sometimes a painfully difficult task, and can be performed only by recourse to the promise of Divine strength. It is always a hard thing to do our duty. There are so many inducements to set it aside, so many obstacles always in the way of doing it. The hardest part of the work is to be patient. The energy of action is easier and more attractive than the courage of endurance. Yet this too, by the grace of God, we must cultivate, must make our own. "They also serve who only stand and wait." They, too, are brave true knights who can bear and forbear.

## The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

IX. ALFRED'S REIGN-CHARACTER-SCHOLARSHIP-WORK.



E story of Alfred's reign is full of interest. There were many dark daysdays when all seemed lost: but Alfred would never despair. At one period, with his dispirited soldiers, his queen and her children, he retired for about three months to the almost inaccessible marshes in the heart of Somerset. Many legends of his life at this time

have come down to us. One, probably more true than others, is the adventure in the cow-herd's hut, when the good wife, not knowing the King, set him to watch the bread baking on the hearth, and he allowed it to burn. The old chronicle reads the good wife's reproof-

"Holloa, companion! Dost not see that the bread there is burning? Why lazily sit and not turn it? Ready enough wilt thou be to take it from us and devour it."

Another story is told how a beggar-man came to Alfred and his queen when sitting alone in their solitary hut, and asked for a piece of bread to assuage his hunger, and the King divided with him his last loaf. One of his noteworthy kingly axioms is recorded-a rule of life for us all-"God first, man after." And we are told he always carried with him a little book, in which the daily lessons, psalms, and prayers were written, and in which he "filled up every corner with his own notes."

At length Alfred succeeded in completely defeating the Danes. At first a treaty of compromise was made, by which England was divided between Alfred and the Vikings: but the Danes never recovered from their defeat in 878, and from this period their power

gradually declined.

Then began Alfred's great work of reconstruction, and a vast undertaking it was. In the preface to one of his translations, the King describes the prevailing ignorance even of the clergy: "So clean was learning fallen out of England, that there were very few on this side of the Humber who understood their service in English . . . and I think there were not many beyond the Humber. So few such there were that I cannot think of a single instance south of the Thames when I began to reign. Many had ceased even to be able to read their books. Thanks be to God that we have now some teachers."

Recalling the former days before the coming of the Vikings, Alfred, whilst lamenting the decadence, "wondered greatly that none of the great and wise men who were formerly in the English nation, and had fully learned all the books, had not translated any part of them into their own native tongue." Too true it was the Latin services had greatly restricted the progress of Christianity amongst the people in those earlier days; and we may gather from the King's words the resolve which he soon formed to become a translator himself. His work, both as King and scholar, was the more marvellous because he was, we are told, "a worn and sickly man, weakened by the constant attacks of a mysterious and painful disease, probably cancer." Despite his suffering, every hour he could snatch from his ordinary kingly duties he filled with study. He even devised a mode of measuring time. Six wax candles were made to last for twenty-four hours. Ever kept burning, each inch consumed enabled Alfred to "redeem the time." As the result of his constant labours, many valuable works were circulated amongst the people in the familiar Wessex-Saxon dialect, with much original matter written by the King. Other scholars followed the Royal example, and joined in his work, forming "a new and vigorous school of English writers": so that soon "among the literature of modern Europe that of England led the way."

The great King was scarcely fifty-two years old when his noble life came to an end. Religiously he had accomplished much. How far the former influence of advancing Roman teaching was restored we cannot say, but he evidently did not recognise the Pope's supremacy. We read of no reference to Rome's authority in any ecclesiastical matters connected with England. His kingly rule won all hearts. He believed that the well-being of the people he loved so well was bound up with the practice, and not only the profession, of the Christian faith. "His memory," says Dean Spence, "has come down to us with a living distinctness through the mists of legend which time gathered round it." While every other name of those earlier times 'has all but faded from the recollection of Englishmen, that of Alfred remains familiar to every English child." (Green: Conquest IV.)

PITHY PROVERBS.

RUGALITY is a great revenue. Every season has its reason. To love a small sin is a great sin. The tongue of idle persons is never idle. "They say so" is half a lie. Be much with God, if you want to be much like God.

Buttons all right are husbands' delight. Buy one fine thing, and you must buy ten more. By losing present time we lose all time. Dr. Diet and Dr. Quiet are fine physicians. Don't wait for something to turn up, but turn it up for yourselves.

## "Send to his Father."



OOR labourer named Halletza set out from his home in Hungary to cross the Atlantic, and there make a new home for his wife and boy. The wife died soon after he had gone, and the baby was left in the charge of a relation.

Meanwhile Halletza worked hard in the new country, and saved every

penny; but three years passed before he could rent a little cabin and make it comfortable. He was hungry for the sight of his child, to hear it speak, to hold it in his arms; but he could not go after it to Hungary. He had not the money, and besides, to give up his work in the winter, when work was so scarce, was to sentence himself to idleness and starvation. All that he could do was to send money for the child's passage, asking that it should be sent to him in the care of some emigrants coming from Hungary to New York.

Its guardian was old and dull of wit. She did not know any emigrants who were coming to America; but she bought the ticket and tied it about the child's neck with a tag, on which were written its father's name and address, and a few words begging all good Christians for the love of God to give it food and drink.

The four-year-old boy, with his blue eyes and fair hair, his little bundle of clothes at his side, was found by the astonished guard sitting alone in an emigrant-train leaving Pesth. The man shared his own meals with him. Then the ragged, disorderly mob that crowded the car, gathered around him in amazement and pity. They fought with each other, but they spoke gently to this frightened little tot. The women made room for him beside their own children, and at night, when he cried for home, they rocked him to sleep in their arms.

In their care he crossed the Alps, and passed through Italy to Genoa, where they carried him on board the steamer for New York.

He was among strangers again, but the story of the friendless baby was told through the ship. After that somebody always was ready to feed him, to rock him to sleep, to hold him on the knee. The cabinpassengers made up a purse for him. The women in the steerage washed his little aprons and frocks, and mended them.

When he reached New York his friends bade him good-bye, and placed him on a Pennsylvania train. Some kind soul telegraphed to his father, and that evening, when the cars rolled up to the station of the hill town, a gaunt working-man caught the child in his arms, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks carried him to his home.

These men and women were kind to the boy, perhaps because they remembered they had once been children themselves: or for the sake of some other child who had been dear to them, and gone to be with the Shepherd of the lambs: or, let us hope, for the love of the good God, Who could find no better way to send His Son to us than as a little Child. ALEX.

## "Tell It Out!"

South American "Brave."-Here is a boy who is worth introducing to every Sunday School Class in the land. I am not sure that he might not do duty as a girl: for his "local habitation" and his "name" would give no clue to his sex. In a word-and a fairly comprehensive one-he belongs to Waikthlatingmangyalwa, and he answers to "Sippy." At least he would if you could pronounce it correctly. May be grow up to be a type of the new South American "brave"-not brave in all that is evil, not brave as a cruel bully only conscious of strength, but brave for Christ, his Master and ours. His country, "Gran Chaco," in the heart of South America, needs many such "braves." Over the great salt plains, palm forests, and swamps hovers the demon of cruelty and wickedness. Child-murder is fearfully common. It is, too, a dangerous land, haunted by lions, tigers, alligators, and venomous snakes.

A missionary to these Indians of the Chaco, Mr. John Hay, of the South American Missionary Society, tells us that the children have many games, and thoroughly enjoy what toys they can get. Beetles, birds, little wild pigs, and young alligators, these are their playmates; on dark nights they pursue the beautiful shining fireflies, and scream with delight when they catch one. They like to be dressed, and wear a striped woollen blanket, of which they are extremely proud. They do not think their faces are clean unless all their eyebrows and eyelashes are pulled out, or really beautiful until they are painted with black and red dyes.

R.



From a Photograph.] "SIPPY."



"THERE SHE SPOUTS!"

C. PADDAY

## The Doung Holks' Page.

### "THERE SHE SPOUTS!"



HAT does a whale weigh? A full grown whale would need a specially constructed machine to register his huge bulk of more than one hundred and twenty tons. In other words, if you could put an army of three thousand men into one scale, and a whale into the other,

they would just about balance. Yet despite the enormous size of this great inhabitant of the sea, he is not particularly clever. His brain power some might say was less than that of an ant, and we know that he is far less beautifully formed than many tiny insects. For instance, there are actually creatures of such extreme minuteness that they remained unknown for many ages; yet we cannot be certain that they are less intelligent than a whale.

We do not have very clear evidence that a whale can think. But ants most certainly do. Professor Bonatelli once observed a procession of the little insects going and returning from the branch of a tree to a house touched by the latter. He cut the end twig, making a gap of about half an inch between the tree and the wall, so that the ants could no longer pass. At the end of half an hour they had found out that another twig of the tree, when moved by the breeze, came into contact with the wall every now and then. They immediately took advantage of this flying bridge and reformed their procession, waiting each time for the moment of contact in order to pass. There is no need to "consider the ways" of the ant very long before we find out that there is as much for us to learn from one of the smallest of God's creatures as from the gigantic whale.

#### "MY BRITHER!"

A CAPITAL story is told of a little girl who was wandering in an Edinburgh street, dragging about a great baby boy almost as big as herself. The Rev. John Macleod stopped her and said, "Why, my little lass, can you carry that boy? He must be heavy." And the child looked up in his face and gasped, "No, sir, he's no heavy. He's my brither." Surely a whole sermon in itself! Are we not all brethren? "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "He's my brither" is enough.

#### "'CATCH' AND 'HOLD-FAST."

LET boys learn that success costs something; that they must determine, in spite of weariness and disappointment, to persevere; that they must learn submission to those who are over them, and cheerfully meet every requisition made upon them. Teach them to have nothing to do with idlers and spendthrifts and fast fellows. Don't believe in any genius, or luck, or chance. It is application that pays, in the long run. "Catch is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better." ALEX.

#### "YES AND NO."

"Consider well before you say 'Yes'; and be able, on right occasions, decidedly and firmly to say 'No.'"

#### THE UPWARD PATH.

THE late distinguished Sir Robert Lush, one of the Lords Justices of Her Majesty's Court of Appeal, was the son of a poor indus-

trious mother, who struggled to maintain herself by keeping a small shop for stationery. He rose to his high and honourable position from being an errand-boy in a solicitor's office; and, under the blessing of God, he owed his elevation to punctuality, an obliging disposition, diligence, thoroughness, steady perseverance, uprightness, and intelligence. And to all these he added a simple trusting faith.

#### CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS is said to be next to godliness, and, in point of fact, it generally accompanies it-whereas ignorance, superstition, and dirt go together. Therefore, never come to table with dirty hands or uncombed hair. Keep your nails clean, and on no account let them exhibit a black-edged border, as if they were in mourning for departed soap.

#### A NURSERY SONG.

OH. Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout, Are two little goblins black! Buil oft from my house I've driven them out, But somehow they still come back.

They clamber up to the baby's mouth, And pull the corners down; They perch aloft on the baby's brow And twist it into a frown.

And one says "Shall!" and the other says "Shan't!"

And one says "Must!" and the other says "Can't!" Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout, I pray you now from my house keep out.

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh Are two little fairies bright: They're always ready for fun and chaff, And sunshine is their delight.

And when they creep into baby's eyes, Why, there the sunbeams are! And when they peep through her rosy lips, Her laughter rings near and far.

And one says "Please!" and the other says "Do!"
And both together say "I love you!" So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile, Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile. LAURA E. RICHARDS.

#### THE CENTURY OF INVENTION.

WE have had the Crusade Century, the Dark Century, the Century of Reformation and of Printing: and it is suggested that the nineteenth shall be known as the Century of Invention. Since the dawn of 1800 have been invented the steamboat and locomotive, the friction match, illuminations by gas and electricity, the telegraph and cable, the photograph, the sewing machine, the telephone, and the mowing and reaping machines, which are leading inventions among a hundred other valuable ones, three-fourths of which are of English origin.

### Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

#### QUESTIONS.

- 1. XX HAT fact connected with our Lord's death is recorded only in one Gospel?
- 2. What became of the calf which Jeroboam set up at Bethel? 3. Where in the Old Testament are we told to love our neigh-
- 4. Are we ever told to hate our enemies?
- 5. Give the name of one who "followed the Lord fully," and another who "feared the Lord greatly."
- 6. Name the three Apostles who were of Bethsaida.
- 7. Three events of our Lord's life were preceded by a period of "forty days"; name them,
- Mention a quotation in the New Testament, where the exact place in the Old Testament from which it is taken is given.

## ANSWERS (See JULY No., p. 167).

- 1. The prayer of the devils; that of the demoniac; and that of the Gadarenes.
- the Gadarenes.
  2. 2 Chron. ix, 20.
  3. 1 Kings xvii. 15, 16; 2 Kings iv. 1-7, 42-44.
  4. Deut. x. 19.
  5. Deut. v. 29; xi. 13; xxvi. 16; 1 Sam. xii. 24; 1 Kings ii. 4;
  Ps. lvii. 7; 1xxxvi. 11; ci. 2; cxii. 7; cxix. 80.
  6. The Samaritans. 2 Kings xvii. 33.
  7. Lam. iii. 27; Ps. cxix. 67, 71; xciv. 12.
  8. Prov. xxx. 21, 22, 23.

## The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

1 OW to Manage a Wife. - A prize was offered the other day for the best contribution on the subject, "How to Manage a Wife." It was won by a well-known clergyman with the following:-" 'Manage?' What is that? Does it mean control? We manage a horse. We use our superior human intellect to control and guide his superior physical strength, so as to obtain the best results. But a wife is not a horse. Where two persons are well married, the wife is superior to her husband in as many respects as he is superior to her in others. If happiness is to be the result of the union, the first business of the husband is to manage himself so as to keep himself always his wife's respectful friend, always her tender lover, always her equal partner, always her superior protector. This will necessarily stimulate the wife to be always an admiring friend, always an affectionate sweetheart, always a thrifty housewife. And this will so react upon the husband that his love for his wife will grow so as to make it easy for him, with all his faults, to bear with all the infirmities of his wife."

#### THE HOME DOCTOR.

Exercise and Health.—Exercise not only gives muscular strength: it is an important means of restoring health. I believe

that as ease and indulgence are largely answerable for many of our diseases, so the opposites are the best remedies. We do not like to think so, but it is true, nevertheless. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." These old-fashioned, time-honoured principles will remain as a guarantee of good health as long as the human race exists on the earth.

The Best Exercise.—Walking is good exercise; the same may be said of riding. There is nothing like a good gallop for one troubled with "liver." But we can turn our exercise to good account, and make it yield some profit. I believe that the very best of all exercise is digging. This brings a good many parts of the body into play, and develops power in them. There is also the further advantage of breathing the fragrance that the freshly-turned-up soil always gives out. I have lived many years in the country, and have been surrounded with constant means of observing the effects of this upon the health. I have often said, in consequence, that the agricultural labourer, whose daily life is spent on the soil, especially when occupied in ploughing, need scarcely die at all. This is quite certain: he would live, with moderate attention to ordinary principles of health, to a good old age.

## Many Things.

EAF and Dumb.—The total population of England and Wales at the last census was 29,002,525. The census gave 14,192 deaf and dumb persons, and there is reason to believe that this is below the present number. If not specially educated, they do not know the English language; they do not even understand what language is—language in which, though it be not spoken aloud, we habitually think and reason. Thus they are far more strangers to all our ideas and modes of thought, far more isolated from us, than any foreigners dropped down in our midst without knowing a word of our language. Yet they have, in most cases, the intellectual faculties which

we possess, if only these can be trained and developed. Perhaps our sympathy with them is not aroused because they look just like other men. We see a blind man in the street, and our feelings are-stirred at once by the sight. We meet a deafmute, and he does not attract our notice. Yet he is far more to be pitied. It is probable that many have such persons as neighbours, living in the same parish or village, and are not aware of the fact. It may be taken as a sufficient guide for practical purposes, that about one person in every two thousand is a deaf-mute; and they are scattered pretty uniformly among the rural and urban populations throughout the kingdom.

## Points for the Temperance Platform.

Fiction and THE fiction about drink is that it is a food.

The fact about drink is that a gallon of ale contains less nourishment than a penny loaf; that a glass of wine contains less food than could be put on a threepenny-piece; and that a glass of spirits contains as much nourishment, and is about as satisfying, as the bite of a mad dog!

How can this be true, when people feel so much strengthened and revived after taking drink?

Because stimulation and excitement are mistaken for strength.

A spur or a whip will carry a horse to the top of a hill; but no
one is insae enough to suppose the horse is really stronger for
the whitning

The fiction about drink is that it strengthens the body, and enables it to endure additional fatigue.

The fact about the drink is that it weakens the centre of life and action—viz., the heart. A pint and a half of beer, or two glasses of wine, or one glass of spirits, will cause the heart to beat 6,000 extra strokes in a day.

The fiction is that alcohol helps digestion.

The fact is it causes indigestion and dyspepsia.

The fiction about drink is that it warms the body.

The fact about it is that it cools it, lowering the temperature, and rendering the body more susceptible to cold.

The Wiser Plan.

It is a splendid thing to "rescue the perishing," but it is better to preserve them from perishing. God forbid that we should relax a single effort to reclaim the drunkard; but it is a far easier and far more hopeful work to take hold of the tendril life, and try to train it before it has run to weed—to mould the child for Christ before it has been thrown into the fire of blasphemy, and drink, and vice, to come out a black cinder.—Canon Pleming.

Health in the Prisons.

It is a well-known fact that the mortality in Prisons.

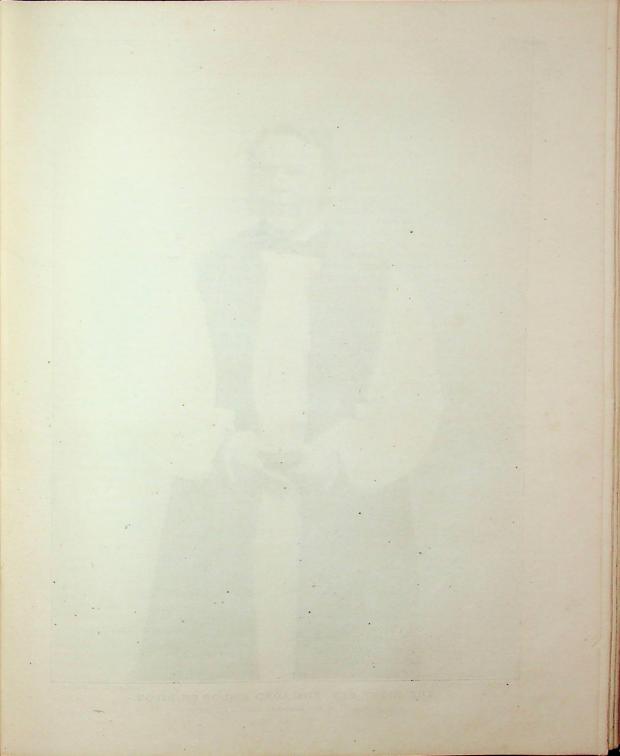
English prisons—where, of course, total abstinence is rigidly enforced—is lower than over any area which could be selected where are congregated corresponding numbers of men and women. This shows that there can be no bad or dangerous effects from abruptly cutting off the supply of strong drink. Habitual indulgence, to whatever length it has been carried, ceases at the prison gates, and only gain to physical vigour and to longevity ensues.

What the Drink does.

The drink has filled the workhouses. If there were no such thing as drink, more than three-fourths of the people now in workhouses would never have found their way there. Drink prevents people laying anything by. Drink prevents their accumulating any little capital with which to get on. Drink keeps the house dirty, and the children unfed, and so brings in disease, which, in its turn, brings in the doctor; and the doctor's bill must follow the doctor himself.—The Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.

The Atlantic Monthly says:—"Intemperance Intemperance. stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks the hearts of women, puts rags on the working man's back, and disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart."

You take care of yourself if you wish to excel in athletics. I often told the men at Cambridge that they were obliged to agree more or less with me in practice when they had a severe task before them. There is no drink like water for training on. If I could take a team of cricketers, who know the game and can play well, and could persuade them to abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks, they would become almost invincible. Many a cricketer who is not a teetotaler will say the same.—Rev. T. Keyworth.





THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

PRESIDENT OF THE BRADFORD CHURCH CONGRESS.

## HOME WORDS

## FOR HEART AND HEARTH

-+000000-

## Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

CHAPTER XV.



A HEAVY FALL. ATTIE knew in an instant that it was Dot - her pet and companion, and the being in the world whom she most dearly loved. Before Mrs. Cragg had got beyond a bewildered "What's that?" Pattie had flown out into the passage, and had the dropped on ground beside a little heap at the foot of the stairs. The nursery girl stood on the landing above, uttering frightened shrieks.

"It isn't Dot! It can't be Dot!" cried Mrs. Cragg, horrified, coming after Pattie. And though she could not be described as an especially affectionate mother, her flushed face lost its high colour, and she had a strange feeling at her heart, as if the whole world were at a standstill. This silent huddled form her little Dot—her bonny merry child!

"Don't move her quickly. Don't lift her yet," entreated Pattie, as Mrs. Cragg was going to seize Dot's arm. "O don't!" she implored; and she had herself to grasp Mrs. Cragg's hand. "Wait, please! It might do harm. We don't know yet where she is hurt—or if any bones are broken."

Mrs. Cragg recoiled, and stood staring helplessly, while Pattie very very gently tried to stir Dot into an easier position. A faint moan was the only sound in response. The girl who had charge of Dot, a mere child of fifteen, came blundering down the stairs, sobbing, and loudly protesting that it was not her fault; she had tried her very best to stop Dot, and Dot would rush away, despite all she could do.

"I dare say you were idling your time somewhere. You'd no business to let Dot be near the stairs alone," Mrs. Cragg said in angry distress. "You're always doing that sort of thing. Well, you won't get a character now—I can tell you that! How far did Dot fall? All down this long flight! Why, it's enough to have killed her."

"Eh?—what's this?" another voice asked, breaking into Mrs. Cragg's angry chatter, as Cragg walked through a door. "I thought I heard something fall. DOT!"

Cragg groaned aloud. He looked from his wife to Pattie.

"I think she is stunned. Not—killed!" said Pattie, in a tone which sounded unnatural to herself. "There was a sound just now—a moan. I'm afraid to try and lift her! Please bring her to my room, if you don't mind. That is the nearest. And some one ought to go for the doctor."

"I'll be off myself in a moment."

He raised the child tenderly in his arms, walked to Pattie's room, which was on the ground-floor, and laid her on the bed. Again there was a faint moaning, but no other sign of consciousness.

Cragg bent over the pillow with a look of unspeakable sorrow, and then hurried away. Pattie loosened Dot's clothes, and spread a light shawl over her. As Cragg had done, she stooped once to kiss the cold white cheek. Mrs. Cragg stood by, making no offer of help, seemingly stupefied.

"Sweet Dot! dear little Dot!" murmured Pattie; and Dot's eyes half-opened. Though they closed again, Pattie's heart bounded with hope. Perhaps, after all, the child had received little harm.

"Dot!—little pet!" she tried again; but no second response came.

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"She don't hear you. She don't understand. She never will again. She's killed!"-and Mrs. Cragg burst into noisy shricking sobs, holding on to the foot of the bed, and shaking it with her movements.

"O hush! please, hush! If she comes to, you will frighten her. Did you not see just now that ste opened her eyes? I thought you saw! She may be only a little stunned; not much hurt. Please stop crying, or go away," implored Pattie. "Please, for Dot's sake."

But Mrs. Cragg was accustomed only to think of her own sake, and this appeal took no effect

whatever. She went on sobbing loudly, swaying herself about, and still shaking the bed. Dot moaned again: and Pattie, almost beside herself, went to Mrs. Cragg, and resolutely unwrenched the hand which held the iron bar of the bed.

" Mrs. Cragg, vou must not behave like this," she said. "It will not do. You are hurting Dot. She cannot bear the shaking. Go out of the room, please, until you can be quiet."

Mrs. Cragg's

only concession was to move a few paces off, and there to stand, holding on now to the table, and sobbing still in a strident fashion, filling the room with sound. Pattie went again to Dot, leaning over her, and holding the little hand. Then, to her relief, Cragg came in, bringing the doctor, a young man with a kind manner, who lived in the next street. Happily Cragg had found him at home.

"No crying or noise here, if you please," were his first words, as he sat down by the bed. He glanced round, and his eyes fell upon Mrs. Cragg. "I think you had better take your wife into another room until she can recover her selfcontrol," he said to Cragg. Then to Pattie,-" You can stay."

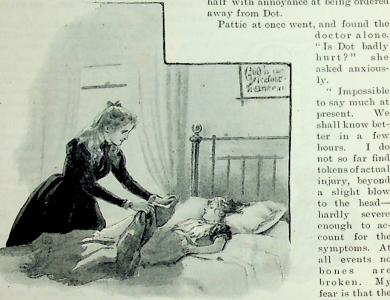
He asked a few questions as to the manner of the fall, felt Dot all over, examined her carefully, and looked with especial attention at her head. She opened her eyes, as she had done before, not seeming to know any one. Then he asked for a lighted candle, which he held close before the child's face. She flinched, and turned away, with a little fretful wail.

"That will do," presently remarked Mr. May; and he went into the next room with Cragg. The latter soon returned. "The doctor wants a word with you, Pattie. I'll stay here," said Cragg. He had left his wife elsewhere, still violently

sobbing, half with genuine distress, half with annoyance at being ordered

> doctor alone. "Is Dot badly hurt?" she asked anxious-

" Impossible to say much at present. We shall know better in a few I do hours. not so far find tokens of actual injury, beyond a slight blow to the headhardly severe enough to account for the symptoms. At all events no bones are broken. My fear is that the spine may have sustained injury.



"Pattie loosened Dot's clothes, and spread a light shawl over her."-Page 219.

At this moment she is suffering from shock, and quiet is essential. She will need very great care during the next few hours; and the question is—who will give it? A nurse cannot be procured at once."

"A stranger would startle Dot, perhaps, if she came to herself. I think I could keep her as quiet as any one."

"But-," the doctor hesitated, looking Pattie over. Then he once more said, "But--"

"I am older than you think. I am nearly seventeen, and I have nursed people since I was ten years old. Our old doctor used to say that I was born a ready-made nurse. Will you let me take Dot for to-night, at least? You might not

find a regular nurse so soon. And then you will see if I am able to manage."

"Unhappily there is much illness about, and nurses are difficult to procure at a moment's notice. But you do not look strong, Miss——"

"My name is Dale. I am quite strong enough for nursing. It comes to me naturally."

"But Mr. Cragg gave me to understand that he could not ask it of you —that—in fact——"

"That I am no relation," suggested Pattie readily. "No, I am not. But Mr. Cragg has been a kind friend to me; and I love Dot. I would do anything for her."

"Well, I confess you relieve my mind of a difficulty. I do not imagine that Mrs. Cragg is capable of much in that line. And I am told that there is not a servant in the house who can be trusted. If you are really willing to undertake this night, it will be a great help. I shall telegraph at once to know if a nurse can arrive to-morrow. If Dot does not improve very quickly,

you must of course have immediate help. A nurse for night-work at least would be needful. Meanwhile, we must depend upon you."

"Is Dot likely to get better soon?"

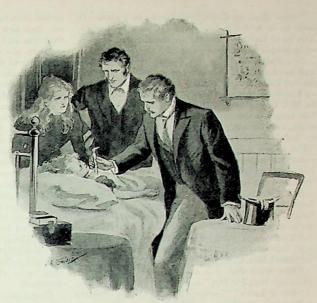
"Impossible to say for some hours. I will look in again later. She must be put to bed, and she must be kept absolutely quiet. Absolutely—you understand? I should prefer that only you should be with her,—at most one other. There must be no crying, no talking and discussing of her symptoms, no whispering. If Dot rouses up and shows any inclination to talk, you must discourage it. I will come again in two or three hours, and then you shall have fuller directions."

"Wait—one moment." Pattie was thinking seriously. "I will do my best, but I cannot make Mrs. Cragg do as I wish, if she does not choose. Before you came in, I had asked her to leave the room, if she could not stop crying, and she would not go. If that sort of thing is bad for Dot——"

"O that mustn't be allowed for a moment," declared the young man. "I shall speak to her and to Mr. Cragg. If you undertake the nursing, you must have the entire management of the sickroom, until a hospital nurse comes."

Pattie evidently had no fears as to what she was undertaking, and she soon proved that her confidence was well-founded.

As she had told the doctor, she had been early trained in nursing; and though she could not for



"He asked for a lighted candle, which he held close before the child's face."—

Page 220.

a moment be reckoned equal to a fully-trained nurse, she had by nature a marked gift in that line. She was quiet, placid, not easily flurried; she had much self-possession; her manner was gentle; she knew how to be firm; she did not worry her patient; she did not think of herself; and she recollected all directions given to her by the doctor, following his orders implicitly. He came again that night; and when in the morning he reappeared, he expressed himself well satisfied with all that she had done.

"There is certainly some slight improvement," he said. "No,—I consider her by no means out of danger. It is impossible to say what turn may come next. Her state is not satisfactory; and I have little doubt that the shock to the spine has affected her brain. But on the whole she has gained rather than lost ground."

"You think you can trust me?" asked Pattie. The doctor looked gravely at Pattie, before

replying.

"I think you may take your full share," he said. "My own impression is that we may be in for a long illness. That means of necessity two nurses. I hope to have a nurse here in three or four hours. She will have to sleep in the daytime, and some one then must take her place, following out her directions. If you are willing to do this—"

"I am willing to do anything."

"Then that, no doubt, will be the best plan. It may be only for a few days—it may be longer. You have had no difficulty in the night, I hope,—

as to keeping the room quiet?"

No; Pattie could assure him of this. She had had no difficulty, because Cragg, warned by the doctor, had taken the matter up, and had insisted on his wife's compliance. The doctor had spoken to Mrs. Cragg also, telling her plainly that Dot's life might hang upon the question of absolute quiet, and desiring that Pattie should be allowed to decide who might or might not be present. "She seems a very sensible girl," he said, "and evidently knows a good deal about nursing. Let her use her common-sense, and I do not think it will lead her astray."

But if Pattie had had no actual difficulties, she foresaw very actual disagreeables. Mrs. Cragg's look, when she did enter the room, had been by

no means pleasant.

"You've got your way; and you can manage my husband and the doctor as you choose," muttered Mrs. Cragg.

"But what can you mean? I am only trying to do my best for Dot," said Pattie in a low voice.

"Oh I know!" retorted Mrs. Cragg. "Some folks are never happy without they're managing everybody. I know."

Then Cragg, hearing the loud whisper, had interposed,—"Now, my dear! This is just what the doctor forbids!" Mrs. Cragg had walked off, grumbling to herself; and Pattie had turned again to the bed, her eyes full of tears.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.



undertaken the nursing, had she been asked to do so. But now that she had not been asked, now that she had distinctly been ousted in favour of another, she regarded herself as an injured indi-

vidual; and she was angry with Pattie.

This made Pattie's work far harder than it would otherwise have been. She did not indeed see much of Mrs. Cragg; for almost her whole time, from morning till evening, was spent with Dot: and when not engaged in the sick-room she was usually, by the doctor's orders, either walking out-of-doors or resting. Still, encounters were inevitable; and if anything were wanted, if any doubt or question arose as to management, Mrs. Cragg showed her small nature by immediately siding against Pattie. Even the thought of what might be good for Dot could not make headway against Mrs. Cragg's temper.

Happily for Pattie the new nurse was a sensible kind-hearted woman; and an appeal to her would-always settle matters as might be desirable for the child; but Pattie could not rouse her unnecessarily from her well-earned sleep: and that was the time when difficulties usually

occurred.

Cragg was very unhappy during these days of suspense. Dot was his darling, his treasure, the light of his home; and the thought of losing her was terrible to him.

He keenly blamed himself for the accident, because he had sent Dot out of the room without taking any precautions to ensure that she would be looked after. She was so clever and wide-awake a child, that they were all rather apt to think she could take good care of herself, as she was most willing to do; and the same thing had happened dozens of times before. Now the result had been an accident, dangerous to life and health, Cragg could not forgive himself.

Pattie knew nothing of this till one day, a week or so after the fall, when she came across him, alone, with his head down on the table, crying like a child. She had just left the sick-room in charge of the nurse, and was going to have her supper, before retiring to her room for the night.

"But you must not mind so much. You must not think of that," she urged. "It was only what we all do. Dot goes about so often alone. We never think anything of it. You could not guess that she would fall."

"I ought to have guessed. I ought to have taken care."

"But she was with Jane. Dot did not fall when she was alone. Don't you see? You really were not to blame. Dot went upstairs all right. Jane was to blame,—not you."

"No, so I hoped at first. But she was not with Jane. The girl saw her coming, and supposed one of us to be with her. And then Dot started off full speed for the top of the stairs, before Jane could get up with her."

"Because Jane is naturally slow and stupid. Anybody else might have been in time. I suppose Jane cannot help being stupid, but I do think she ought to have made more haste. And I don't think, really, that you need blame yourself. We all of us do that sort of thing with Dot. She seems so much older than her age—I suppose we forget what a baby she is."

"Wouldn't you blame yourself in my place, Pattie?" asked Cragg sorrowfully. "I think you would. If she dies, I shall never get over the

feeling. I shall always know it was my doing—being so angry with my wife's extravagance that I couldn't give a thought to anything else."

That was news to Pattie; and Cragg had not intended to speak of his wife's doings, but in his distress he for the moment forgot. (4) Pattie took no advantage of the slip. She asked no questions, and she never afterwards alluded to what he had said.

For Cragg's sake, as well as for her own, it was an immense relief, when they could begin to feel that the worst was over, and that Dot was taking

decided steps towards recovery.

The main injury had been, as at first conjectured by the doctor, to the spine; and the blow upon the spine had affected the head. The little one's mind wandered much, fever ran high, and weakness became extreme.

"If Dot gets through, it will be due chiefly to Miss Dale," the doctor remarked more than once, and the hospital nurse said the same. So far as experienced nursing was concerned, she of course was far superior to Pattie. But Pattie had a power, possessed by none other, of soothing Dot in pain, of quieting her in restlessness, of making

her take the food and medicine from which she turned; and these things were invaluable. The nurse often sent for Pattie, to influence the child, and so to save a needless struggle, which would have exhausted the little one's strength. Dot would do anything at Pattie's request.

At the end of three or four weeks, however, the worst was really over. Dot was to be accounted convalescent, and the household began to settle into something like its usual state. Dot would have to lie flat for many a week yet—perhaps even for many a month; but the doctor gave every hope that the jar to the spine would not

prove to be of a lasting nature. Great care would be needed at present, he said; but there was, he hoped, no reason why, in a year or two at most, the little one might not be as well and vigorous as ever.

Only, everything depended on proper care now. Pattie felt that her work was cut out for her for some time to come. She also knew that her worst difficulties might lie in the future.

The hospitalnurse still remained at her post, taking all night duty; but a few days more might render her presence unneces

sary. "When she goes, I shall sleep, of course, in Dot's room," Pattie said quietly, and Cragg tried to express his gratitude. But for Pattie, what they could have done at this juncture was an enigma to him. Mrs. Cragg expressed little gratitude, for she felt little. She was still most jealous of Pattie's position in the sick room, still offended at having been compelled to submit.

With Dot's rally came, as was only to be expected, a spirit of fractiousness; no bad sign, the nurse said. Children getting better from an illness were always fractious. The little one was not old enough to exercise self-control, as a grown



"Cragg thinks he's bound to do something for her."-Page 224.

person might have done; though in truth grown persons often fail egregiously in this matter.

Dot wanted nearly everything that she could not have, and she disliked everything that she might have, alike in the way of food and of amusement. She could hardly endure to have Pattie out of her sight, and the cry for "Dadda" was only second in frequency to the cry for "Pattie."

But it was noticeable that Dot did not cry for her "Ma-ma." She had received too many snubs in that direction, to turn thither in weakness and pain, with any sense of confidence. Mrs. Cragg could not but observe this fact. It made her angry and unhappy, and even more jealous of Pattie than before. Having so nearly lost her child, she had at last awakened to some knowledge of what little Dot really was to her. But instead of blaming herself, as she ought to have done, for the state of affairs, she blamed Pattie, and looked upon herself as a much-wronged individual.

This feeling, given way to without restraint, at last bore fruit. Mrs. Cragg, though she had uttered threats to Pattie, had not made up her mind that she would break her own promises of silence, or that she would deliberately injure her. But when the temptation came, it found her powerless to resist. A habit of ill-temper is singularly

weakening to the moral fibre.

One of Mrs. Cragg's particular cronies walked in to see her on a certain morning—Mrs. Sweater, the chemist's wife, a smart young woman, and one of the greatest gossips in the place. A matter revealed to Mrs. Sweater was revealed to all the country round. Mrs. Cragg knew this,—not that it made much difference in what she said or did not say to the little woman in question.

"So you've had no end of bother about Dot," Mrs. Sweater remarked. "And she's getting on

all right, I'm told."

Mrs. Cragg gave her own version of affairs. It was all Cragg's fault, according to her. He had been in "a fuss," and had scolded the child for being in the room, and Dot had run away and tumbled downstairs. This was not exactly an accurate report of what had occurred.

"And Pattie Dale's been doing all the nursing,

has she?"

"Dear me, no. She's helped; but we've had a regular nurse in the house all this while. Mr. Cragg says she's got to go next week. He says he can't afford to keep her longer. Dot is getting on all right now. I believe she'd be as well as ever, if the doctor didn't keep her lying down. 'Tisn't natural for a child. She ought to be up and about. But he gives all his orders to Pattie Dale, and I'm not allowed a word in the matter. You'd think Pattie was the mistress of the house, only to hear her."

"I don't like that girl, for my part. What makes you put up with her?"

"Haven't any choice. She's got the upper hand of Mr. Cragg—just twists him round her little finger. And Dot won't look at anybody else."

"Well, I wouldn't have it so, if I were you. I'd make a stand. She's got a conceited sort of look."

"Conceited! I should think she was. There's nobody in the world that's Pattie's equal, if you believe Pattie."

"And nobody knows wherever she came from," ! reflected Mrs. Sweater.

Mrs. Cragg pursed up her lips with a meaning air.

"Well, you may know, but nobody else does. What is Pattie Dale? Your husband's been going about saying she wants to find some sort of situation. What sort is she fit for, I'd like to know?."

"When Pattie's in a temper, she always says

she wants to find a situation."

"I'd let her go, if I were you. Why shouldn't she? She's no relation of yours."

"Cragg thinks he's bound to do something for her, because it was his house that fell, and that's how her father got killed."

"Ridiculous!" declared Mrs. Sweater. "I'd like

to hear my husband talking like that."

"Your husband isn't Cragg," observed Mrs. Cragg, with truth.

"If he was Cragg I wouldn't let him. People ought to have sense."

Mrs. Sweater's eyes roved, and Mrs. Cragg saw that another subject was about to be introduced.

"Nobody can tell you anything about Pattie except me."

"But what do you know about her? I thought they came here as strangers."

"All the same, I know something." Mrs. Cragg's air was one of fascinating mystery.

"Oh, tell me, there's a good woman. What do you know?"

"Well, I know one thing—that her father was

a scamp."

"Shouldn't wonder! I saw that man, and I didn't like the looks of him. Nor Sweater didn't either. He wasn't worth much, I shouldn't

"Took some money that wasn't his, you know," remarked Mrs. Cragg, drawing freely on her imagination.

"You don't say so!"

think."

"Yes, I do. And got turned off—so he had to go away. That's why they came here. Nice sort of people, eh? Oh, I found it out by accident. It isn't easy, I can tell you, to throw dust in my eyes. I suspected from the first, and one day it came out. It don't matter how. Pattie only wanted me not to tell."

"Well," said Mrs. Sweater, "if I was you, I

shouldn't like that young woman to be with Dot. Dishonesty is rather catching ... You'll have Dot infected."

"That's Cragg's doing. He won't hear a word against Pattie."

"Nor against Pattie's father?"

"No; he won't believe a word of it. Just because Pattie declares it isn't true."

"I should like to see Sweater behaving like that!" remarked Mrs. Sweater.

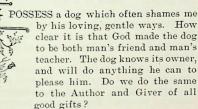
(To be continued.)



ROY AT REST.

## The Dog and the Isly. A PARABLE FOR "SUPERIOR CREATURES."

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.



But there has been one thing that has puzzled me. "Roy" is utterly unable to restrain himself when a poor fly-so "wonderfully made" that all the wise men in the world could not make another -comes within reach. He starts with intense interest, and does his very best, or worst, to enclose the fly in his devouring mouth! How puzzling, I have thought: how difficult to reconcile with Roy's loving ways to all in our home! And still more with the infinite love of the Creator to all His creatures!

"Well," some one says, "there are mysteries in Creation we cannot solve, and we must trust where we cannot trace." I know it: and I have often found this thought a "Rock of Rest." But sometimes we get at least a little light, and I

think I got a ray of light the other day on this mysterious action of Roy in swallowing poor flies!

May it not be the Creator's aim to make the dog teach us one or two very important lessons? May not one lesson be this. The flies get troublesome in autumn. After the joyous life which God gives them, they must die: and though a dog's mouth seems to us rather a severe process of departure for them, it is, after all, better than prolonged suffering-even to a fly. It is, in short, a more merciful method than many others would be: perhaps it is one of God's best methods. But beyond this lesson may there

not be a far more important one? May not God be saying to us, as moral and responsible beings, "Don't you do what surprises you in the dog"? In other words, the dog carries out the Divine and no doubt wise and good law in nature without any moral wrong or consciousness of wrong, and there is no wrong in what it does: but beware of your imitating poor Roy by "biting and devouring one another": for there is terrible sin in that!

I only suggest this way of looking at the matter. It is certainly rather humbling to us "superior creatures": but after all it is well to "see oursel ves as others see us," and I really think there are a good many whose consciences may reprove them. Are there not even amongst gentle ladies barbarous decorations, significant of worse things by far than the-shall I say-merciful death of a fly? And what a long list of human doings in the battlefield, and in slow deaths in factories, and amongst toiling, overworked women and children, might be drawn up! And might we not travel further, even into Christian Homes, where love alone should rule, and discover a good deal of human bitterness and unkindness, and-well, what the Apostle warns us against when he wrote those terrible words about "Biting and devouring one another"?

Perhaps our little world-especially the world in our own homes-may be a little happier if some of us give more heed to this possible solution of the mystery of "The Dog and the Fly."



Mord

XVI. THE JOY OF THE REAPERS. UR Father, to fields that are white,

Rejoicing, the sickle we bear; In praises our voices unite

To Thee, who hast made them Thy care.

The heads, that are heavy with grain, Are bowing, and asking to fall; Thy Hand is on mountain and plain, Thou Maker and Giver of all!

Thy blessings shine bright from the hills; The valleys Thy goodness repeat; And, Lord, 'tis Thy bounty that fills The arms of the reaper with wheat.

Our Father, the heart and the voice Flow out, our fresh offerings to yield; The reapers, the reapers rejoice, And send up their song from the field. H. F. GOULD.

### XVII. SOWING THE SEED.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. I READ a story the other day of one of our great travellers, who, whenever he landed on any foreign shore, was always in the habit of taking with him a little packet of English seeds. Then he would go quietly and silently apart from the sailors and seek out some favourable spot, and there sow these seeds. Thus he belted the whole world with flowers from his native home.

Every Christian bears with him a little packet, not of flower seeds, but of seeds far better than flower seeds-Gospel seeds. Wherever he goes he should watch for opportunities to scatter this seed. "A word in season," sown in the heart of a troubled brother, or an erring brother, may bring sunshine to the one and forgiveness to the other. Seeds of Gospel kindness would make many desolate homes like "watered gardens," where the fruits and flowers of the Spirit abound.

The harvest of spiritual seed, remember, is quite sure. If "the Lord of the Harvest" gives such a wonderful increase to the seed sown by the farmer

in the Spring, how much more will He bless and prosper every tiny seed of spiritual truth planted in the hearts of men! Be sure you sow some good seed every day. Sow it in faith and water it with prayer, and look up for "the increase." You "shall come again with joy, bringing your sheaves with you."

"In the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand at evening hour, Never asking which shall prosper-both shall yield the

fruit and flower; Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest; though thy grain

be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases for the Harvest full and
fair."—F. R. Havergal.

#### XVIII. A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE DEAN OF NORWICH.

Resist evil in its beginnings. No one becomes bad at once. There is a law of moral gravitation, parallel to the law of physical gravitation. A stone marvellously increases the rapidity of its fall each succeeding second. So if a young man yields little by little he will soon yield much by much.

There is a devastating but very popular vice—I mean the vice of gambling. Its evil influence is advancing rapidly amongst young men-and even amongst women. But what can be more silly or absurd than this habit of gambling? One man says a cup of tea is sweet: another contradicts him. Then follows a bet, ten to one that it is sweet. We are told it is right to back our opinion; but the only way to back an opinion is to give information to support it. But betting is often based on the grossest ignorance. What do many who bet really know of the horses that run? They hear only what they are told, and their one point is to bet on something, and when they lose they often have nothing to pay. I have, in my own experience, seen young men lured on little by little, step by step, till losses have tempted them to take money from their employers, and arrest and disgrace and imprisonment have followed.

Gambling is a craze of the nineteenth century. Young men, forswear it at once. It is unreasonable and silly. It can in no case bring any good to any one. If you lose there is peril of character, and if you gain you have dishonestly taken that

for which you have given nothing.

Young men, be soldiers under the great Captain of our salvation. Be brave to do and to dare for Him. Put on "the whole armour of God" in your conflict with infidelity, intemperance, gambling, impurity, and every vice. Go forth with Him who is going forth "conquering and to conquer" till the kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

tablet from his breast and handed it to the physician, and said, "Friend, I trust thee," and drank the potion before he had even stopped a moment to see the effect of that letter upon the physician. That was trust.

My brother, I know not what God's draught for

you may be, but

"The great Physician now is near,
The sympathising Jesus;
He speaks the doubting heart to cheer—
Oh, trust the voice of Jesus!"

How dare you doubt the great Physician! How dare you say, "My God, I cannot, I cannot go forward"! Believe that the Lord can. Despair



XIX. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN: OR FAITH AND TRUST.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A. GOD alone knows your trial, and He will help you. Look your trial right in the face and say, like St. Paul, "I cannot escape; I despair; the sentence is death." A dear one may be dying, or the fell sentence of the physician may be upon yourself, or the dark trial of poverty may stare you in the face. You say, "I try to believe in a God of love, but I am very greatly troubled; I cannot rest night or day."

My friend, faith is not enough there; you must trust. You desired life, and the answer came death. Now trust, trust. Alexander the Great had a physician at his court who was his bosom friend, and we are told Alexander loved him greatly. One day there came an anonymous letter on a waxed tablet to the king which read: "O king, thy physician purposes to kill thee; there is treachery in thy court. He will kill thee by the draught which he gives thee to-morrow, under the plea of healing thee." The king put the waxed tablet into his breast, and the next day, when the physician came to give him the draught that was for the healing of his body, he put out his left hand and took the cup. At the same time with his right hand he pulled forth the waxed

of self; the Lord comes in when you put out your soul towards Him. It is not enough to believe that Jesus is the great Physician; you must trust.

## XX. "LORD, BY THEE THE WORLD IS FED."

LORD, by Thee the world is fed, Thou dost give our daily bread.

Soon as man the seed hath sown, Thy Almighty power is shown. Thou with warmth and genial shower Giv'st the seed its quickening power.

Thine alone—the power of God—Gives the blade to pierce the clod. Light Thou givest; Thou again Makest small the drops of rain.

Held by Thee, the clouds on high Drop their fatness from the sky. Then the stalk, the leaf, appear; Then the seed-producing ear.

Myriad blossoms in the sun Glitter till their work is done. Thou dost every step defend Till is reached the happy end.

Thus by Thee the world is fed, Thus Thou givest daily bread.

HENRY MOULE.

## The Bradford Church Congress.



From a Photograph] [by Applieton & Co., Bradford.

THE REV. JOHN ROBERTSON, D.D., VICAR OF BRADFORD.

HE Congress this year could not meet in a more fitting place. Our great centres of population are the chief problem of the age. How to reach, and win, and help the masses, is a question that might

well occupy the anxious thought of a dozen Congresses. At such a gathering, to know and feel that between two and three hundred thousand of our population are around us, a very large proportion of whom, as in every large town, never enter "our Father's House," where there is "bread enough and to spare," must arouse intense sympathy, and prompt a fuller consecration to the practical study how we can best, as those who are put in trust with God's Gospel, act each as "our brother's keeper," in self-denying and loving zeal.

We hope that not only at the Congress itself, but in many quiet gatherings of "two or three," or "twelve"—as in "the upper room"—there may be realized by clergy and laity an all-pervading sense of the infinite importance of the question Robert Raikes worked out, by God's blessing, with such remarkable results—"Can nothing be done?" What Raikes did for the children may be done now for the fathers and mothers. Our working men were never more ready to respond to words of kindly appeal: and

once let them feel they have really "a part in the concern," and we may expect "showers of blessing" on the workshops of England.

Only let all Christian workers "have faith in God." It is *His* interest in the work that alone can stimulate and sustain ours. "Our God is on the side of good:" and if we ask Him for "big hearts" ourselves—the Christ-heart of ministry—mountains of difficulty will become level plains, and grace will have its triumph in hearts won for the Master's service and the world's happiness.

We have been glancing at the records of the Congress last year at Nottingham. Many subjects were discussed: and we confess we wish the foundation verities of the "One Faith" had been kept more prominent than they were. We want, above all things, in this restless age to plant our feet more firmly, in Prayer-Book fashion, on "the Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture"—God's truth revealed to sinners and sorrowers. Nevertheless, much was said in which we greatly rejoiced.

We especially recognised the hearty tone of welcome and sympathy which marked every reference to our working friends. In this respect the Archbishop of Canterbury reminded us very much of Archbishop Thomson, "the People's Archbishop," whom Sheffield loved and honoured. We are sure there were few at the Working Men's Meeting who failed to say of Dr. Temple—in their hearts, if not with their lips—"He is one of us."

"Some," said the Archbishop, "work with their bodies, and some with their brains. My sympathy has always been, from my early childhood, with those who work mainly with their bodies, because I myself was brought up amongst them. My father was a working man, though he died a Governor of one of Her Majesty's Colonies. He died when I was thirteen, and from the age of seventeen I made my own living. I had had an excellent education, and put my brains to the utmost stretch to do what was before me; but I experienced a great deal of privation. I knew what it was to be unable to afford a fire in cold weather, and every now and then I lived upon rather poor fare. I knew what it wasand I think this pinched me most-to wear patched clothes and patched shoes. I mention these things in order to make you understand how heartily my sympathies go along with working men. I did their work, too. There is probably not another man in England who would thresh better than I could, and I could plough as straight a furrow as any man in the parish."

And then the Archbishop told his hearers of his present work. "I have still a tolerable lot of very hard work to do;" and those who know Dr. Temple will understand what this "tolerable lot" is. But Dr. Temple took care to make it clear that he did not regard work as an evil or anything to complain

about. God has given to "every man his work," and "in all labour there is profit." Character, not idleness, is the secret of happiness. Not what a man has, much or little, but what a man is, is the great question. Love rather than riches is the true wealth.

"The working man," said the Archbishop-"I am quite sure of it-I have lived enough in the company of working men to know it-finds in his home, the love of his wife, the love of children, and the love of his family, as true happiness as the richest man who lives. Unhappily, some working men waste their substance in indulgence instead of practising thrift: and no one can help them then. But, speaking from wide experience, very rarely indeed have I come across a working man really in poverty who, nevertheless, was a genuine servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. If a man will but give his soul to the Lord, it is astonishing in how many ways the Lord seems to watch over him, and to help him, and to find openings for him, and to give him opportunities of seeking for himself and for those whom he loves, the comforts God Himself has provided for us here. I have spoken what I feel. I assure you that no words that I can use would really convey to you

how strong is my desire that every one of you, and every one that belongs to your class and order, should find happiness and comfort here in this present life; and when I plead that the Gospel of Christ is the door to something better than that which you possess at present, I know, and you know, that I am speaking nothing

but the truth."

"I'll listen to him," we are quite sure was every worker's resolve in the great Congress Hall; and truly they did listen, as the Archbishop went on to commend to them "the Gospel for all," rich and poor. "For," said he, "there is no difference, my friends; it is always one: 'the old, old Gospel, ever new.'"

There were many other "gems of thought" which fell from the lips of earnest men at the Nottingham Congress. One speaker wisely dwelt on the importance of providing more healthful homes, parks, arboretums, gymnasiums, and baths, on the principle that "prevention is better than cure." The example of Sir Francis Crossley was commended to "men who have risen." When he gave a park to the people of Huddersfield, he said, "I attribute my success in business very largely to the words which my mother spoke to my father-'If the Lord prosper us in this place, the poor shall taste of it." But even here self-help and self-effort can do more than beneficence. "Every man," said the speaker, "should have a garden." And we were told at the great meeting of the Co-operative Societies the other day that the members had so prospered that they were well able to buy a park for themselves. So truly is "godliness

profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

We hope to gather a few more golden words of friendly counsel and encouragement for workers at the Bradford Congress. Those we have given are models for us all to study. If any of us, whatever our sphere of Christian work may be, wish to win others to share our blessings, we must remember heart to heart is the first condition of spiritual power: and influence. There is nothing like "the smile of a mutual sympathy and the grasp of a brother's hand."

We cannot supply a Guide to the Congress, or tell the story of Bradford and its churches. The Parish Church-though not the present structure-has stood on the present site for nearly a thousand years. So Bradford is an old town-a city now. The people call it "t'old Parish Church." It is being restored, and offerings are needed. Of course there are many other Churches for a population which now reaches more than 230,000. In 1801 it was only 13,000. St. George's Hall, where the Congress chiefly gathers, will hold nearly 4,000 persons; and there are six public parks. \*



From a Photograph by

MR. ALFRED COE, bradford.

THE REV. A. J. GLENDINNING NASH, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, BRADFORD, Hon. Secretary of the Church Congress.

We hope to report the proceedings of the Congress as fully as possible, with portraits and illustrations, in the columns of The News (published at Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C. Price One Penny weekly).



## In the Heart of Wales.

BY THE REV. CANON SUTTON, M.A., VICAR OF ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

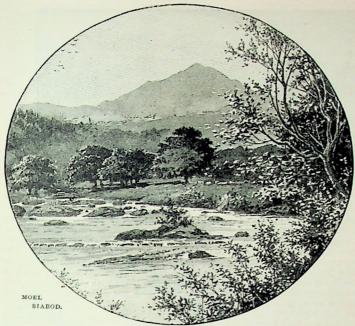
> ERE was a time when I thought a walking tour the acme of pleasure. Nor do I now regard a walking tour as other than an excellent way of spending a holiday, especially if one walks in a mountain land, with occasional glimpses of the sea. Of late years cycling has seemed to me a grand mode of seeing the country.

I look back with wonder at my first experience of this sort. I had purchased a tricycle in order to please a certain very young bicyclist. After a short ride I came home and said, "Only for the honour of the thing I'd much rather walk." However, after three days' practice we started on a tour. It was in the beginning of September. We went over one of know not what. Twenty miles or so was the first day's journey.

Of course I had to walk up all the hills - bits of rising ground which now I should not regard as hills at all were enough to fetch me off my saddle. No, by the way, in those days I had a fine seat, not a saddle. How things have changed in ten years! How stiff I was when the ride was over! Getting up and down stairs was no joke.

Now, my idea is that for a perfect holiday one should have a centre from which one can radiate, and use both "shanks his nag" and one's machine. The roads in some parts of Wales are so perfect that, though the gradients are severe, cycling is not only possible, but pleasant.

But with or without cycling one can hardly go wrong in North Wales. It possesses charms of infinite variety. And I am a believer in the virtue of variety. However good a place may be in itself, it lacks one of the first elements of a holiday home un-



less it is, in many ways, unlike one's own home. The delicious stillness of this place in which I write might seem to many persons deadly dulness. Probably for me much of its charm is due to the fact that I live where quiet is an unknown quantity. "But is there not a dreadful sameness

in such a spot, when you have once taken in its beauty?" Surely not. Think of "the ever-changing, changeless sea." Both adjectives are well-deserved. There is a sense in which the sea is ever the same; it is always, as I once heard an ambitious young orator say, "the illimitable expanse of the ocean." But it is always "changing" with the play of wind and light.

Have you ever noticed, too, that the sea has many voices? Homer's oft-quoted line, "Silent and sad he walked beside the shore of the loud-sounding sea," is good as far as it goes. But the sea is often by no means "loud-sounding." It whispers in a soft and loving tone when the breeze is gentle: it seems to have a sweet story to tell to the stones over which it washes lingeringly.

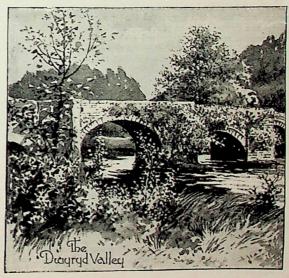
One of the finest rides we have had was up to Criccieth. The views were grand. All Snowdonia revealed itself. Straight in front were the mountains which lie between Cardigan Bay and Bala Lake. Bala has interest for all who know the early history of the Bible Society. It was there that

Mr. Charles lived—the man to whom is due the idea first of all of a Bible Society for Wales, then of a Bible Society for the world! At Bala is to be seen to-day a statue of this good man.

Even in this lovely corner of North Wales one is reminded that in the healthiest and sweetest spots there can be sickness and suffering. I have seen more than one cripple, more than one sadly afflicted person. But a kindly spirit can rise superior to physical affliction! Twice I have seen a much misshapen lad, and each time he greeted me with a graceful bow, and a smile so sunny, so full of gentle meaning and kindly welcome, that I quite forgot his figure in his pleasant face. If he is not one whom a Heavenly Father has taught that "all things work together for good to them who love God," he much belies his looks.

I cannot close this discursive talk without adding

that Welsh people please me vastly. So kind, so pleasant our hosts! so beautifully clean and comfortable our rooms! And "cleanliness is next to god liness." They are, so far as my experience goes, a truly Godfearing people—not, as some will have it, making much show with little religion at heart.





A MEMORY OF A COASTGUARD.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY, AUTHOR OF "A MAN AND A BROTHER."

HERE are brave men among our coastguards to-day, though they are no longer called upon to risk a knock on the head or a stray bullet, as in the time of the revenue men.

I knew one-a plain man and a true man-who made no boast of what he had done to save life on our coasts, and seldom spoke of what

he had suffered for "the Queen, God bless her!" in distant lands when he was on active service. I can fancy he is gripping me by the shoulder to-day, as eager to initiate me into things nautical as I to learn. He was no hand at spinning a yarn, but strange little stories would crop up unexpectedly as we trudged the sands together. He taught me the flag signals and to fire the mortar. By the end of my schoolboy holiday I could manage the rocket apparatus, and only felt aggrieved that no wreck had given me opportunity to prove my efficiency.

So much many a coastguard may have done for summer visitors, but my friend did more.

Though it is seventeen years since I last saw him, I still have his letters, budgets of news on pink paper, addressed to "My dear young Sir," and written without a mis-spelled word. I fear my replies were not equally faultless. All through the winter, when rough seas were the rule, he kept me informed of the doings of the coastguard. Assuredly it is not always August round our tight little island.

Here are one or two extracts from a letter written in dark December :-

" A Dutch fishing vessel came ashore at Trimmingham, five miles to the southward, with her bottom upwards, having in her cabin five men and two boys, all dead. Three more, it is supposed, were washed overboard. There were two hundred barrels of herrings in her, which were all spoilt by the sea-water. The wreck has since been sold for five pounds, but still lies on the beach."

There is a story for you in the rough-a Christmas tale on the stocks. I remember wondering how herrings could be spoilt by an overdose of sea-water, but

I never liked to ask my friend, for fear of exposing my ignorance.

"A Norwegian barque ran ashore at Brancaster, twenty miles to the northward. Her crew were saved by the lifeboat belonging to that place. She also lies on the beach, and will, it is said, become a total wreck. She was laden with pit props, and was only four days old when she came ashore. She had enough rope on board to last for four years, and provisions for two years."

Then he tells me of the harvest of the sea: " The along-shore herring-fishing has been bad this year, but the deep sea has been good, one boat having run into Yarmouth with 240,000 herrings at one catch. They would realize about £300 when sold. When the long-shore herrings were here it was too rough to get off, and when the men could get off the fish were gone. There have been about one hundred and twenty men lost from Yarmouth in the fishing line."

A heavy slip of the cliff, a "miraculous escape" of one of the coastguards, a message from "one of the men who had just rescued a fisherman at the risk of his life," inquiries as to football and cycling, helped to fill the eight pages from "Your Old Friend, John Danaher."

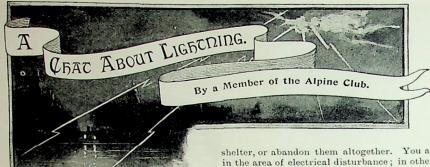
Another letter tells of a night patrol on the cliffs when a bitterly cold wind is carving the drifts of snow into fantastic shapes. Every blast threatens to hurl the coastguard over the icicled edge, and a driving mist blinds him so that he cannot see the landmarks. I know what such a night is-with the green seas galloping in over the black rocks far below, and wild clouds rushing across the sky overhead, I have been forced to my knees, to clutch at the stubbly grass. But enough; this was a common experience of my coastguard.

His photograph is all I have of him now-and those letters, which are as good as a sea-breeze. His last tells me he is again to go on active service to the Soudan; but it is dated years ago, and since then there has been the long silence. If never again in this life, I hope I may meet "my old friend" in the

haven where we fain would be.



"YOUR OLD FRIEND, JOHN DANAHER,"



NETY-NINE people out of every hundred would tell you, were they asked if they had ever been in a thunderstorm, that scarcely a year passes without their being caught in at least one. Perhaps the hundredth

-a stickler for accuracy-would answer that he had often been under a thunderstorm, but had no desire ever to be in nearer proximity. Or possibly the hundredth might, like myself, have been above, below, and in thunderstorms, and could truthfully answer

that he had been very much "in" them on several occasions.

Before I refer to my sensations, a word or two on the subject of lightning as we know it in this country may not be unnecessary. If you examine the headpiece of this article you will see an admirable representation of lightning, as it was supposed to be before the camera laid bare the blunder of the artists. Photography has now taught us that the electric fluid does not take, as a rule, a zigzag track, or appear as a fiery bayonet against a black sky. Its course is, like the skeleton of an ancient tree, erratic and sinuous; or as a river, joined by a number of tiny tributaries.

It is by no means difficult to obtain photographs during a thunderstorm, for the negative can be left exposed in the camera to take impressions whenever the flashes light up the horizon. As soon as he thinks the plate has registered enough the owner puts the cap on

So much for lightning on paper!

A few weeks ago I was talking with a climber who had just come down from a mountain expedition, undertaken in very bad weather.

"We were in three separate thunderstorms," he said, "and our ice-axes sang for over an hour."

Sang? Certainly! The axes sing of danger, for the moment they begin to "hiss" it is time to find

shelter, or abandon them altogether. You are within the area of electrical disturbance; in other words, you are in a thunderstorm.

What does it feel like? Many who have explored great heights have tried to describe their sensations, but here I will only give the experience of men I know. In describing an adventure in the Great Andes of South America Mr. Edward Whymper says: "Our route could not be mistaken, though the summit was invisible, and our arête (ridge) rising at an increasing angle disappeared in the thunder clouds, Hitherto the flashes had only glanced occasionally through the murky air, each followed by a single bang, which is all one hears when close to the point of discharge. The whole air seemed to be saturated with electricity, and the thunder kept up an almost continuous roar. With ice-axes hissing ominously we gradually approached the summit."

The continuous crack of the thunder is sometimes accompanied by such vivid flashes that for several hours one can read by that light alone. Signor Sinigaglia, a well-known Italian climber, speaks of one experience, when "the air was so charged with electricity that for two consecutive hours in the night he could see in the hut as in broad daylight."

In 1890 a party of mountaineers had a narrow escape from being killed by lightning on the Dent Blanche. They had reached the summit fourteen hours from the start, and a storm threatened as they began the descent. When within a hundred feet of easy going, a dense cloud fell upon them. Their ice-axes and gloves gave out sparks, and their hair stood out straight. There was no heat from the sparks, nor was there any hissing: but one of the men who wore spectacles felt them vibrating in a way he did not like, and so tucked them under his hat. Steadily and carefully the party progressed, every step requiring time and caution, when all at once the whole mountain side seemed to be ablaze, "and at the same time there was a muzzled, muffled, and suppressed peal of thunder, apparently coming out of the interior of the mountain." Two of the party exclaimed in the same breath, "My axe is struck," and naturally each of them let his axe go. With only one axe there was no going forward, and the trio waited for the storm to pass, while one of the men asked his companions to look at his neck, exactly half-way round which the lightning had burned a dark band an inch and a quarter wide.

One man was very strangely affected, for he constantly addressed the friend who was next to him on the rope by his wrong name.

One more experience I may recall before giving my own. "When about fifty feet below the summit of the Unter Gabelhorn, I heard," says Mr. Powell, "a curious hissing or buzzing sound, coming from a knob of rock. The next moment my axe joined the chorus." He struggled to the top, however; but by that time every jutting point of rock was adding its hiss to the general clamour. "Just then I saw both my companions throw their hands up to their heads, and cry out together, 'I'm struck!' Immediately afterwards came a flash of lightning and a report like the firing of a big gun. But the word 'flash' is insufficient to describe the awfulness of the fire that instantaneously pervaded the whole peak. Every crag, little and great, seemed to have its own tongue of flame; it was around us, above, below, and everywhere; and the terrific explosion-like report that accompanied it was most appalling. My first feeling of horror was, 'They are both killed!' A hurried word of enquiry, and an

equally hurried reply, and we bundled down the mountain, careless of bruises, at a pace I have

never seen equalled."

Personally, I was last year exposed to a severe



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

thunderstorm on the knife-edge ridge of the Eiger

Joch. With a precipice on either side great caution was needed. Sizzing over the snow like the hiss of a hundred snakes, the electrical currents thrilled up our axes. Never was sight more strange than the sound less hurrying up of panicstricken battalions of cloud -soundless until, with startling suddenness, the ranks lit up, and as it seemed the roll of a gun echoed from peak to peak. At one time so persistent were the shocks of electricity in my elbows and at the top of my head that it felt as though a tiny whirlwind had started in my hair, making it stand on end, while my funny bones became quite needlessly jocular.

This was by no means my last meeting with St. Elimo's fire, since, this year in July, the lightning lighted me to bed in a hut 10,600 feet above sea level.



AFTER A STORM.

## The Storp of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

X. THE LIFE OF DUNSTAN.

EARLY LIFE AND LEGENDS. - A DARK AGE. - ARCHBISHOP ODO. - PRETENDED MIRACLES. - DUNSTAN AS ARCHBISHOP.

IDELY different estimates of Dunstan's character have been formed. Scholars like Sharon Turner, Milman, the learned Dean of St. Paul's, Southey, and Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, give a very dark testimony respecting him. Milman regards him as "an iron-hearted monk," a party at least to the cruel treatment

of Queen Elgiva and the clergy who were married. Several later writers take a more favourable view. The inevitable uncertainties of records so long since must be borne in mind in any effort to sketch Dunstan's career: but it is quite clear that superstition made rapid progress during his life, and that his

character was moulded by it.

Dunstan was born near Glastonbury in 924-5. His parents were West Saxons. A pretended miracle is said, in one chronicle, to have preceded his birth: and a second, equally absurd, whilst he was a child. Glastonbury Church itself, was traditionally reported to have been built without human hands, and Joseph of Arimathea was said to have found it miraculously placed there to receive him! Dunstan was, no doubt, greatly influenced by these and other traditions, under the teaching of the monks, and very soon exciting stories, involving further miracles, were told respecting him to the people.

He was always a diligent student of the learning of the age, and gifted as a musician and artist in wax, ivory, silver, and gold. He became for a time a favourite with King Athelstan, but was at length, on a display of independence, banished from the court. He returned to Glastonbury and became a monk, building for himself a miserable cell, "more like a grave than the habitation of a living man." Here it was said he had visible conflicts with Satan, and many ridiculous legends are told of this period of his life which are not worth relating. King Edmund, who succeeded his brother Athelstan, recalled him to court: and soon after, in 942, made him

Abbot of Glastonbury. "Dunstan," says Southey, "would in any age or station have been a remarkable man, but no times could have suited him so well as the dark age in which he flourished." The people generally were in a state of ignorance, and the clergy little in advance of them. An eclipse was passing over the religious truth held in former days. Roman ambition was rapidly developing the claim to Papal supremacy: and to further this aim the system of monasticism was everywhere encouraged. The monastery, in fact, supplanted the family. The clergy were compelled to celibacy, that the ecclesiastical power over them might be more absolute. None were to marry after ordination, and those who were married when they

were ordained were cruelly obliged to separate from their wives. Church law in this vital matter was in utter conflict with the Divine Law and gift to man in Paradise: and the national law as well. But both were ruthlessly over-ridden; and even kingly authority could often only be maintained by bowing to the ecclesiastical authority which more or less

directly represented the Pope.

Bishops in these days were supreme rulers rather than guiding "fathers." Odo, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, the great supporter of Dunstan, the son of a Dane, had himself been a warrior; and even after he was made a Bishop fought by the side of King Athelstan. In one of his pastoral letters as Archbishop "with no little arrogance," he "admonished," or rather commanded, "the King, princes, and all that were in authority, to be obedient to their archbishops, and all other bishops, on the ground that to bishops belonged the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and they had the power of binding and

loosing."

No doubt Odo was intensely in earnest, but owing to his harsh, unyielding spirit, he acquired the name of "Severus"—the severe. At a later period his bitter opposition to the marriage of King Edwy to Elgiva, a first or second cousin, led him with an armed band to arrest the queen, and convey her to Ireland after she had been branded on the face. Osbern, the precentor of Canterbury, who wrote a Life of Dunstan, says, "Elgiva attempted to rejoin her husband, but was seized at Gloucester, and there hamstrung to prevent a second escape." Another monkish biographer records this as a meritorious action! How far Dunstan had any share in this crime is uncertain, but it could scarcely, as Odo's friend, be unknown to him. Edwy himself, after struggling three years with Odo, was removed from the contest by a violent death.

Dunstan ultimately, after Odo's death, became Archbishop of Canterbury. Southey, in his Book of the Church, says: "He went to Rome, and received his pall from Pope John XII.": a significant token of Rome's progress in superseding national rights. "On his return," Southey continues, "he was not sparing of 'miracles' to overawe the people, and prepare them for submitting to him with devout obedience. At his first 'mass' it was said a dove alighted upon him, and remained during the whole ceremony: and presently it was further asserted that it was the same dove which appeared when our Saviour was baptized in Jordan! Still more absurd legends have been handed down by this monk Osbern in his biography before referred to. The King, Edgar, became more and more subjected to the control of Dunstan and the monastic party. They engaged to defend him from the Devil and his angels, and he bound himself to support and protect them against all opponents."

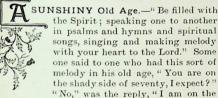
Dunstan lived ten years as Archbishop, but the records, so far as they exist, are mainly a narration of advancing error and superstitious claims, supported by pretended miracles. Southey says: "A more complete exemplar of the monkish character, in its worst form, could not be found." We would fain hope that Dunstan first deceived himself, and really thought "evil might be done" that "good might come": but it is very difficult for the utmost charity to build hope on this foundation when we remember we are indebted for most of our details to his own

monkish biographer - once a contemporary—who declares he had witnessed much of what he has recorded, and heard the rest from the disciples of Dunstan.

The lessons of such a career to ourselves in this age of Bible light should surely be, first, the peril of departure from the clear, simple teaching of the Scriptures on ecclesiastical matters: secondly, the folly and perfect contrast between the legendary or pretended miracles of superstition and imposture, and the sublimely simple and God-like miracles of our Lord: and thirdly, gratitude for the full deliverance of our Church and Nation from Roman error at the Reformation.

## Auts with Kernels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."



sunny side; for I am on the side nearest to glory."

That was a pretty thought of a bright young girl who stood among the falling leaves, whose brilliancy she had never seen in her sea-coast home. To one near her, saddening over their fall, she said: "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond!" Is it not true that, as our little joys and pleasures and earth's many lovely things fade and pass, they open spaces for us in

which to see God's heaven beyond?

"They Say."-In a row of twelve houses, the lady at No. 1 mentioned at table one day that her old friends, the Baileys, were coming in a few days to see her. The servant at No. 1 told it in the afternoon to the servant at No. 2; and the servant at No. 2 told it to the servant at No. 3, only changing the word Baileys to bailiffs: "No. 1 are expecting the bailiffs soon." It is always easy to find reasons for anything; so Nos. 4 and 5 gave the explanation: it was because the master at No. 1 was so dreadfully extravagant. But extravagance is not generally a solitary sin, so the servants at Nos. 6 and 7 had no difficulty in making the slight addition that he treated his wife so badly. No. 8 reported that the wife was very ill, and when the report got to No. 12 the bailiffs were said to have arrived and taken full possession. And the remains of so tragic a story every imaginative reader can finish for himself.

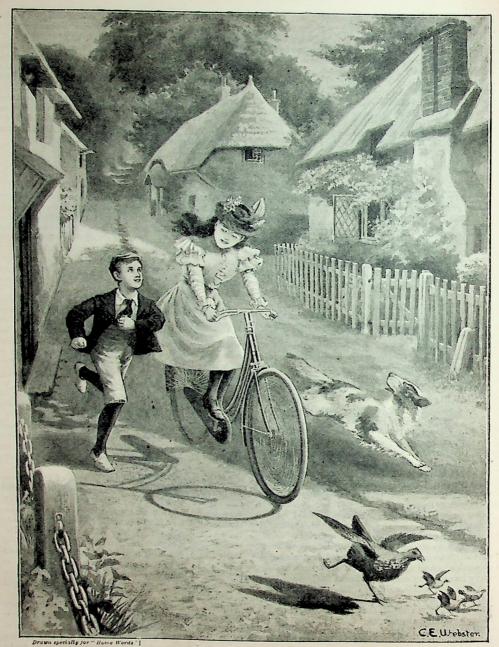
A few rash words will set a family, a neighbourhood, a nation by the ears; they have often done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by talking about people instead of about things. "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth."

Everybody's Wealth.—It is curious how we despise or undervalue our best gifts because they are common, and covet things that are outside ourselves and seldom add to happiness. In his old age, Montaigne used to say, "I am ready to jump out of my skin with joy, as for an uncommon favour, when not hing ails me." Considering how common disease is, and the terrible forms of it that afflict many better people than ourselves, ought we not all to be ready to jump out of our skins with joy, as for an uncommon favour, when nothing ails us? Health is the best kind of wealth; but few of us appreciate its value until we lose it.

The Newspaper and the Magazine. - Book readers are few as compared with those who read the newspaper. What an instrument of education it is ! A nation with many papers and magazines must be well informed; their circulation can almost be taken as an exponent of its intelligence. Not only does a first-class journal contain a record of events, but the best thought of the day. What a noted man may say to-night to a small audience to-morrow will be read by millions all over the land. The substance of whole volumes is published frequently long before its appearance in book form. Much of the best poetry, biography, criticism, discussion of every subject and information on every topic appears in our newspapers and magazines; and scholars and men of science, as well as general readers, must read them or be left behind.

Trifles.—The veriest trifles become of importance in influencing our own or other people's lives and characters. One look may marry us. Our profession may be settled for us by the most trivial circumstance. "A kiss from my mother," said West, " made me a painter." Going into a house one day, Dr. Guthrie saw a picture of John Pounds, the cobbler of Portsmouth, teaching poor ragged children that had been left to go to ruin on the streets.—The sight of this picture hanging over the chimney-piece on that day made Dr. Guthrie the founder of Ragged Sabook.

Killing Time.—On a clock in one of the Oxford colleges is inscribed this solemn warning to those who fancy that killing time is not murder: Periunt et imputantur ("The hours perish and are laid to our charge"). But is not this equally true of those "odd moments" during which we say it is not worth while commencing or finishing anything?



"MERRILY RUN THE WHEELS!"

## The Doung Folks' Page.

#### "MERRILY RUN THE WHEELS!"

(See Illustration, page 238.)



OWADAYS we don't run errands; we ride them. In town and country an immense amount of time has been saved owing to the simple fact that we use the wheel instead of "shanks his nag." Loitering and daw.lling, let us hope, will soon be words which have lost their meaning. You cannot do

either on a bicycle.

Do you say there is no chance of your getting a machine? Quite true. There is no chance. Bicycles do not drop from the skies. If you want one you must work for it, save for it, and keep a bright look-out for a bargain. There is nothing like having an object in life, particularly if that object needs plenty of perseverance, and even self-sacrifice, before it is attained.

And when, at last, you become the proud owner of a bicycle, don't forget that no machine ought to be made for one. I do not say be too willing to lend it, but be always willing to use it for others. I can fancy that our young rider in the picture is off on an errand for mother-an errand that would have taken Bobbie half an hour in the days before the wheel. Now she will do it in half the time or less, and leave Bobbie far behind. That is a bicycle worth having which saves time, for time is not only money, as the saying goes, it is opportunity for doing good in the world. As the Bishop of Bath and Wells says: "Bicycles are an aid to Christian effort," and we know that "whatsoever we do" we W. T. S. should "do all to the glory of God."

If you would be independent, you must be industrious. Do not be content to lean upon others and wait for help. Adopt the Roman maxim, "I will either find a way or make one." If you can't get the opportunity or position you want, take the next best that is available. Don't be idle.

#### "PRINCESS MAY."

"PRINCESS MAY"-we still like to call her so-loves all children, but specially those who suffer in hospitals or elsewhere. In her old home at White Lodge every Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Card was carefully preserved and arranged in scrap-books for the poor children.

A crippled boy in a village near White Lodge was dying of consumption. Over and over again Princess May would either drive or walk over to see the little sufferer, and sitting down by the bedside in the cottage, would talk and read to him. Often she carried with her delicacies to keep up his wasting frame, Her last visit to the boy was one day on her way to church, when she knew the end was near. Gently giving him a kiss, she wished him good-bye with tears in her eyes. Was not the Princess "Doubly Royal"? If we ennoble our position, it will ennoble us.

## THE TWO VOICES.

THE Holy Spirit says: "Be kind, be generous, be unselfish; if you are not treated well, return good for evil; try to set a good example; never say an angry word, or an untruthful word, or an impure word." But another spirit—an evil spirit, Satan-is always prompting you: "Don't go out of your way; he never helped you. Why be kind to her?-she is never very

kind to you. Why give it away?-keep it for yourself. Don't bear that-say something cutting back; be angry, and he'll be frightened, and not dare to meddle with your things again!"

I heard of a boy once who found himself in a room where many beautiful ripe pears were spread out to keep. Satan said in his heart, "Take one-they are not counted; look how good they are, and just one out of so many cannot matter; no one will know-no one sees you." But something told the boy to run out of the room at once, and so he did. God "delivered him from the evil one." He was afraid, he said; for though no one was there, he should have seen himself steal, and God would have seen it too.

-THE DEAN OF DENVER.

#### THE LAND OF ANYHOW.

BEYOND the isle of What's-the-use, Where Slipshod Point is now, There used to be, when I was young, The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm-A cruel king was he! For those who served him with good heart He treated shamefully!

When boys and girls their tasks would slight, And cloud poor mother's brow, He'd say : "Don't care! It's good enough! Just do it anyhow!"

But when in after life, they longed To make proud "fortune" bow, He let them find success ne'er smiles On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap Must learn to use the plough; And pitch his tents a long way From the Land of Anyhow!

-A.

#### OPPORTUNITIES.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, but there is still recorded a conversation supposed to have taken place between a traveller and the statue.

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

" Who made thee?

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but for a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why then is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed, I cannot be caught." We do not see statues standing on the highways to remind us of our opportunities for doing good and being of service to

others, but we know that they come to us. They are ours but for a moment. If we let them pass, they are gone for ever.

#### Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

### QUESTIONS.

1. WHO was it that gave vent to violent passion, and almost immediately afterwards showed signs of deepest contrition?

tion?

2. How many instances are recorded of the dead having scome to life previous to the time of Christ?

3. To which tribe was it said, "A: thy days, so shall thy strength be"?

4. Give eight texts about birds.

5. When did the people stand up to show their reverence for the West of God?

6. Where is Moses spoken of as "the man of God"?
7. Name a king whose name meant "peaceable."

8. Who is said to have been "the first fruits of Achaia unto Christ"? ANSWERS (See August No., p. 191).

That of forgiveness. Rom. xii. 20.

2 Sam. xxiv. 23. 2 Kings xviii. 4. 3.

4. Prov. xii. 10.

4. Prov. XII. 10.
5. 1 Sam. xvii. 45, 47, 50; 2 Chron. xx. 15-17, 20, 22; xxx ii. 8, 21; Ps. v. 11, 12; xx. 7, 8; Isa. xxvi. 3, 4; Jer. xvii. 7, 8.
6. Isa. xxx. 1, 2, 10; xxxi. 1; Jer. xvii. 5, 6.
7. Lemuel. Prov. xxxi. 1.
8. Matt. ii. 1, 16; 1 Sam. xvi. 12, 13; 2 Sam. xxiii. 16; 1 Kings ii. 10; Ruth i. 22.

## The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

WHY Be Thrifty.—Because, as the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson used to say," Thrift is Health. First, be thrifty in food. In all my experience as a physician I have never known a man who was luxurious at the table either healthy, happy, or useful. On the other hand, I have never known any man or woman suffer from abstinence when they had the means for the due supply of their wants; and I have often wondered to observe on how small an amount of food those who carry abstinence, even to a fault, live and thrive and maintain their vital activity into ripe old age. Again; those who are thrifty in respect to their food are thrifty in respect to the selection of drinks. They select the cheapest and best, and the only natural of all drinks for their sustenance-the drink distilled for them by the grand Chemist of the Universe, the drink of life and health, pure water. This drink, which makes up about seventy per cent. of our bodies, is all-sufficient as drink for our wants, and costs us nothing.

" 'It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven.'

It never disturbs the intellect, it never disturbs the heart, it excites no craving for itself, but, like a true and faithful servant, it does its duty well, inflicts no imposition, and asks for no

Be Thrifty in Time.-She who lays out her time well lays out her health well. She gives to every work and task its true and correct place. She does not procrastinate, she does not act with precipitancy. She is not for ever in a fever to meet this or that engagement; she is not for ever in a tremor lest she should fail in this or that undertaking. She carries with her, therefore, a steady brain and a steady heart. She burns as a candle burns when out of a draught, and that does not gutter down on one side. Hereby she saves her young days, and lets them go to the credit of the days that are to come.

Moths.-Thoroughly beat furs and woollens before putting away. Put them in a paper bag and fasten up tight. If there are no moths or eggs inside the bag the furs will be safe.

Iron Rust .- To remove from muslin or white goods, thoroughly saturate the spots with lemon juice and salt, and expose to the sun. Usually more than one application is required. A good way to prevent its appearance on clothes is when washing to always have them enclosed in a muslin bag while being boiled.

How to make Coffee. The most important point in making good coffee is to use the water at the first appearance of boiling. If it boils but a few minutes it parts with its gases, becomes flat and hard, and will make but an imperfect infusion. Avoid also water that has been boiled and put aside on the stove, and then reboiled at coffee-making time.

## HOME DOCTOR.

1 OW to Take Care of Your Eyes. - Don't use the eyes continually for fine work without resting them often by looking at something in the distance.

Don't try to read in a 'bus or other jolting vehicle. It causes a strain on the directing muscles of the eyes.

Don't read facing a light.

Don't make a practice of reading type too small to be seen readily at a distance of eighteen inches.

Don't read in the twilight or firelight, or in badly-lighted

Bruises .- Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied as hot 23 can be borne on a sprain or bruise is an invaluable remedy. The affected member should afterwards be rolled in flannel to retain the heat.

To prevent a bruise from discolouring, apply immediately hot water, or, if that is not at hand, moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised place.

Burns. - A burn caused by a hot iron will cease to pain almost immediately if a piece of soda, moistened with the tongue, is put on. A scald or burn, if the skin is not broken, can be cured by placing the burnt part in strong soda-water.

## Points for the Temperance Platform.

" OU ask me about training?" said an athletic authority the other day. "My answer is: The Athlete. Don't drink, and smoke as little as possible." This simply means what temperance advocates have long contended for, that narcotics hinder their user from doing his best. They do not, of course, always incapacitate him; but they injure him and spoil his work. Whatever good and right thing a man has to do, he will do it better without alcohol than with it. This implacable foe of excellence lowers strength, lessens endurance, and impairs precision : and all who have been distinguished for feats of bodily prowess or dexterity bear like testimony. Force-giving oatmeal was used instead of so-called "stimulants" when that remarkable work of narrowing the gauge of over two hundred miles of the Great Western Railway was performed in a couple of days.

A Glasgow tax collector, who was asked for Collector's the result of his experience, said: "Well, I have had a pretty large and varied experience in my day, and I tell you frankly that five-sixths of the misery I have come across is due to the craving for strong drink. I have known men earning from 25s. to 35s. a week, and some a good deal more, who yet had hardly a stick in the house. When a man of this stamp goes home on Saturday night with his wages, he or his wife, or often both, get drunk, and in the end one or both get taken to the police office for kicking up a row or fighting. On the Monday they are fined 10s. or £1, and if there is any furniture it has to go to the pawn to pay the fine. If there is no furniture, the man or his wife, or both may be, go to gaol. The cry of poverty would scarcely be heard of but for the drink."

"What is my index in choosing my clerks? The Business Why, their homes first—whether they are cleanly Man. and in good order, and show care has been expended upon them; then friends second, whether they lead away from home or towards it; lastly, themselves, whether they are temperate and methodical. But, if my first two points are an swered to my liking, I seldom find it necessary to ask the third question."

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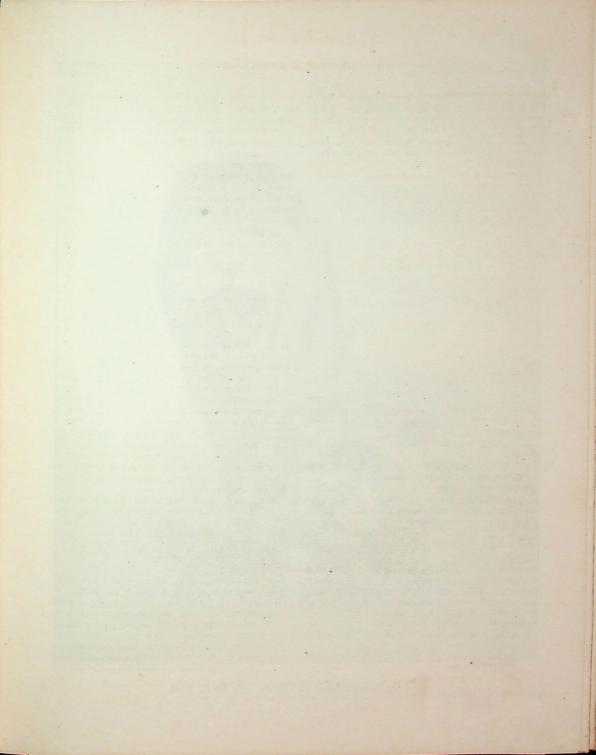
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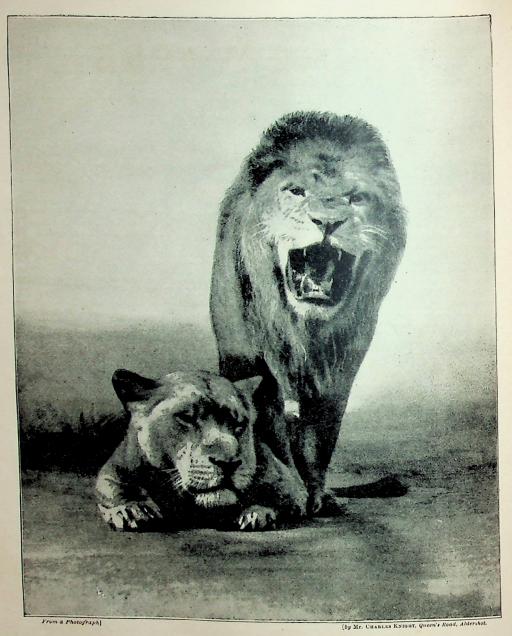
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THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE ZOO.

# HOME WORDS

## FOR HEART AND HEARTH

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## Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SECRET MADE KNOWN.



ISS DALE, we shall have you ill next. You must go out for a turn this fine morning," the doctor said one day, impressed by the smallness and paleness of Pattie's face. He was late in paying his call; and for once the nurse had retired before he appeared, leaving Pattie in charge.

"Not this morning, I think. By-and-by, when

Nurse can come."

"Not till evening, you mean. But how do you suppose that you are going to manage when Nurse is gone? You cannot be in the room always. Now that Dot is so much better, other people surely can take their share in the nursing."

By "other people" the doctor meant Mrs. Cragg.

"But-would it be good for Dot?"

"I don't see why not. Dot only needs now to be kept quiet and to be amused."

Precisely what Mrs. Cragg was not fitted to undertake, thought Pattie; but she could not say so. The doctor would have to find out for himself.

"I don't feel that I want to go out this morning,"

she objected.

"The more reason why you should do so. You are getting used up. Mrs. Cragg"— as she came in—"I am telling Miss Dale that she must take a run early; not spend the whole day in this room. You can arrange it, no doubt. She's looking tired."

"Pattie has nothing to keep her indoors," declared

Mrs. Cragg. "She's only got to please herself."

The doctor's expression was odd, to say the least. "Can one of the maids take care of Dot?" he asked,

bent upon his object.

"We haven't found a new nursemaid yet, and Jane's gone. I can stay, of course. It don't matter what I have to do anywhere else. Dot'll be all right."

"She cannot be left alone, of course," remarked the young doctor.

"I know that," replied Mrs. Cragg.

"Well then, you'd better be off, Miss Dale," said the doctor.

Pattie had to submit. Dot stretched out a small hand.

"Pattie mustn't do. Wants own darling Pattie."

"Pattie will soon come back," the doctor said, holding Dot's hand. "She's just going for a little walk."

"And I'll bring you some flowers, Dot," said Pattie, stooping over the bed.

That made Dot submit for the moment, and

Pattie slipped away.

It was a lovely morning; and if Pattie could have felt quite easy about little Dot, left at home in charge of Mrs. Cragg, she would have much enjoyed her breath of fresh morning air-not very early air, since it was past eleven, but deliciously fresh. Pattie went at a good pace down the street, intending to take a run to the nearest meadow, on the banks of which, close to a tiny stream, she might hope to find a few wild-flowers. Not many remained now; but it did not take much to satisfy Dot.

On her way she met two or three of Mrs. Cragg's friends, people whom she had often seen and spoken with. Pattie noticed, with a feeling of slight surprise, that they hardly observed her. One of them looked away; one of them gave her a curt nod; one stared her rudely straight in the face. Pattie felt disturbed and uncomfortable, wondering what the change of manner might mean. She did not greatly care for any of Mrs. Cragg's particular friends, and she always felt that they did not care for her; still they had hitherto been civil, and this change was perplexing. Naturally the question came up in her mind -had Mrs. Cragg been saying anything to make them turn against her?

Pattie slackened her speed, and walked thoughtfully. She knew Mrs. Cragg too well not to know the possibility of this,-even at a time when she was devoting herself to her child, and when Mrs. Cragg might be supposed to owe much to

her.

Somebody stopped, and Pattie involuntarily stopped too, before looking up, to find herself face to face with Mrs. Sweater. She had seen a great deal of Mrs. Sweater, and Mrs. Sweater of her, and neither particularly liked the other. The chemist's wife wore a look of complacent superiority.

"Good-morning," she said. "'Tisn't often we see you strolling about this time of day, Pattie." Mrs. Sweater was given to calling people by

their Christian names, with or without leave.

"No. I shall not be out long."

"But you've got a regular nurse in the house."

"Yes. She sleeps in the day still."

"How is Dot getting on?"

"The doctor says-very nicely."

"Why doesn't he let her be up and about? How long does he mean to keep her lying down?" Pattie felt rather annoyed. "I suppose as long as he sees it to be needed," she said.

"Ah, I don't think much of what that young

fellow says. He's very young. Mrs. Cragg and I think he makes a great deal too much fuss. If

Dot was allowed to play about, she'd soon be all right."

"I think the doctor is likely to know more about it than you or I,-even if he is young," Pattie observed quietly. "We have not had a doctor's training, you know."

"I hope we've got a grain of common sense, though," retorted the other, not pleased. "Well, and so you've quite taken up with the Craggs, and mean to live with them? It's all a mistake, I suppose, what Mr. Cragg was saying before Dot's accident,-that you wanted to find work for yourself?"

Pattie showed some surprise. "It is no mistake," she said. "Of course I wish to support myself in time. Just now I could hardly be spared from Dot."

"Oh, as for that-I don't know about the 'sparing'! It isn't much of a question of 'sparing,' I take it. Not but what Mrs. Cragg has been a kind friend to you, I make no doubt; but all the same, it isn't likely she should want to have with her child your father's daughter."

Pattie looked at Mrs. Sweater, with eyes that had a sharp light in them. "I don't under-

stand," she said.

Mrs. Sweater tossed her head.

"It's nothing so very hard to understand," she said. "Only, you do give yourself an uncommon lot of airs, Pattie; and when one comes to know that your father was turned off from his situation for being light-fingered-why, then of

"If Mrs, Cragg has told you that-"

"Oh, I didn't say it was Mrs. Cragg. I didn't say it was anybody in particular. But the tale's going about, and folks believe it. It don't matter who said it first. It was somebody that knows. You've been uncommon close about yourself, ever since you came here; but that sort of thing always crops up. And it isn't to be wondered at, all things considered, that Mrs. Cragg don't like a girl of your stamp to be in the house as one of themselves."

Pattie was very white, but she did not lose her composure.

"Mrs. Cragg of course has told you," she said. "No one else could do so. Mrs. Cragg does know that my father was accused-wrongly accused of what he did not do. Some day the truth will come out, and my dear father's name will be cleared. I did not quite think that Mrs. Cragg would have done this. But-you of course cannot understand. I would rather not talk any more about it to you, if you please."

Pattie turned away and walked on. She felt like a bruised and wounded creature, longing to get away into the dark and to hide herself. For a while she could not think of Dot, could not remember anything except that the place now knew of her father's trouble, and that nobody would believe him to be innocent—nobody except Mr. Cragg. It was hard to bear. That Mrs. Cragg should have acted in such an unfeling way, just when she was doing her utmost, spending time and strength on behalf of Dot, seemed almost beyond belief.

Pattie made her way as soon as possible into the meadow, and there she sat on a fallen log, tears

running down her cheeks, no recollection of flowers in her mind. It was very very hard. Though not naturally resentful, resentment rose high for once, and she almost felt that she could not go on any longer under the same roof with Mrs. Cragg.

Yet, to leave little Dot to Mrs. Cragg's care; to sheer off, for her own sake only, and not to help Cragg in his difficulty! Impossible!

No; not for her own sake only, but for the sake of her father's good name! That was where Mrs. Cragg's conduct most sharply stung.

Yet what good would it do to her father if Pattie should yield to bitter feeling, and

should tell Mr. Cragg that she could no longer stay and nurse Dot? She would injure her kind friend by so doing; she might harm dear little Dot; but her father would gain nothing by

"No—I'll wait a while yet," murmured Pattie aloud. "I'll do what I can for Dot. And some day, surely,—I do believe it,—some day the truth will be known. But I don't see that I should help that forward by leaving what seems to be my duty now. It isn't a question of pleasing Mrs.

Cragg. It is a question of dear little Dot's needs; and of doing what is right."

Then she remembered her promise to take home some flowers, and she went to the bank, plucking as many as she could find. After which she turned homewards.

Not far from the street in which the Craggs lived, as she was passing along a lane between street and hedge, the doctor drove up in his gig. Seeing Pattie, he pulled the rein, stopped, and

bent over to speak

to her.

"Had a good walk? You don't look much the better for it."

"But I have done as you told me."

"What has happened? Something or other gone wrong?"

Pattie hesitated. Should she tell him? He would be certain to hear the tale now spreading through Putworth.

"Eh? What is it?" he asked.

"Only - something that was told me," she said with difficulty. "Mr. May, if you hear a story a bout my father, I want you not to be lieve it, please, too quickly. Not without more reason than you can have from Putworth people."3

The doctor nodded. Pattie wondered—had he already heard it?

She could have supposed so from his look.

"It is not a true tale. I—know who has started it. There was a great trouble. That was why we left our old home and came here. But my father did not do the thing he was accused of. He never could have done it; and if you had known him, you would say the same. If the story gets to you, please ask Mr. Cragg about it, not anybody else. Mr. Cragg knows more than anybody else in Putworth."



"I'll be sure," said the doctor seriously. "You may trust me. And if I were you, Miss Dale, I wouldn't think too much of the chatter of a lot of silly women. It isn't worth your worrying yourself about. Just go your own way bravely, and don't mind. You've been a kind friend to the Craggs lately, and Mr. Cragg knows it. Other people don't matter."

Pattie smiled; and he gathered up the reins.

"As for Dot, we must see. You ought to get out more; but I—well, I see the difficulty. Yet Mr. Cragg is anxious not to keep the nurse longer than can be helped. It's an expense, of course." "I'm ready to do everything I can for Dot."

"I know you are. Wish other folks were as ready, especially those who ought to be doing the

most. Well, you won't lose in the end by your kindness. People never do, I believe. I must be off. Good-day, and don't fret."

Pattie went on her way, a good deal After cheered. all, Mrs. Cragg's opinion, and the opinion of Mrs. Sweater, were both extremely unimportant. Things said might be painful; but they should not touch peace. Pattie's And as for her father, he was beyond the reach

of any such little earthly gnat-bites.

Another subject took sudden hold of her mind. How had Dot been getting on during her absence? Pattie looked at her watch, and found that she had been fully an hour away. She had meant to stay out only half an hour; but busy thought had made time slip by faster than she knew. A whole hour for the little invalid alone with Mrs. Cragg! Pattie quickened her steps.

As she reached and opened the house-door—it was the door in the side-street through which she and Mrs. Cragg usually went in and out—screams saluted her ears. Screams in Dot's voice. Pattie hurried towards the bedroom and opened that door also. Mrs. Cragg was standing by the bed, with a medicine-glass in her hand, which she was

plainly trying to force Dot to drink from. Dot was resisting with all her little might and main, shricking indignantly as she fought.

Pattie gave one glance at the bottle on the table, from which, apparently, Mrs. Cragg had poured a portion into the tumbler, and then, ghastly pale, she rushed forward.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

A DIRE MISTAKE.

"RIDICULOUS fuss and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Cragg. "Never saw anything like it!"

The doctor had taken his departure a few minutes later than Pattie, and Cragg had come into the room. Dot lay with wistful eyes

> watching the door through which Pattie had disappeared. Mrs. Cragg jerked her chair.

"Absurd rubbish! Just when I've got no end of things to see to. But it's Pattie all over!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Cragg mildly. "Where is Pattie, did you say?"

"I didn't say she was anywhere, Mr. Cragg!"

"But she must, of course, be—somewhere. Is anything the matter?"



"Dot was resisting with all her little might and main."-Page 246.

"Matter enough; as you'd know if you hadn't got your head in the clouds, as usual. Here am I, tied hand and foot, just for nothing in the world but because Pattie chooses to go grumbling about herself to Mr. May, and he says she's to go out for a walk. Wanting a walk at this time of day! I never heard such nonsense!"

"Pattie did look very pale this morning," observed Cragg.

"She didn't look any more pale than usual. Pattie always is a washed-out sort of creature. It don't make a grain of difference whether she's out-of-doors or in, for the matter of that."

"At any rate, if the doctor says it-"

"Oh, if the doctor says Putworth mustn't eat anything except green cheese, it'll have to do it, I

suppose! *I've* no notion of that sort of thing. Mr. May don't know everything, after all; and he's easy taken in by a designing girl."

"Why, you don't call Pattie-"

"I call Pattie what she is, Mr. Cragg."

"And all these weeks she has been slaving here—"

Mrs. Cragg broke into the half-spoken sentence,— "Slaving, indeed! Who gives Pattie board and lodging, I'd like to know? What would become of her if it wasn't for us, Mr. Cragg?"

"My dear, there are two sides to that question. You would not find a professional nurse giving you her services for board and lodging. If Pattie is not a professional nurse, the doctor says she is as good a nurse as can be had without the training. And both he and the nurse say she has done more for Dot than either of them."

"Dadda!" murmured Dot, clinging to his hand, as he sat beside her.

"Dear little Dot! But you see, don't you?" continued Mr. Crage.

"I see that Pattie manages to get the upper hand of you men somehow!" retorted Mrs. Cragg. "I'm sick and tired to death of hearing of nothing but Pattie's goodness. If she'd condescend to be bad for once, I could put up with her better."

"You would probably be the first to blame her," rejoined Cragg, quite aware how useless it was to answer his wife, yet for once unable to resist doing so. "There are bad people in plenty. We need a few more good ones."

"Wants own darling Pattie!" murmured Dot.

"There you go again! Will you hold your tongue, Dot, and not talk in that ridiculous way?"

said Mrs. Cragg.

Dot's eyes grew large, and filled with tears.

"My dear, think of Dot's state. You must not make her cry," urged Cragg anxiously. "She is not used of late to be spoken to in such a tone."

"Wants — Pattie!" sobbed Dot brokenly.

"Yes, yes, dear; Pattie will soon come back," said Cragg, stooping over her. "Don't you mind, little one. It's all right. Pattie's only gone for a walk, and she will soon be here. Don't cry, Dot. Ma-ma didn't mean anything unkind. I've got to go to business now, but I shall soon look in again."

Dot clutched at him,

casting glances of evident shrinking towards Mrs.

"Dadda-stay-dadda-not go!"

"But I must, dear. I've got somebody waiting now to see me. Just for a little while, and then I'll look in again. And Pattie will come back. And Dot will be good. Won't Dot?"

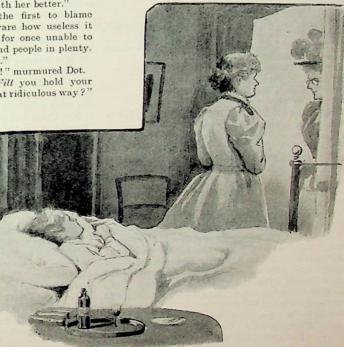
Cragg went off with a heavy heart, feeling little doubt that his absence was better than his presence at that moment. Mrs. Cragg, left to herself, would no doubt do what lay in her power for the child. So long as he remained, she would certainly

go on showing temper.

Dot sobbed quietly, half under the bedc lothes, and Mrs. Cragg sat for a considerable time in moody silence. Then she began to grow uneasy. She did not wish Pattie to come back and to find Dot in tears. It would be an admission of failure on her part. So she moved to the chair which Cragg had vacated, and said in a tone meant to be encouraging.—

"Come now, Dot. You needn't be a little goose."

Dot shrank from her. That movement went
home. With all Mrs. Cragg's faults, she did
love her child.



"She left it standing on the little table."-Page 243.

"Come, Dot; don't be cross."

"I not closs! Ma-ma closs."

Another pause.

"Come, don't be silly. What do you want to do? How do you like to be amused?"

"I wants darling own Pattie!"

"But you can't have Pattie. Not till Pattie chooses to come. She's gone off to amuse herself. You've got to put up with me, so you may as well be good-tempered about it. What's this book? Shall I read to you?"

Dot was becoming aware of the position of affairs, and apparently she determined to make the most of her opportunity. Tears stopped, and she studied Mrs. Cragg from a fresh point of view.

"Ma-ma, tell me a tory," was the result of these

observations.

"But I don't know any stories."

Another break. "Ma-ma, tell me a tory," came again.

Mrs. Cragg actually started off in an attempt at compliance.

"Well, once upon a time," she said, "there was a man, and he went out for a walk. He had to go and see his—his—oh, his grandmother. And he took some nice new-laid eggs for her, and he—he thought he'd see——"

Mrs. Cragg broke down.

"Thought he'd see-" repeated Dot encouragingly.

"Thought he'd see if he couldn't get his sister to go with him."

Another pause.

"And did hims sister go?"

"Well, no, I don't think she did."

Pause again.

"That's a toopid tory," said Dot calmly. "Pattie tells oh such levely levely tories."

Mrs. Cragg did not like to be compared with

"Seems to me Pattie does every single thing right in your opinion, Dot."

Dot's look was one of full assent.

Mrs. Cragg had exhausted her utmost powers of invention, and the "tory" advanced no farther. Dot, not finding it interesting, did not request for its end. She lay silent, her eyes roving about, evidently on the watch for Pattie's reappearance. Mrs. Cragg fidgeted about the room, gazed out of the window, and at length walked to the table, where she found a slip of paper fastened to the pin-cushion. On the slip was written, "Dot's medicine—at half-past eleven, half-past three, and half-past six."

"Why, it's long over the time for your medicine now," she said. "Pattie seems to be in no hurry to come back. Where does she keep your medicine, Dot?" Mrs. Cragg was glad to escape any more "tory-telling."

Dot's little finger pointed vaguely towards the mantelshelf. Mrs. Cragg at once walked thither, not noting that Dot's finger was now directed towards the cupboard.

"Ah, here's the bottle, of course," she muttered, as she took up an old medicine-bottle with eight divisions into doses marked upon it. "What queer-looking stuff! Well, that's Mr. May's concern, not mine. I don't believe Dot needs such a lot of medicine." She carried bottle and glass to the small table near the bed.

"I not like it," declared Dot. "Nor I won't take it till Pattie tome."

"Nonsense. You'll take it, of course, if I give it to you. You've got to be a good girl." Mrs. Cragg was by this time utterly out of patience with Pattie's admirers.

She had seen the nurse administer Dot's medicine, and had once poured out a dose herself, the nurse standing by; so she felt secure as to quantities. Besides, the bottle was marked into doses. The liquid did not look precisely what she would have expected from her own vague recollections; but Dot's medicine had been once or twice changed, and Mrs. Cragg's mind was far too much bent in another direction to allow of her noting details. She was growing much annoyed with the length of Pattic's absence.

The door opened to admit—not Pattie, as at first Mrs. Cragg hoped, but the untidy maid-of-all-

work.

"Mrs. Sweater wants to see yer," she announced.
"What a bother, and Pattie not come back!
Well, tell Mrs. Sweater to come outside here in the
passage. I can't leave Dot, and if I have her in
the room somebody is sure to say it's bad for Dot."

Mrs. Cragg had poured out the dose, and she left it standing on the little table, going outside the open door. Mrs. Sweater came briskly up.

"I haven't got one single moment to spare," she said; "but I want you to come along presently; I've got something to tell you. There's going to be that flower show next week, and I mean to get a new bonnet, and you ought too. And we'll settle to go together."

"Yes, I know; I've heard all about it. I'd like to go with you."

"Well, how soon can you come?"

"As soon as ever I can get away. Pattie's gone out—such nonsense, this time of day! and so I'm shut up here. That child's past everything, with her whims and fancies. Pattie and Cragg just do their best to spoil her. But I shan't stop in one minute longer than I have to."

"I met Pattie walking along—going off to enjoy herself. As pert as could be."

"Shouldn't wonder!"

"Seemed to make out that she was doing all the work of nursing Dot, and was so useful she couldn't be spared. If I were you I'd take care and not let her get the upper hand in this house. You'll live to repent it some day, see if you don't."

"She shan't have the upper hand with my

will," replied Mrs. Cragg.

"Well, you just come along over to me as soon as ever you can. While Pattie is living on you and your husband, you'd best make use of her. I can tell you, I gave her a bit of my mind, and she didn't like it—not at all. I told her it wasn't likely you'd want her father's daughter to have much to do with Dot. You should just have seen how she looked. There's Dot beginning to cry. You'll have to go back to her."

Mrs. Cragg did go back, not in the best of humours. It was with an annoyed jerk that she

took up the medicine-glass.

"What a silly child you are to be always crying," she said impatiently. "I wish you would have some sense. Come, you must take your medicine now. Pattie doesn't mean to get back yet, it's easy to see."

"I not going to take it till Pattie tomes," sobbed

Dot.

That aroused Mrs. Cragg's opposition. She gave "LAUL (To be continued.)

no second look towards the bottle, but brought the glass to the bedside and held it ready.

"Now, Dot."

"No, no!" shrieked Dot.

Mrs. Cragg laid a hand on Dot's shoulder, and Dot buried her face in the pillow.

"No, no, no, no!" she cried loudly.

Mrs. Cragg endeavoured to lift Dot up and to force the edge of the glass between her clenched teeth. Dot struggled and screamed, and wrenched herself away. Mrs. Cragg by this time was very angry, ascribing Dot's resistance to Pattie's influence. She took firm grip of the child, and again did her best to pour the liquid through those fast-shut teeth. Dot fought hard.

This was the moment when Pattie ran in. She heard the child's cries and saw Mrs. Cragg's angry face. Then her glance fell upon the bottle which stood on the small table, and in one terrible moment the truth flashed upon Pattie. It was a moment that she never afterwards forgot.

For the bottle bore a label with a word upon it which Mrs. Cragg in her disgraceful carelessness had failed to notice. That word was—

" LAUDANUM."

Baby.

WO lily lids, which fall and rise
O'er dewy violets, "baby's eyes";
Two tiny ears, like ivory shells;
Two cheeks, the bloom of heather bells;
Two lips, like buds, dew-kissed and wet:
Two teeth, like pearls, in pink are set;
Two chubby arms, a hand with each;
Pale pink, and waxen like the peach;
Two rosy, restless little feet,
Make baby's double charms complete.

One little face of finest mould; One lovely head of downy gold; One cry which wakens answering thrills And all his little wants fulfils; One constant care, an endless joy; Our darling little baby boy.

This weak thing still confounds the wiseThis poem, bud of life unblown,
The language of the lines unknown,
His tedious journey scarce begun—
A race that never shall be run—
A picture in an earthly frame,
Where all must read the author's name.

ISABELLA F. DARLING.

## The King and Queen of the Zoo.

(See Frontispiece, page 242.)

NE of the most difficult and dangerous branches of photography is to be found in taking portraits of wild animals; yet lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, not to mention the lesser denizens of the forest, have been photographed, from a more or less respectful distance, in their forest homes. From an elephant's back quite a large number of snap-shots have rewarded the amateur. But such photographs seldom show the majesty of the King of Beasts. In our frontispiece, however, we have a magnificent example of the result of much patient work at the Zoo. The photographer has not only succeeded in obtaining a most striking picture of the king as he roars defiance to the world, but also of his majesty's consort. In fact, so skilfully has the camera been used that it needs but little imagination to give one

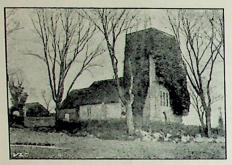
the impression that the lions are in their native wilds, and not behind bolts and bars.

The lion, so far as we know, never made England its home, but in Eastern Europe his roar was once heard. In ancient Greece lions were objects of the utmost dread, and large rewards were offered to those who killed or captured them. Hercules, it may be remembered, gained great credit for ridding Hellas of the Nemean lion, and Polydamas, unarmed, is said to have killed a lion, and thus rivalled the courage of Hercules himself. Now, save in Zoos and menageries, lions have totally disappeared from Europe, though I believe there are still some foolish nurses who enjoy scaring the children under their charge with tales of King Leo. Now the only wild beasts in Europe are the bear, the wolf, and the lynx.

### Thy Word is Truth.

XXI. THE SIMPLE READING OF GOD'S WORD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.





OW many of us have often felt the power of the simple reading of the Living Word! I remember well a time when this truth was brought home to me by the case of one to whom

a good many years ago I was, by the grace of God, permitted to minister in the declining days of his life.

He was one who had stood foremost among the thoughtful and wise of this world; but he did not feel the full power of the Word of Life. I felt considerable anxiety. I thought that much depended on the way in which, in these closing scenes of life, I presented to him the vital and saving truths of Christianity. If presented in any over-confident way, by one whom, perhaps, he would have considered less gifted than himself, I felt—and I remember the anxiety with which I felt it—all ministrations might have done harm.

I humbly conferred with my own poor heart, and I thus reasoned with my anxiety—"Let me read from God's Word some more than usually appropriate portion in such a case. But let me read God's Word alone, and leave that Word to work in this heart. My words, I am confident, will be as nothing. I will read alone the Word of Life."

The portion I chose was that contained in the last seven or eight chapters of St. John's Gospel. I read perhaps about twenty verses at a time—not more; and I added only the very simplest comments where comments seemed to be necessary; and I remember well—it is a memory ever pleasant with me and that often encourages me—how the words seemed to find their way into the sick man's heart; how I saw shadows on the brow passing slowly away; how often the common human eye could observe the mystery of God's Word finding its way to the heart. I remember

once or twice humbly testing whether it was so by staying away almost purposely; and found, on my return, that not I, but the reading of the Word of Life, had been sadly missed. I read onward and onward, and I am confident—I am speaking now with carefully-chosen words—that those Words of Life brought that soul close to our Saving Lord.

The incident produced a very great effect upon me; and I never hear any one speak lightly of what is called "the mere reading of the Word of God" without having this as a proof that there is in this blessed Book alone, without word or comment, a power and a force that no human language can describe.

### XXII. GRACE AND HUMILITY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

As soon as we begin to speak of our love to Christ, and of our humility, or of any grace which is and must be the gift of the Spirit, that moment we feel how far we fall short. We are ready to say:

—"How little I love: how far I am from being truly humble as my Lord and Master was!" The language of confession seems at once to take the place of the language of profession.

Hence I gather the deepest love and the deepest humility are the love and the humility which ever crave increasing warmth and depth. The eye does not see itself. So those who have loved Christ most and served Him best will always be the very first to ask, "When, and where, and how?" (St. Matt. xxv. 37-39.)

One great marvel of eternity will be how much Christ has loved us, and how little we have loved Him. Of all our love, too, we must ever say—

"I love Thee, Lord, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give."

No doubt much depends on temperament; but enthusiastic profession is sometimes the fruit of "zeal" not "according to knowledge." Peter loved more truly when he wept beneath the Saviour's tender glance, than when his impulsive spirit led him to avow his readiness to go with Him to prison and to death. The higher our attainments in grace the more ready shall we be with St. Paul to account ourselves "not to have attained," and "less than the least of all saints." And the more we know of the love of God in Christ the more "instant" shall we be in prayer for the Holy Spirit to "lead us into"—reveal to us more fully—this "love" which "passeth knowledge," in order that we may love the more.

We shall feel that our voyage is but just begun, and that we have an ocean to cross, in eternity as well as time, before we can sound the depths of love Divine, "all love excelling," or love with fitting love the Saviour who "first loved us."

#### XXIII. THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." I wish these words were written in hearts as often as they are in copy-books. Good friends are among our greatest blessings. They may keep us back from much evil, quicken us in our course, speak a word in season, draw us upward and draw us on. But a bad friend is a heavy weight continually dragging us down and chaining us to earth.

Keep company with an irreligious man, and it is more than probable you will in the end become like him. That is the general consequence of all such friendships. The good go down to the bad, and the bad do not come up to the good. Even a stone will give way before a continual dropping. The world's proverb is only too correct: "Clothes and company tell true tales about character." "Show me who a man lives with and I will show you what he is."

Who can estimate the importance of a right choice in marriage? It is a step which, according to the old saying, "either makes a man or mars him." Happiness in both lives may depend on it. The wife must either help her husband's soul or harm it; there is no medium. She will either fan the flame of religion in his heart, or throw cold water upon it, and make it burn low. She will either be wings or fetters, a rein or a spur to his Christianity, according to her character. He that findeth a good wife doth indeed "find a good thing"; but if you have the least wish to find one, be very careful how you choose your friends.

Do you ask me what kind of friends you shall choose? Choose friends who will benefit your soul, friends whom you can really respect, Friends whom you would like to have near you on your death-bed, friends who love the Bible, and are not afraid to speak to you about it, friends such as you will not be ashamed of owning at the coming of Christ and the day of judgment. Follow the example that David sets you. He says, "I am a companion of all them that fear Thee, and of them that keep Thy precepts" (Psalm cxix. 63)\_ Remember the words of Solomon: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a compan ion of fools shall be destroyed" (Prov. xiii. 20). depend on it, bad company in the life that now is, is the sure way to procure worse company in the life to come.

### "Come, Holy Spirit."

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "MATIN BELLS," ETC.

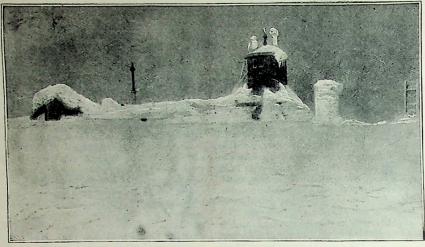
OME, Holy Spirit, come with power In this my weakness and Thine hour. Descend as dew on thirsty grass, But never like the dew to pass; And do Thy will within the breast, That may not hold a smaller guest. Plead with me, like the early rain (In promise of the precious grain) Which softly saps the hardest bound, And break my heart of stony ground. I cannot rest, till Thou hast come And made in me Thy happy Home.

Come, Holy Spirit, come with power In this my suffering and Thine hour; Blow, as the wind at even brings A presage of yet brighter things, And sweep away the earthly dust Which clings to my most tender trust. Breathe into me the love of Light, And something of Thine awful Might; That, when the shadows fall, I may Still stand with Thee in cloudless Day. I cannot live, till Thou art one With me, and all my labour done.

Come, Holy Spirit, come with power In this my sorrow and Thine hour. Descend as fire, that takes the dross And nails it to a burning cross; Till every evil thought is gone, And in me Jesus reigns alone. Plead with me when old foes arise To bar the gates of Paradise; And cleanse me of the bitter shame, Which flies from nothing but the flame. I cannot walk, unless Thou art A heavenly beacon in my heart.

Come, Holy Spirit, come with power In this my darkness and Thine hour; Descend as Love, that only can Remap and mould the life of man; And make me, though I feel unfit, Complete with Thee and infinite.\* Thy gentle Voice like music pleads, And surely to the Haven leads, Where all at last would safely be, Who find no port except in Thee: And then the chastening of the rod, Shall simply guide me unto God.

<sup>·</sup> Eccles. iii. 11: "Also He hath set 'eternity' in their heart"-not "the world," which is a mistaken reading.



BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY, WINTER.

### Climbing Ben Aebis in Snow.

BY THE REV. A. N. COOPER, M.A., VICAR OF FILEY.



THE OBSERVATORY TOWER IN WINTER.

HEN I state that pursuit of scientific knowledge a Scotchwent up Ben Nevis daily from July to October, it will be surmised that the climb can be no very great feat, after all. This was before the observatory was built on the summit, and the gentleman ascended daily to take observations on the weather and compare them with observations taken by

his wife at the foot of the mountain. But between winter and summer there is all the difference. Even in May the last quarter of the ascent is through snow; you are guided only by the snow-poles, and you reach the top to discover the whole observatory, except the tower, completely under snow. In July the snow has all melted, and you have simply to follow the path, and you find the whole range of observatory buildings before you, flanked by a temperance hotel. In May the hotel is as invisible as the Grand Llama of Thibet.

Ben Nevis is only 4,406 feet above the level of the sea. I say only, because in comparison with what Alpine climbers set themselves to do it is like a baby beside a full-grown grenadier. Ben Nevis needs no guide to help one to ascend it, entails no occasion for ice-axe or

alpenstock: and as to being roped together it could only be for the purpose of the strong pulling the lazy ones up. In the past, when nothing but a sheep track led up the mountain, there is no doubt a guide was necessary in view of the frequent mists, which come on without a moment's warning; but since the observatory directors made their road up it is your own fault if you miss your way. Still it remains that Ben Nevis is the highest mountain in the United Kingdom, although the neighbouring hills are only a few hundred feet short of their great companion.

One great drawback hitherto has been the difficulty of getting to the base of the mountain, let alone the top. The journey was tedious, long, and expensive: but now that the West Highland Railway has opened its line to Fort William (the town at the foot of the great hill) it takes under four hours to get there from Glasgow. From Fort William a field road of three miles leads you to the point where the path begins to ascend. Like many other things, the climb is very easy at first; so much so that within half an hour you find yourself on a bridge on which is marked the fact that you are 1,200 feet above the level of the sea and a quarter of the journey has been performed. It is true old Aristotle says the beginning is more than the half, but he is thinking of a beginning of something evolved out of nothing, say like the discovery of letters: but if any one thinks that mastering a five-finger exercise is more than half-way to becoming a great pianist he will be about on a par with any one who thinks the beginning of an ascent of a mountain is best part of the way up.

I stood a few minutes on the little bridge where the

1,200 feet were marked, and, going on, discovered that the gradients were very much steeper, and next, that the path was very much rougher. So far it had been gravelled, and the climb would not have been distressing to the stout or elderly. Now the path was just hewn out of the granite side of the mountain

It was made in reaches of thirty yards, surmounted by a level step made of dressed stones. This was to put some limit on the length to which you might slip back: for if the path be slape from frost or rain, there is very little to hold you. In one of these reaches I met the superintendent of the road, which is daily needing repair. He asked me if I was going to the

top. I had been a fortnight in Scotland, and had learnt to answer with that caution characteristic of the people, who never assert anything if they can help it, and so replied, "I was going to try." \* He then told me that when I reached the first snow-pole I must follow the footsteps, and not attempt to keep to the path, and they would lead me to the summit. Here was news; the summit was evidently deep under snow, how deep I was to find out for myself.

The half-way is marked by a shed, which, I believe, is used for observation in the summer, but out of the season is fast closed. I halted by the shed for the sake of the "iced" water which comes down into a little tank here, and by the side of which I took my luncheon. I was soon on my feet again, for, to tell the truth, I was longing for the danger to begin. Mounting a path, albeit very steep and commanding magnificent views, becomes monotonous after a

time, especially as there was no precipice to fall over, no avalanche to threaten, and not even a swamp to worry you. Not but what such things are to be met with on Ben Nevis if you look for them, only the observatory path keeps you clear of them all.

At last, when I was threequarters of the way up, the snow-poles began, and with them my difficulty, if not my dangers, were increased. Remember the month was May, when the influence of the sun on snow was considerable: so, while the gradient increased in steepness as one neared the summit, one had the added difficulty of plunging two or three feet in soft snow every step one took. Moreover, the snow was not uniformly distributed, but lay in drifts and deep accumulations in the water-worn courses trenched

out by the mountain torrents. Still, the snow-poles were there, and I picked my way between them as well as I could. Several times I was tempted to take what promised a shorter cut, but little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing, but the reverse, and in this case I knew there was a terrible precipice near. As I did not know where, I feared to wander from the beaten track. Every snow-pole is fixed on a small cairn of stones, which served me for a seat, of which I availed myself pretty often, for it is no joke taking nearly fifteen stone of flesh up Ben Nevis.

Pole after pole was reached, and still there always seemed more above me. Not a glimpse could I get of

the summit, to tell me how much further I had to go, until I was within twenty yards of the Observatory itself, when the tower emerging from the snow told me my task was nearly accomplished, the climb having occupied some four hours and a quarter. haps nothing will give a better idea of the depth of snow on the summit of Ben Nevis at the time than the record of the curious fact that now for the first time I began to descend, for the path on the snow was seven feet above the proper level; and so I went down a number of steps, and found myself knocking at the open door which led to a very dark passage. The smell of cooking explained the little delay which ensued before I was answered, and then a voice bade me enter.

Now it is recorded that when first the path up Ben Nevis was opened nearly 4,000 tourists climbed the mountain during the summer, and many waxed wrathful when they

discovered that food and a night's lodging could not be procured on any terms. There is a story that a man of Klondyke, recounting his sufferings at the mines, stated that at times they were so badly off they had not a thing in the world except money! Well, money at the top of Ben Nevis is just like money at Klondyke: however much you may have, you can only spend it in telegrams; and I can understand a tired, hungry party feeling very sore at finding Ben Nevis had nothing to offer in the way of refreshment. But that which money cannot buy may yet be obtainable by courtesy and conciliating ways; at all events, I was asked in, regaled by a cup of coffee so excellent it is almost worth while making the ascent again to obtain another,



A HOLE IN THE SNOW TWENTY FEET DEEP, AT BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

<sup>•</sup> Sir Walter Scott gives a good illustration of this caution among Scotch people, especially among the poorer class. He declares they never will allow an invalid is better; the utmost they will say is that he is "no waur."

and invited to dinner, an invitation I thought it best to decline with thanks. I however accepted the offer of an arm-chair, and having despatched some telegrams, to show I had reached the top and no deception, I sat down to rest and chat with the staff of the observatory.

The world at large may not be aware that permanently dwelling on the top of Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet above the level of the sea, there are a superintendent and two assistants. How cut off they may be from their fellow-men may be guessed from the fact that the place is always kept provisioned for nine months:

which plainly shows that when the snow sets in in October there is always the chance that nothing may be able to reach them till the following July. the summer they get their letters and papers daily, but till May there is only a weekly messenger who can be depended upon.

Of course they are at the end of a telegraph wire, and have the items of public news as soon as anybody. There was a good library, but not large enough: for the amount of read-

ing three scholarly men can get through, who are prevented taking any out-door exercise (beyond shovelling snow) for nine months in the year, is perfectly stupendous. I found that the day is divided into watches, eight hours long during the night and four during the day. One of the staff is always keeping watch over the weather, and sometimes two, for in a storm they have to take their outside observations roped together, for fear of being blown over the edge of the spur. Punctually at each hour the one on duty goes out to read the various instruments, and to make notes. The actual observa-

tions take only five or ten minutes, but during the remainder of the time there is plenty to do in filling up the daily records, checking the results, and drawing up daily and monthly averages of the readings of each instrument.

I asked if they had many adventures up in the clouds where they live, and they replied that, as all life up there was limited to their own, and weasels, and snow-buntings, there was not much material for adventure. The tourists who come up during the summer months have most of the fun knocked out of them by their four-thousand feet climb; and as the

hotel which is open during the season is conducted on strictly temperance principles, there was nothing to make the tourists frisky. Not a few try to write funny remarks in the visitors' book, and that affords a certain amount of amusement.

Ben Nevis is not infested with any of those scourges, in the shape of beggars, touts, and guides, who ply their trade about every place of interest, the Lakes of Killarney being a notable example. This is explained

by the observatory road being private property, and every one using it pays a shilling for the privilege, the proceeds helping to keep the road in repair.

On leaving the observatory I thanked all for their kind entertainment, and descended in less than half the time I had taken to climb up. As some acknowledgment of their courtesy, I should like to emphasize the scarcity of books in their library which they mentioned to me, for I think that many spare copies might find a worse destiny than to be sent to enliven the lives of those who, for the public benefit, daily observe the weather on Ben Nevis.

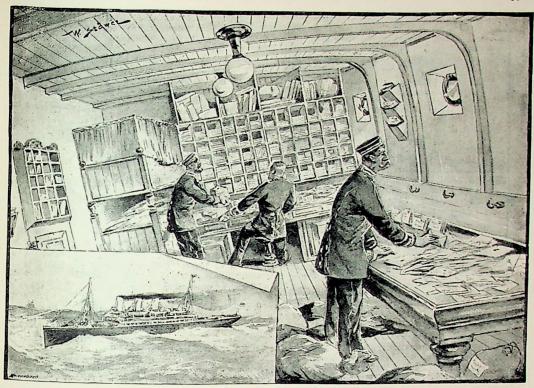


### A Ben Mevis Tramp.

CCASIONALLY, total strangers to Ben Nevis make the ascent in bad winter weather. For example, one dull winter afternoon a loud knock was heard at the tower door, which affords a convenient exit when the snow has accumulated to some depth. The visitor was a tramp hailing from London in search of work. Business being dull at sea-level altitudes, he had been recommended by his landlady to apply at the Ben Nevis Observatory for employment. He presented a most pitiable appearance on his arrival; his feet, but poorly protected by worn-

out shoes, felt, he said, like ice-blocks; while his clothes were as hard as boards, and covered with frozen snow, which had accumulated in lumps as large as eggs in his tangled beard.

It was too late that evening to ask him to face the dangers of fog and drift on his return journey; so he was invited to spend the night in front of the kitchen stove, departing on the following morning with bursting pockets and a replenished wardrobe, evidently much pleased with his first experience of "high life."



### Stamps, and how we Got Them.

BY GEORGE L. APPERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF COMMON THINGS."



N the eve of the introduction of Imperial Penny Postage may be interesting to recall the history of stamps. Their invention is usually dated from the intro-

duction of the penny postage system. And yet something very like the modern stamp was used for a short time in Paris more than two centuries ago.

In the August of 1653 a certain M. de Velayer established, by royal permission, a private penny post in the French capital, and notice was given to the public that persons who desired to send letters

from one part of Paris to another could have them carried, and a prompt reply brought back, if they attached to their missives a ticket showing that the cost of carriage which was charged-the postage, in fact-had been paid. These tickets bore a portrait of the king, and could be purchased beforehand at shops and certain other places at the price of a sou each, the public being advised by a thoughtful and paternal Government to purchase a number at a time, and so have them always at hand. There was thus, it is clear, a very considerable resemblance between these old-time Parisian tickets and the modern postage stamps. Another point of resemblance to the present system was that boxes were placed at street corners for the reception of letters, and these boxes were opened and cleared three times a day by lettercarriers, who forthwith carried the letters to their destinations and waited for possible answers.

But M. de Velayer was in advance of his age, as many another ingenious inventor has been. His system of letter-carrying failed, and all memory of it was soon almost lost. The world was not yet ripe for cheap postage.



A QUEER ENVELOPE.

The modern system of postage stamps originated in England nearly seventy years ago. The first suggestions in this direction were made by various men between 1830 and 1834 in the shape of a proposed stamped wrapper for newspapers. The postage of newspapers was paid in those days by a stamp impressed upon the paper itself. But it was the invention of the adhesive stamp that made the great and immediate success of the penny postage scheme. There has been much controversy as to who the real originator of the adhesive stamp was, but there is now practically no

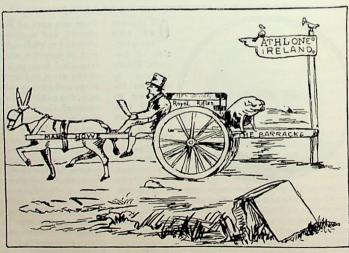
doubt whatever, thanks to the devoted filial labours of the late Mr. Patrick Chalmers, that the real inventor of this apparently small but really so momentous a factor in the progress and development of the world was Mr. Chalmers's father, Mr. James Chalmers, a well-known and much-respected bookseller of Dundee, who died at that city in 1853. Sir Rowland Hill, to whom the honour of the epochmaking suggestion has usually been accorded, adopted the notion, and for many years was identified therewith in the popular mind; but Mr. Patrick Chalmers made clear his father's right to the title of inventor of the adhesive postage stamp. There has been some further controversy as to whether Sir Rowland Hill was really the first to suggest the scheme of national penny postage, but into this question it is not necessary to enter here.

When penny postage and the principle of prepayment of postal charges were at last adopted by Parliament, it was in the first place proposed to provide for prepayment by the issue of a stamped envelope of picturesque and elaborate design. On August 23rd, 1839, a public invitation was issued by the Government to "artists, men of science," and others, to submit suggestions for this wonderful envelope; and two prizes of £200 and £100 respectively were offered for the best designs. Mr. Mulready, a well-known painter, was the successful competitor. He almost covered his envelope with a wondrously allegorical and fantastic picture in which angels figured conspicuously, and left very little room indeed for so prosaic a thing as the address. Indeed, there was less room for this than is allowed by the designers of the envelope covers we reproduce. The latter have actually passed through the post.

The first stamp was designed by the officers in the Post and Stamp Offices. This was the Queen's head printed in black. One criticism of the stamp is worth quoting; it was written in 1840:—

"Have you tried the stamps yet? I think they are very absurd and troublesome. I don't fancy making my mouth a glue-pot, although, to be sure, you have the satisfaction of kissing, or rather slobbering over, her Majesty's back. This, however, I should say, is about the greatest insult the present Ministry could have offered the Queen."

For some twelve years or so after the adoption of penny postage, one of the invariable adornments of an English post-office was a large pair of scissors, fastened by a heavy chain to the counter. This was in constant demand for the purpose of cutting off a



A VERY IRISH LETTER,

stamp from a sheet of labels, a clumsy and elaborate process needing four careful strokes with the scissors for its due accomplishment. It was not until 1852 that a Mr. Henry Archer perfected a machine for the perforation of stamps, which he sold to the Government for the modest sum of £4,000.

By the simple and neat process of perforation the old troublesome, temper-trying performances with the scissors were done away with for ever, and the purchaser could detach a single stamp or a dozen stamps with the maximum of ease and speed.

The wonderful story of Post Office progress since the days of Rowland Hill, in connection with the enormous national outlay in the purchase of stamps, increasing so marvellously year by year, supplies perhaps the most striking proof of England's greatness that could be mentioned. During the past year the G.P.O. has given marked evidence that it is more and more waking up to its opportunities. The reduction of postage on letters and parcels has been a stroke of profitable business. The rate of increase of letters has doubled that of the year before-6 per cent. instead of 3 per cent. Postcards have increased 7 per cent. more than last year; and book packets 4 per cent. No less than 67,823,000 extra parcels, showing an increase of 6 per cent., were also carried. The result in increased profit has reached £273,441! But the total profit derived from the Post Office actually amounted to £3,421,125 for the year! And no less than 150,000 persons-including 30,500 women-have found employment under the Postmaster-General.

The chief gain, however, of our Postal System is not the mere money realized in profit. The family bonds of mutual affection and interest have been drawn closer and closer not only in the "Homeland," but with those dear to us who have gone forth into the wide wide world, and formed a "Greater Britain."

The immediate prospect of an Imperial Penny Post for the British Empire, to be introduced so fittingly on Christmas Day, is full of promise of a vast increase of Postal influence. Galileo was right: the world moves-and the Post Office moves-after all. No one can question this after Mr. Henniker Heaton's victory. A friend of the writer remembers well Elihu Burritt's appeal to an Ocean Penny Postage meeting some fifty years ago, "Please let all who have relations in the Colonies hold up their hands." Even then there was a forest of uplifted hands. What would be the present verdict? The paradox is true, the English race lives abroad as well as at home! We have not indeed yet got "the Ocean Penny Postage": but with our "modern Rowland Hill" to lead us, we are fairly on the way to it. When we remember that from 200,000 to 300,000 emigrants go forth from our shores every year, most of whom never return to their native land, we must see how important it is to nurse the home feeling, and the patriotic feeling too, in all our Colonies in every way we can: and we know no better way than girdling the world with home letters. Even as it is we have a grand testimony to English character in the fact that in the replies to the 12,000,000 letters sent to our Colonies last year, no less than £15,000,000 reached "the old folks at home" from their prosperous sons and daughters.

We are quite sure Mr. Henniker Heaton will spare no pains to attain the higher object of an "Ocean Penny Post": and though the "slow coaches" will probably still murmur, "A dreamer of dreams," the dreams that have already become facts afford a sufficient pledge of future trumph.

### Chinese Customs.

BY MISS C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.



E shake hands with our friends; the Chinese shake their own hands, or rather wag their own clenched fists. Englishwomen cover their heads when they go out; Chinese women consider this very

bad style—in fact, most objectionable; so, even when they do wear head-dresses they are open on the crown. English gentlemen remove their hats in presence of honoured guests; Chinese gentlemen deem it courteous to keep the head covered.

An Englishman likes to keep his hair cut short; a Chinaman lengthens his long plait artificially that it may touch his heels. A young Briton rejoices in the early stages of his beard and moustache; but a Celestial knows that not till he is grey-headed may he indulge in the growth of such decorations. When an Englishman does shave, he generally is his own barber; whereas no Chinaman, however poor, would dream of shaving himself. He would consider he was demeaning himself. Of all contrarieties, what can be stranger than to see a whole race taking the greatest pride in the said long plait and shaven

forehead, which are simply badges of subjection imposed on the nation only two hundred years ago by the Mantchu conquerors.

Furthermore, a young dandy of Europe considers his walking-stick an essential; in China the use of such a luxury is permitted only to aged and infirm persons. This law, which was passed in A.D. 903, replaced a far more arbitrary ancient law, which prohibited any man under fifty years of age from carrying a walking-stick, but permitted persons who had attained that age to use one when within their own grounds. This was a privilege accorded only to the wealthy. On reaching his sixtieth year, a man might walk about his own town or village stick in hand; but not till he arrived at the ripe age of fourscore was he at liberty to support himself at all times with a trusty staff.

Next to a walking-stick, as the companion of an Englishman's rambles, comes his dog, instead of which the Chinaman carries his caged singing bird. To him the dog is the guardian of the house, and is expected to remain ceaselessly on watch.

### Tot's Tramp.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY, AUTHOR OF "A MAN AND A BROTHER."

A

D'oo's vewy, vewy hung'y?"

Tot looked straight up into the

Tot looked straight up into the tramp's eyes. The man nodded.

"'Oo's hung'y 'nough to eat bread wivout any jam?"

A husky laugh, that was not without a touch of bitterness, met Tot's question.

"Den I'll fetch you a bit so big," holding his hands so that they described an irregular circle.

"Better not, young un. The gov nor wouldn't jump to it. See! I'll get round to the back-door; mebbe they'll have a crust or two to spare. I reckon they will, if they don't hev too many visitors like me."

"Is 'oo a visitor?" asked Tot, with renewed interest. "'Cause if 'oo is, 'oo's got to leave oo's name. Muzzer told Jane so, 'cause she forgot one visitor."

"Oh, did she? Well, you jus' tell your muzzer Lord Thingumbob called, but didn't think as how he'd stay to lunch. There, run along! They're callin' of you."

With which the tramp slouched off rather more



"Through its grim bars he would watch the twinkling stars."-Page 258.

quickly than the average visitor was in the habit of leaving Lynhurst House—the House of Lynhurst, in Hampshire.

As the tramp disappeared Tot's nurse opened the front-door, and pounced upon him. "Now, Master Tot, it is too bad. I can't turn my head but what you must be getting into mischief. Who told you to go out before I let you?"

Tot's repentance was, as usual, expressed by a drooping of the corners of his mouth, as though the tiny Cupid's bow had suddenly been unstrung.

"Tot was talking to Lord Thing'bob," the child announced. "Tot like Lord Thing'bob better'n you."

"What's the boy up to now?" exclaimed Sarah.
"Is that another of your fancies, Master Tot?"

"'Tisn't fancies," said Tot stoutly. "Is'an't tell 'oo any more. Is'all tell muzzer, like he said."

Though Sarah's curiosity was aroused, she could gather no further details from her charge. And even Mrs. Talbot found it difficult to make much from Tot's "secret."

"He said I might tell you his name," Tot had declared; "jus' Lord Thing'bob."

"Ah, you haven't remembered it quite right, darling. Perhaps it was Lord Robert Thring, though I did not know he was in this part of the country."

From that moment Mrs. Talbot forgot all about Tot's visitor—until the following Tuesday.

II.

Tor slept in a small dressing-room, leading out of the room which Mrs. Talbot occupied. He had always been a fearless child, so far as darkness and its imaginary bogies were concerned. How much of this freedom from childish terrors was due to the fact that Tot did not sleep with Sarah in the night-nursery the reader may be left to judge.

On Monday night Tot had been put to bed early in his little iron cot. Through its grim bars he would watch the twinkling stars, and wonder to himself why sometimes a very bright one would shine like a far-off lamp above the bedpost, and then, just when he began to know it and look for it, it would disappear.

"Does ze lamplighter what lights stars have wings, and does he forget sometimes?" Tot once asked the astonished Sarah.

But to-night Tot couldn't go to sleep after he had said good-night to the stars. Ho had felt a little "bark in his froat," and Sarah had put him to bed earlier than usual —much too early, according to Tot. And his "muzzer" had not been able to stay with him more than a few minutes, because the late dinner-gong rang and she had had to go down.

Even Sarah, after telling him to go to sleep quick, had gone to the kitchen for a chat.

Suddenly Tot lost sight of his big star. He propped himself up on one arm to try to find out what had made it go. A dark shadow was half across the window. Then Tot heard something scrape under the sash, and in a minute the window opened "all of itself," and a figure threw one leg over the sill.

Then a quaint idea flashed through Tot's head. "It's ze lamplighter; I'se so glad, 'cos I'll ask him about f'gettin' the big lamp,"

thought Tot.

A lantern was flashed in the child's face, and up went his two little fists to his eyes. Tot was dazzled by the brilliance, but the intruder was "dazzled" by Tot.

A half-suppressed exclamation of astonishment escaped him: then he wheeled round, as though to make for the window again. He had not counted on the child being put to bed before the accustomed time.

"Don't go, p'ease don't. Tot wants 'oop'ease, Mister Lamplighter!" The small voice was quite pathetic in its entreaty.

The man hesitated.

"Hist, little un! Don't 'ee make no noise.

I ain't no lamplighter."

"'Oo's Lord Thing'bob. Tot's sure 'oo is. Come and shake hands, p'ease. 'Oo went right away ever so quick las' time and never said Goo'bye."

The keen winter wind came with icy gust through the half-raised window, and Tot finished his invitation in a fit of coughing.

Lord Thing'bob watched the choking child. He had seen a baby with croup before then.

"Hold on," he exclaimed. "I'll fetch yer nurse. I don't keer if I am cobbed."

He was starting for the door when a thought struck him. The window was still open. He struggled over the sill, found footing on the garden ladder by which he had made his entrance, and pulled down the window after him. Silently he descended, and, without removing the ladder, hurried round to the front of the house, and pealed the bell. Before the servant came he felt inclined to back out of his good intention, but he did not.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said, "but I've just heard young master a-coughin' cruel as I was passin' under his winder. I think he's took bad."

The girl looked searchingly at the man, as though she suspected some trick.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Never you mind, miss. Go and see after the kid."
With which parting advice he turned, and disappeared in the direction of the park gates.



"'I'll give 'oo a kiss, p'ease, Lord Thing'bob.'"-Page 259.

#### III.

They say a child's life is so made up of surprises that a coincidence never strikes him as very wonderful. Therefore when Tot met Lord Thing'bob not a hundred yards from Mrs. Talbot's town house in Bartram Square, W., six months later, he remembered all about their last meeting.

The man was taking a moment's rest on a doorstep. He was "down in the mouth," and very near to listening to the promptings of Despair.

Tot had managed to escape the vigilance of Sarah, who had been fascinated by a shop-window, and he was marching along proud of being able to find his way home alone—that is to say, a minute ahead of the perambulator and the twins.

As soon as he reached the doorstep he recognised Lord Thing'bob. With a little cry of delight he trotted up to him. "I'se so glad," he began; "I'se wanted ever so to say sank 'oo, over and over. Muzzer says Tot would have been drefful, drefful bad, but 'oo sent nursie jus' in time. I'll give 'oo a kiss, p'ease, Lord Thing'bob."

The child climbed up on the man's knee and solemnly printed a kiss under the brim of his

billycock hat.

It is not necessary to give Sarah's remarks when she found her charge sitting on a tramp's knee with one arm thrown round a tramp's neck. She expressed very decided opinions about the villainy of Lord Thing'bob, and yet she did not know that he had planned to burgle Mrs. Talbot's house.

That kiss of Tot's was branded on the man's cheek. He could not listen to Despair with the memory of a child's gratitude in his heart. Un-

wittingly he seemed to have stumbled upon something good in the world, something beautiful that called him from what was evil and ugly. As he tramped the streets that night a new resolve was born in him, and who shall say that the angels did not rejoice over one sinner who had repented, drawn from a bad life by a little child?

### The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REN CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.
XI. WHAT WAS TAUGHT IN OUR CHURCH: ELFRIC THE REFORMER.



ALFRED, THE ROYAL SCHOLAR.

UNSTAN'S "Canons" were in many respects distinctly Roman—so far as Romanism had yet developed. The "Mass," the "altar," the "priest and his vestments," are constantly referred to. The dishonour already done to God's ordinance of marriage as a holy estate, "honourable among all men," is apparent in the direction that "no woman was to come near the altar when mass was being said"! Dunstan's successor as Archbishop, Ethelwolf, went still further in his crusade against marriage, by violently ejecting the married clergy from their churches, and

placing in their stead Benedictine monks. Another Archbishop, Alphege, who had been a monk, practised extraordinary austerities, as if God's grace and forgiveness depended on self-inflicted misery. In his mistaken superstition he would rise at midnight, and leaving his house, pray barefoot, exposed to the chill night air, without his coat. He almost starved himself: so that it is said when he held up his hand the light was seen through it.

In 1011 the Vikings made another destructive raid, and got possession of Canterbury, inflicting terrible slaughter, tossing children on spears, and burning the citizens. At the end of eight days' imprisonment, the Archbishop was cruelly murdered, after displaying a noble Christian

spirit.

A dogma akin to transubstantiation had for some time been more or less working its way both on the Continent and in our own country. A monk named Radbertus at length defined it, asserting that "Christ's true body and blood, born of the Virgin Mary, was in the Eucharist, and the substance of bread and wine no longer existed after consecration by the priest." He did not use the actual word "transubstantiation," but Bishop Stephen supplied this in about the year 1100: and Rome, at a council in 1215—and not till then—established the novel and unscriptural dogma.

Many learned men opposed this new teaching, especially Elfric (said to have been Archbishop of York) in his "Homilies." One of these Homilies—"the Paschal Homily"—was used and largely adopted by the great Reformation teachers in the sixteenth century. Elfric maintained that "Christ is called 'bread' typically, and lamb, and lion, and whatever else.

lamb, nor a lion. . . . Christ is present not bodily but spiritually. . . There is nothing in the sacrament to be understood bodily, but all is to be understood spiritually. . . . Christ's body is truth. This pledge we hold mystically until we come to the truth, and then will this pledge be ended." This Homily Archbishop Siric ordered to be read in all the churches of the land. In another treatise, called Elfric's "Epistle," he carefully points out that Christ said "'This is My body' before His suffering and death": so that He could not mean, as

Rome says, "the body born of Mary, which suffered and was crucified." On another page Elfric says "the bread and wine are in ghostly, spiritual meaning Christ's body and blood, even as the heavenly bread which we call manna, that fed forty years God's people, and the clear water which did then run from the stone in the wilderness, was truly His blood, as Paul wrote in one of his Epistles: 'They drank of that ghostly [or spiritual] stone [or rock], and that stone was Christ.' Christ was not yet born, nor His blood shed, when the people of Israel ate that meat and drank of that stone."

There is good reason for believing that Elfric thus expressed to a wide extent the general teaching on the subject of the Lord's Supper inherited from the greatest and best days of the Anglo-Saxon Church. He was thus a true Church of England man in holding the Scriptural doctrine the Reformers vindicated as opposed to the growing errors of Rome. At the same time it must be allowed that even Elfric uses some expressions which are anything but clear.

The main difficulty and ignorance of the age no doubt arose from the influence Rome had exerted on introducing the Latin tongue in the services, of which the large majority of the people knew nothing whatever. Elfric was fully aware of this, and did his best to anticipate the Reformation gift of the open Bible. He did a noble work, with others, in providing Anglo-Saxon versions of the Lord's Prayer and other passages of Scripture, and homilies in the native dialect, to be read in public worship. "The teachers," he said, "should tell the lay people the meaning of the prayers and creeds, that they may know what they are praying to God for, and how they

should believe in God." It does not seem that any native translation of the Scriptures, as a whole, existed in the Anglo-Saxon Church. The Bible was a Latin book only for the learned: as it still is in many cases in the Roman Church. The four Gospels, however, had been translated, perhaps as early as the eighth century: and no doubt then and before that time much Bible truth reached the people through the exertions of the enlightened clergy.

One other fact should be noted: there was a constant resistance of Rome's autocratic claims to ecclesiastical supremacy. So far did this extend that the great King Edgar even styled himself, in opposition to the Pope, "the vicar of Christ"; and Edward the Confessor adopted the title of "vicar of the Supreme King." The Pope, no doubt, succeeded in getting several of our Archbishops to receive a pall from Rome as admitting to some extent his superiority: but there was no actual submission: and when bishops died, Dean Spence says, "the principal inhabitants of a diocese, both lay and clerical, elected their successors."

The condition of things was on the whole hopeful. There were dark clouds gathering, which threatened an eclipse of truth: but the seed of the Word sown by faithful men, in the midst of difficulties we can scarcely comprehend, had found access to many hearts, and perhaps was the more valued and the more fruitful because it was "scarce," and therefore " precious in those days."

Perhaps if we were in our own day deprived of our Bibles for a time, we should estimate them more highly than we do. Happy are they who find in God's Word the "unsearchable riches,"

### A Stave for Bearty Workers.

BY GWYSANEY LODGE.

O! ye who at the anvil toil, And strike the sturdy blow; Who feel the blood within you boil Before its furnace glow; Ne'er envy him whose life is passed As one long holiday, For know it is the harder part To idle life away. Ho! ye who on the rugged farm, Content with hardy soil, To wrest from out earth's bosom warm

The fruits of honest toil:

Nor envy him whose life is passed In indolence and play, For know it is the harder task To idle life away. And so, whatever be your work, Perform it with a will, And never from its duties shirk, Nor soul with envy fill; For that which makes the happy heart Is work as well as play, And freedom from that harder part Of idling life away.

### Prize Book Distribution for Christmas, 1898. TO OUR READERS

"HE immense interest excited by our Prize Distribution last year, induces us to repeat the Prize Offer again: equal in HE immense interest excited by our Prize Distribution last year, induces us to repeat the Prize Offer again: equal in value to £30. We invite Post-Card contributions of one line, or not more than two, selected from our great Poets, or other Authors, on each of the three following: (1) "A Baby," (II) "A Bride," and (III) "A Bachelor." The first best hundred contributors will each receive, free by post, a copy of A Nine Days' Wonder; or, The The street in the House, by Edward Garrett. The second hundred, a copy of Mother and Son; or, I Will, by Emma Marshall. The third hundred, a copy of Hold Fast by Your Sundays, a Tale by the Author of Margaret's Choice (Tenth Thousand). The fourth hundred, a copy of Sunrise in Britan: How the Light Dawned, by the Editor of Home Words. The four volumes are handsomely bound, cloth gift, and well illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. each.

A selection of the most striking lines sent will be published in later numbers of Home Words, Hand and Heart, The Day of Days, and our weekly Penny Newspaper—The News.

All Post-Cards should be sent as soon as possible to "The Secretary, Prize Book Distribution," Care of the Editor of

All Post-Cards should be sent as soon as possible to "The Secretary, Prize Book Distribution," Care of the Editor of Home Words, Commith, Eastbourne; but no correspondence is possible.

The books will be despatched by the Publisher from Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., as

early as possible.

### The Doung Holks' Page.

#### OUR PUPPIES.



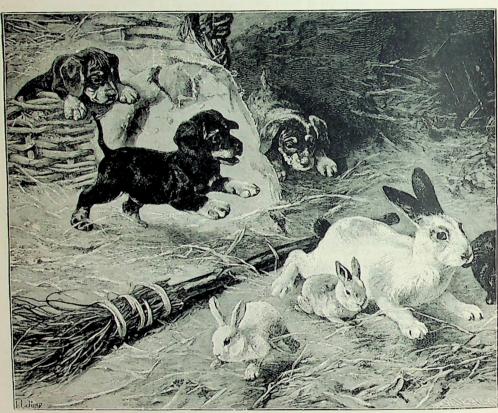
HY should we not begin with the moral that belongs to our pictures this month? There is no reason why the moral should always come along at the end, like the puppy dogs' tails. But where is the moral? You won't find it in the broom, which is certainly not as new as it looks, for it has not It is not hidden under the straw, and neither the

swept clean. It is not hidden under the straw, and neither the puppies nor the family of rabbits have eaten it up. What is

us. That our fourfooted friends can sometimes give us a hint worth noting. So, you see, after all the moral has come in at the tail-end. R. S. T.

#### A SWISS SCHOOLMASTER.

THE teacher of the school at Videy, in Switzerland, is a very old man. He lives a mile and a half from the school-house, and during the severe weather of a recent winter he found it extremely hard to walk to his school. On one very icy day he was unable to get there at all.



"They scared the Rabbits."-See page 262

the moral then? Just this, that it is one thing to chase, and another to be chased.

Ask the rabbits how they like their little tufted tails being snapped at? Then turn to our second picture, and you will find the tables turned. Our puppy dogs are nearly frightened out of their lives by a frog on the warpath. Perhaps he is a very peaceful frog; but conscience has made cowards of the puppy dogs. They scared the rabbits; now a strange beast scares them.

When the frog has gone peacefully past, let us hope the puppy dogs will remember to follow that amiable example.

Now having caught our moral, let us cook it and have it for breakfast, dinner, or tea. What do the pictures teach us? That it only needs a coward to tease and annoy those who can't resist. That we should do to others what we would they should do to What did the boys of the school do upon this? Rejoice in what seemed likely to give them a day's holiday? Not at all. They took their largest sledge, and set out after their old master. Installing him comfortably upon it, they drew him to school in triumph.

And this was not all. They held a meeting and organized themselves into committees to draw the teacher to and from school every day. Four boys regularly went after him in the morning, and four more drew him home at night. Taking turns in this way, they furnished him conveyance and team as long as the rough weather lasted.

When the return of spring weather enabled the old schoolmaster to resume his daily journeys on foot, the school and the neighbourhood celebrated the occasion by a little festival. The children all accompanied him to the house of a resident of the

district, where a pleasant dinner was given in his-and their-honour.

#### BE SOMETHING.

BE something in this living age,

And prove your right to be A light upon some darkened page,

A pilot on some sea.

Find out the place where you may stand, Beneath some burden low;

Take up the task with willing hand, Be something, somewhere, now!

Be something in this throbbing day Of busy hands and feet,

A spring beside some dusky way, A shadow from the heat.

Be found upon the workman's roll; Go sow, go reap, or plough;

Bend to some task with heart and soul, Be something, somewhere, now!

#### "HATE EVIL."

DR. ARNOLD, the great and good Head Master of Rugby, used to say, "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boy's worst enemy. He keeps a sharp look-out for the boys. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win

And then, when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them! Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better!"

Now the boy who has found out who and what the devil is ought to hate him. It's his duty. He cannot afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil and fight him, boys; but be sure and use the Lord's weapons.

#### "A LITTLE CHAP."

"I KNEW a poor weakly little fellow," said Bishop Walsham How," "who made a stand for right in his shop. One of the lads from the same shop came to me, and I asked him why he did not come forward and make a bold stand. He said, 'I think I could do it if so-and-so was in the shop now.' I said, 'What, that poor little chap?' 'Yes,' he said; and he then told me how that little fellow steered his course right through from the beginning to the end, until he acquired such influence that the men stopped swearing when he was present. He never preached, but it was his example; and, added the lad, 'Now he is gone, I have not the pluck to come forward.' In that poor weakly lad



" Now a strange beast scares Them."-See page 262.

there was true courage, which, if we do not copy, we all respect. We respect and admire those who have the courage to stand out. These are God's heroes in the world." "Give me courage to fear none but Thee."

#### HOW TO AVOID A QUARREL.

"I DON'T know what's to be done if Hector goes on like this," said Toby to Pug; "it's quite impossible to live in the yard with him; there's been no peace since he came; every one says the same; he's fighting from morning till night."

"He hasn't fought me," said Pug. "Well, I don't know how you've escaped," said Toby.
"Shall I tell you?" said Pug, "by keeping out of his way."

### Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

[The Clergy or Parents who wish to give a prize, for the best Answers to these "Bible Questions," can have a list of suitable books at half-price from Mr. C. Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.]

QUESTIONS.

NAME the first instance of silent prayer recorded in the

In what text is Palestine described as "the land of pro-

Name a plant the stem of which was anciently used for measurement, and state where this is mentioned in the Bible.
 Where is a pulpit first spoken of in the Bible ! When was it

sed, and who used it?

5. What verse would lead us to suppose that our Lord was in the habit of relieving the poor?

A Variable was a live lives were preserved by flax.

6. Name two men whose lives were preserved by flax.
7. Who was the founder of Nineveh?

ANSWERS (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 215).

1. Matt. xxvii. 52. 2. Hosea x. 6.

3. Lev. xix. 18.

4. No; quite the contrary. Exod. xxiii. 4, 5; Job xxxi. 29; Prov. xxiv. 17, 18; xxv. 21, 22; Obadiah 12.

5. Num. xiv. 2, 4; 1 Kings xviii. 3.

6. John i. 44.

7. Luke ii. 22; Matt. iv. 2; Acts i. 3.

8. Acts xiii. 33.



CHRISTMAS WEATHER: OUR DISTRICT VISITOR.

By Lucien Davis, R.I.

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# FOR HEART AND HEARTH

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### Anthony Cragg's Tenant.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS," ETC. ILLUSTRATED BY A. TWIDLE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VERY NARROW ESCAPE.



that instant Pattie knew that she had not the smallest fraction of time to spare. Dot's resistance was giving way, and Mrs. Cragg had all but gained the victory. To scream would be useless. Mrs. Cragg would listen to no warning of hers.

Pattie flung herself wildly across the space between, full against Mrs. Cragg, and Mrs. Cragg went down in a heap upon the bed, the glass of liquid being jerked out of her hand and shattered upon the floor. Pattie, with the force of her own impetus, went down upon Mrs. Cragg, and Dot was in some danger of being demolished.

"You rude unmannerly girl, you!" shrieked Mrs. Cragg, pulling herself up and glaring at Pattie. "You dare to treat me so! You—you—you—" breath and words failing her together. "I'll tell Mr. Cragg the sort of way you go on! See if I don't!"

Mrs. Cragg shook herself, and pulled down her

sleeves, which had been dragged out of position in the scuffle.

"Never saw such behaviour in my life! But I can tell you I'm not going to submit to this sort of thing. I'll have you turned out of the house! I'll have you made to remember yourself another time. It's disgraceful!"

Pattie was sitting upon the side of the bed, white as ashes, gasping for breath, and clutching Dot, as if to save the child from some terrible danger. Dot had become composed the moment she had Pattie by her side. Pattie's gaze met the angry eyes of Mrs. Cragg, but to speak at first was impossible. That short horror had robbed her of all strength. Dot whimpered slightly, and then contentedly put her finger into her mouth.

Pattie at length found power to point to the bottle upon the table, and to whisper hoarsely,-

"Look! It is poison!"

Mrs. Cragg did look, and suddenly she understood. Suddenly her fury died away, and she stood, convicted, trembling, half stunned with the awful knowledge that, but for Pattie's prompt action, she might have killed her own little child.

The dead silence was broken by Pattie's sobs. Dot's arms were round Pattie's neck, pulling her down.

"Pattie, why you cly? Pattie own darling. Pattie mustn't cly. Pattie stay with Dot."

Pattie could do nothing but "cly" for a while. The morning had been one long strain, and this final fright broke her down entirely. She hid her face in Dot's pillow and sobbed helplessly.

But presently the silence of the other who was present crept into her consciousness; and she lifted her head to look round. Mrs. Cragg sat apart, grey and wordless. All the self-assertion

VOL. XXVIII. NO. XII.

was for once washed out of her. She had no excuse to offer, no self-defence to put forward. That abashed face was a new face to Pattie. She could not see in it the Mrs. Cragg whom she had hitherto known.

"Is ma-ma angly?" asked Dot's little voice.

"No, Dot. I think ma-ma is only sorry," replied Pattic's trembling tones.

Mrs. Cragg neither moved nor looked round.

"I'm sorry to have had to be so rough," at length faltered Pattie, her chest heaving still. "I couldn't help it, you know. There was no time. If I had not made haste——"

Then a new fear swept across her.

"Did Dot take any? Mrs. Cragg, are you sure?—did she drink any of that stuff?"

"No," was the answer; "not one drop."

"If she had--"

The girl shuddered; then, standing up, she went nearer to Mrs. Cragg.

"You didn't know, of course. You didn't know what you were doing. I suppose you thought the medicine was kept there."

"Yes. Dot pointed to the mantelshelf. I asked

her."

"No. That was kept there. It oughtn't to have been. But we kept the medicine in the cupboard. That is only used for——" Pattie broke down afresh. "It ought not to have been left anywhere within reach," she went on presently. "But, oh, if I had not been in time——"

"If Mrs. Sweater hadn't been in to see me she'd have had it all ever so long ago," muttered Mrs. Cragg. "And if you hadn't come back just when you did——"

Mrs. Cragg spoke in a strange husky voice, and before Pattie could answer she asked abruptly, "If Dot had drunk that, would she have died?"

Pattie whispered a "Yes." Mrs. Cragg's shoulders shook, and Pattie's hand came on her kindly.

"I don't know, I'm sure, whatever makes you so nice to me," faltered Mrs. Cragg. "You've behaved uncommon well, I must say. And I've treated you very bad, I know that. I don't know whatever made me. But I—shan't forget this. I shan't ever forget it." Mrs. Cragg began to choke and gulp. Dot seemed inclined to go to sleep after the morning's agitations.

"Don't keep her awake," whispered Pattie, and Mrs. Cragg did her best to cry in subdued tones not an easy matter, since self-command was not

one of her virtues.

By the time Dot was soundly off, Mrs. Cragg spoke again,—

"Pattie, you don't know what I have been and done! I've told Mrs. Sweater all about you."

"Yes; I know you have."

"I mean-about your father. I felt cross, and

so I said it all out. If you'd known that, you wouldn't, perhaps, have--"

"Not have tried to save dear little Dot!"
Pattie spoke in amazed accents. "Oh, you can't think so, surely! I would do anything for Dot. Mrs. Sweater told me when I was out. She did not say that she had heard it from you, but of course——" Pattie stopped. "I am very sorry," she said quietly, "because everybody will hear it now. But still, if you will let me stay a little longer to take care of Dot, I would rather do it. I should like to be sure that she is taken care of properly till she is well."

"I don't wonder you think I'm not fit to look

after her!"

"I don't think you are a good nurse," came in reply. "A nurse would be more careful. But, after this, you will never make such a mistake again. And I do think Nurse and I have been to blame, leaving out a bottle of poisonous stuff where anybody might get hold of it. And in an old medicine bottle too! I can't think how we could! It's a lesson to me as well as to you."

Mrs. Cragg gazed at Pattie with troubled eyes. "I've treated you uncommon ill," she said.

"But you are sorry now. You will be kinder from to-day, won't you?" asked Pattie, putting her hand into Mrs. Cragg's. "You will try to like me more than you have done?"

"And, Pattie, you don't mind; you don't mind

what I've been and told Mrs. Sweater?"

"Yes, I do mind. I can't help minding very much. It is a question of my father's good name; and I must mind that. But it is done, and I have to bear it. I shouldn't make things any better by going away and making dear little Dot unhappy. Only, may I say one thing? I do want very very much that Dot should never hear all about this. I mean, I want her never to know that you could find out my secret in such a way as you did, and that you have broken your promise not to tell any one about my father. Promise me not to let it come to her ears. Please promise."

Mrs. Cragg broke into almost a laugh. "I should have thought it would be me, and not you, to want that," she said. "And Dot's such a

baby!"

"But she understands so much! Dot notices everything. And she has to learn what goodness and truth are through you. She ought to know first what God is through you. Don't you see what I mean? When I think of my mother, it helps me to know how true and loving God is. How can Dot learn that in any other way? I can talk to her, but words don't mean much. Dot ought to learn the lesson through you—through what you are."

Mrs. Cragg's head hung low. This went home like a dagger-thrust. If Dot were to form her

childish notion of God from what her mother was, it might well be asked what sort of a picture of God would exist in the little mind?

Then Mrs. Cragg burst afresh into tears.

Dot's accident had at the first opened Mrs. Cragg's eyes to the reality of what her child was to her; but after tempers and ill-moods had obscured the lesson. Now, far more sharply, a second time it had come. In the hour when she stood, glass in hand, recklessly striving to force between Dot's lips that which would have rendered her a childless woman, and when Pattie had dashed the fearful peril aside, Mrs. Cragg became a changed person.

The change could not be otherwise than gradual in its working; yet in actual fact it was abrupt. Hitherto

Mrs. Cragg's life-attitude had been away from good and towards evil. She had lived for herself only, not for God. not for those who were about her. Now, as in a flash, she had learnt to know something of her true self, to realize something of whither

that self-pleasing attitude might lead her. Thenceforward her face was to be turned another way. Hard fighting would lie before her; but from that day she did fight, she did not merely drift. She began earnestly to wish to be more like Pattie.

Also she began ardently to wish for more of her little Dot's affection. Not now because she was simply jealous of Pattie, but because she found how much of the sweet child-love she had thrown away.

Dot bore no malice. When Mrs. Cragg set herself to amuse the little one, Dot magnanimously accepted all attentions, and made use of every opportunity. But at any moment she would turn from Mrs. Cragg, with a cry of joy, to "Pattie" or "Dadda." There was no cry of joy when Mrs. Cragg appeared. It would take long before Dot could quite forget the past.

Cragg was told by his wife the terrible story of little Dot's narrow escape. Pattie had promised to say nothing; but Mrs. Cragg showed that her penitence was real by confessing it to him herself. Cragg was very much overcome by the thought of what might have been—but for Pattie.

"My dear, I don't know how you feel," he said; "but I feel that nothing we can do for her will

be too much—after this!"
"I think so too, Mr. Cragg. And I'd like Pattie
never to leave us."

Cragg surveyed his wife seriously.

"You feel so now. But, by-and-by-when you begin to forget-"

"I shan't forget. I never shall. I could n'thow could I? It isn't like a common thing happening. Just think—what it is that Pattie saved

me from! No, I'd like Pattie to stop with us always. And I want to say something else too. Ireally am sorry now that I've spent such a lot lately; and I do mean to do better. I mean to be more careful. It hasn't been right."

Cragg came mear and gave



" 'You rude unmannerly girl, you!"-Page 267.

his wife a kiss.

"I'm glad you feel so, my dear," he said kin dly.
"It's a great relief to my mind."

"I mean to save all I can. And I'll spend as little as ever I can do with, till that bill is paid. I will really, Mr. Cragg. And—I think I shan't be so much with Mrs. Sweater. She hasn't been a nice friend."

"I hope it will all come true as you purpose, my dear," Cragg said gravely.

For a moment Mrs Cragg was tempted to be angry, recognising the slight doubt in her Husband's tone. Then she remembered that she had not been careful always to keep her word. Be tter than being angry was to resolve afresh, not in her own strength alone, and to show in the course of time that her intentions and promises were wor thy of reliance.



CHAPTER XX.

MADE CLEAR. ATTIE, I don't know what to Tell me how ever I'm to make Dot love me."

This was two or three weeks later. Dot was asleep, and Pattie had come to the sitting-room, leaving the new nursery-maid in charge. Mrs. Cragg broke out suddenly with

the above remark.

"But Dot does love you. I am sure she does.

Dot is such a loving little thing."

"She don't really care to have me with her. I can see that plain enough. I can see the difference when you come in."

"But a little child's love is so easily won.

Haven't you found it so?"

"I don't know. I suppose I haven't taken the trouble. I've been too busy-thinking a lot about other things."

"You will never be too busy again for Dotyour own little Dot. Think how much you ought to be to her-and how much you have to teach her."

"You said so once before. I've not forgotten. I don't think I can forget. It frightens me sometimes. Pattie, did you really mean what you said-quite all that?"

"All what?"

"The other day. Don't you remember? You said to me-you said something-something about -about Dot having to know what God is, through me. It frightened me then, and it frightens me now, when I think of what you said."

"But it was true. Of course it was true. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't."

"But you can't help it. God has given little Dot to you, just that you may teach her about Him-that you may show her what He is. No one in all the world can teach her, as you can."

"I can't! I don't know how."

"You have to learn how. You ought to be able. Other people can talk to her about God; but you can show her what the talking means, by what you are to her yourself. There's no love in the world so near to the love of God as a mother's love. And Dot can never have another mother,so it all depends upon you."

"Pattie-you don't mean-"

"I mean just what I'm saying," Pattie replied quietly. "If you don't show her what is meant by the love of God, she may learn it in some other way; but she can't learn it in the best way of all. It isn't so much a question of what you say or don't say to Dot, as of what you are to her. She ought to feel that she can always, always, turn to you in everything-that she can always be sure of your truth and your love. She ought to know that, if all the world went wrong, you could never fail her. And then that would help her to understand what is meant by the love and the truth of God and of Christ. Don't you see now?"

"Doesn't sound as if I ever could!" muttered

the other.

"But if it is right, you can. There's always a 'can' where there's an 'ought.'"

"I do mean to try." Mrs. Cragg was looking down and twisting a corner of the table-cloth. "And I want you to help me. I know you canmore than anybody."

"I'd do anything I was able."

"Yes, I know you would. I'm sure of that. Pattie, I want to know-do you think you can ever forgive me for getting at your letters, and then telling Mrs. Sweater about things? I told Mr. Cragg the other day all about it; and he says you behaved beautifully, and we've got to do the very best we can to make up to you for what you've had to bear. And we want you always to live here,—to be like Dot's elder sister. If it hadn't been for you, we shouldn't have any little Dot now. Cragg and I can't forget that. Do you think you can quite forgive me?"

Pattie had had no chance of getting in a word thus far. As she could not make her voice heard,

she spoke with her face.

"I'm sure I don't deserve you should. And I've given my husband a lot of bother too lately. I can't think what's come over me the last few years. But I do mean to be different now; and I'll try to learn to be what you say I ought to be to Dot. Only, I shall want you to help me. And if you went away, perhaps I might forget. I don't think I should, but I might."

The conversation was interrupted. Cragg came in, carrying a letter, which he gave to Pattie.

"Post this minute in," he remarked. "Dot is looking more like herself this afternoon than I've seen her yet. Just been in there, and she woke up. She's all right; you needn't hurry to go to her. Eh?"-as an exclamation burst from Pattie.

The girl clasped her hands. "Oh, I am so glad! It's the one thing I wanted most! I am so glad! O

dear father!"

"Anything happened?" asked Cragg.

Pattie's face was a mixture of smiles and tears. "Yes; something! A letter from Mr. Peterson himself—such a kind letter. He has found out who took the money, and he knows now that it was not my father. He is so grieved and unhappy, to think that he could ever have suspected father. He says he would give his right hand, if only he could undo the past."

"The man must be a wretch. Why, he ought to have known your father better," declared Mrs. Cragg, who, like most persons of suspicious temperament, was generally voluble in condemning others for doing what she would have done herself.

"I think he ought; but it is so easy for us to say that now. I suppose it was not so easy for him to feel sure then. My father never spoke a hard word of Mr.

Peterson."

"And your father will never know that the truth is found out. I do think that's too bad."

Cragg was silent, watching the light on Pattie's face.

"Why should he not know? How can we tell? If he cannot see or hear for himself what goes on here -and we don't know anything about that !- I should think the angels would tell him. If he cares to know, I am sure they would. Oh I am so thankful it is cleared up. It is like a great weight taken off me."

"And you mean to say," began Mrs. Cragg; "you mean to say, Pattie, that you can feel kindly about that man—that Peterson?"

"I think he did wrongly. He was too ready to be sure. He ought to have trusted father. But it was difficult for him—things looked black, I suppose. And now he is very very sorry. No one could be more sorry."

"Well, you're not my sort. If a man had behaved so to me, I shouldn't forget it the rest of my life. I shouldn't want ever to see him again. Why, just think—if he hadn't turned your father away, you wouldn't have come here at all, and your father might be living now. Just think!"

"My dear!" remonstrated Cragg.

But even this suggestion could not shake Pattie's peace, though two tears fell.

"It must have been God's will," she said. "It wasn't only Mr. Peterson's doing. And if God meant to call my father Home just at that time, He would have done it in some other way—even if we had not come to Putworth. And if it was the right time for father to go, how could I want to keep him back?"

"You're right, Pattie," said Cragg. "And my wife is wrong to try you like this. It's a great mercy to know that your poor father's name is cleared. And you'll feel all the happier for it.

You're right enough to forgive Mr. Peterson. Only I do think he ought, in some sort of way, to try to make up to you for the past. He has done you and your father a great wrong, though I dare say he didn't mean it. And, take it any way you will, it's through him in a sort of manner that you are an orphan. Ithink Peterson ought to do something for you."

Pattie placed the letter in Cragg's hand. "Read that, please," she said.

Cragg read part to himself, but one sentence he gave aloud,—

gave aloud,—

""As a small token of my undying regret, I intend at once to settle upon you the sum of fifty pounds per annum for the rest of your life. Then I shall know that the child of my old friend will not come to actual want. I am most thankful to have succeeded in finding your present address."

"She won't come to want, if we can help it," remarked Cragg. "Pattie, does this mean that you'll want to leave us, and to go back among your old friends? I shouldn't wonder if it does." Pattie looked, smiling, from one to the other.

"Not yet," she said. "I shall like to see them all again—some day. But, as long as you and Mrs. Cragg want me, I shall feel this to be my home."



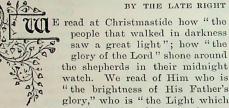
"Oh, I am so glad! It's the one thing I wanted most!" - Page 270.

THE END.



### The Christ-light in the Home.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP WYNNE, D.D.



shineth in darkness." All these Christmas lessons are gathered together in our Master's own words, "I am the Bright and Morning Star."

In imaginary pictures of the Nativity by the old masters, we generally see a background of darkness; the stable barely visible in the shadow; then from the Babe lying in the manger there issues a brilliant radiance, lighting up the faces of those who kneel in adoring attitudes around. The actual scene at the Nativity was, of course, very different from this. There was no visible glory around the Babe. He came in simple and perfect Humanity; more truly glorious thus; giving an interest to every human birth, and a sweet sacredness to every human mother, and elevating every human life by its being lived in the same conditions as Christ's life. But still the old pictures express a great symbolic truth. From that lowly cradle there did issue a Light which illumines still all who kneel around it. To the eye of faith the humble shed in which the Saviour of the world was born was lit up by the soft shining of Him who says, "I am the Bright and Morning Star."

Can we have a truer, better Christmas wish than this—that the rays of "the Bright and Morning Star" may fall upon our own hearts and homes, and the hearts and homes of others too, at this Christmastide?

We all know full well there are certain things that darken homes, and certain things that brighten them. It is easy to see what kind of things darken the home—cross tempers, selfish-

ness, wilfulness, obstinacy, caprice, impatience, discontent. These bring shadow to the brow and gloom to the countenance. These make the young people of the home surly, sullen and disrespectful, and the elders peevish, unreasonable and unjust. These make masters and mistresses hard and inconsiderate, and servants grumbling and unprincipled. These bring deep darkness over any home where they are allowed to dwell unchecked. And there is only one thing that can chase away such shadows. It is the Light from heaven—the Light from Him who says, "I am the Bright and Morning Star."

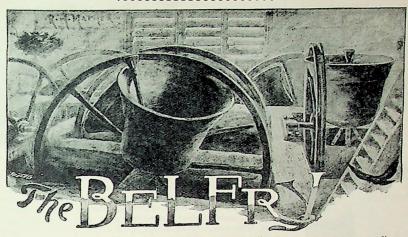
Yes: the Christ-light in the Home alone can make home happy. The Christ-light, the Lord Himself honoured, the influence of His wishes felt, the restraining power of His teaching moulding the character; tempers subdued for His sake, self-will controlled, self-conceit kept down with a strong hand, angry and harsh-judging words silenced, mutual bearing and forbearing, kindness, courtesy, consideration for others, proceeding from thought of Christ and wish to do His will: these are the things that make the home bright.

Even one person in a household, thoroughly influenced by the love of Christ, and walking in the light of His presence, will bring wonderful brightness to a whole family. They hardly know what makes home so pleasant. What is it? It is the light from "the Bright and Morning Star." It glistens in the kind eyes and pleasant countenance of a humble follower of Jesus; and sullenness, gloom, and ill-humour flee before it like shadows before the breaking day.

May the Christ-light thus shine in all our homes on Christmas Day. May we see more and more clearly that Christ is indeed to us, as sinners and sorrowers, "the Bright and Morning Star," the true Gospel Light which brings pardon and peace, and love and joy, and every grace of the Spirit of Holiness, to all who welcome Him.

Our Christmas light will not fail then to shine in other homes as well as our own—homes darkened, it may be, by poverty, sickness, anxiety, sorrow. The greeting of "Happy Christmas" sometimes comes with a bitter sense of unreality to those who know that food is scanty or the hearth dark and lonely. Let Christ's Light, the Light

of tender, loving ministry, shine forth from us, bringing comfort to the mourner and cheer to the poor man's board. Walking in Christmas light ourselves,—the light of the Morning Star,—let us pass the Light on from home to home and heart to heart, in the spirit of the angels' message—"Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth, good will to men."



BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND WONDERS."

NEW peal of bells had been hung in our church tower, and finding the door open one afternoon, a couple of lads thought they would enter and ring the bells. Now, as every ringer knows, ringing is a somewhat dangerous pastime for novices. As the bell swings further and further, the rope dances with increasing violence, and to hold on or to let go is alike perilous. The lad in question tried to let go when the critical moment came, but too late! The rope curled round his neck, and the swing of the bell lifted him off his legs, dropping him, as it swung back, to the accompaniment of a gurgle and a gasp. "I'll never touch a bell again as long as I live," he said, as he met me at the church door. I noticed during the next week that he wore a muffler around his neck, apparently to conceal a broad red ring, left by the rope. It was a narrow escape; but, from the point of view of public order, it was a lesson worth the price paid for it. No other unauthorised hand touched the bellropes while I was rector.

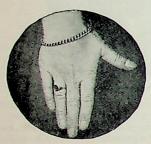
To help in raising the money to pay for the above-mentioned bells, a unique bazaar was devised by the rector's wife. The stalls were fishermen's boats, with masts erect and flags flying, and the scene of the "sale" was no stuffy tent or room, but a breezy headland fronting the Atlantic.

The surroundings were beautiful, and who will venture recklessly to condemn such a "bazaar," as out of correspondence with its environment, or worse still, as "unworthy of the Christian Church"? For, surely, the fishermen who lent their boats free of charge, and the farmers who provided horses to draw them from the cove to the headland, showed that they knew something of the law of self-sacrifice. They gave willingly to the house of God, and even Solomon, who built the Temple, could do no more. Gold was in abundance in Solomon's time, while lobsters and crabs, and butter and eggs, were by no means too plentiful in my sea-board parish. Yet the fishermen filled one boat with the first, and the farmers another with the second.

There is, doubtless, no virture in buying a pound of butter or a fine lobster, but the giver, surely, has done a praiseworthy act. You may well ask "Where is the self-sacrifice in buying a pair of stockings for yourself at the ordinary trade price?" There is none. But no one will ever persuade me that there is not a great deal of self-sacrifice and beautiful Christ-like love in the old inmate of an almshouse, who of her penny buys the wool, and the servant maid who agrees to perform the knitting at a nominal cost, the joint fruit of their devotion being sold to help God's poor.

### What could we do without Hands?





HE elephant has strength sufficient to effect wonders, and probably may boast more sagacity than any other of the inferior animals; but give him any amount of intelligence, make him the equal of man if you will, yet he

remains only an elephant. How would such a being make a watch, or a shoe, or a telescope? Whatever might be his natural sagacity, those legs and feet, like four upright posts, would totally unfit him for anything like delicate manipulations. The same may be said of the horse. The bird is much in advance of man in the organ of vision, but, supposing the bird endowed with the intellect of an angel, it is provided with no instrument of labour by which it could effect anything like delicate workmanship, beyond the building of its own nest. But with his hands man is enabled to construct instruments by which he can not simply rival the vision of birds, but look into the minute and otherwise hidden wonders of Nature, and right on into the great depths of the universe, where worlds on worlds and systems on systems constantly roll through space as parts of a vast mechanism, which, in its entireness as a scheme, is infinitely removed, as far as we see, beyond the highest conceptions of any created intelligence.

There can be little presumption in assuming that the hand of man, considered as an instrument of labour, was specially formed by the Creator as an organ fitted to carry out the purposes of an intelli-

gent mind. No other organized being is provided with such an instrument, and though the hand of the gorilla is said to be a near approach, the right proportions are wanting in that animal, to say nothing of the construction and position of the nails, or of the relative position and size of the thumb. So wide, indeed, is the difference, that for the purposes of labour it is practically infinite. The dog has its teeth, the lion its claws, the elephant its trunk, the eagle its talons, the serpent its venom, and the hare its flectness of foot, yet the hand of man gives him a superiority over all these creatures, and places them entirely within his power.

The power to grasp is in itself a wonderful power, and enables man to hold securely small bodies as well as large ones; while the exquisite touch of the fingers answers an infinite number of purposes, and is not less wonderful. To appreciate fully the advantages in this particular, it is only necessary to attempt to apply the feet to the same purposes. By the openings between the fingers we are enabled to take a wider grasp of large objects, while in taking hold of the minutest objects we use the tips of the



AN ARTIST AT WORK.



WOMAN'S HANDIWORK.

fingers, because otherwise these objects would escape. The two arms, too, strangely aid each other and more than double the strength, for they are so set and inclined to each other, as to work in perfect harmony, and with the best possible results.

A thumbless or a one-armed man would be nearly worthless as a working jeweller, a printer, or a worker in any kind of handicraft. Suppose only that the thumb had been placed in the same plane, or in a straight line with the fingers (as in the foot, where a large surface is required to support the centre of gravity), the power of grasp would then have been out of question, and the hand would have been comparatively useless. The softness, the roundness, and the fine sense of touch in the fingers, and the natural defence in the shape of nails provided for them, are strangely simple contrivances, but they are marvellously effective in making man physically the most marvellous of God's works in this part of the creation. Constant use of the naked feet. and even of parts of the hand, produces a hard horniness which largely blunts the sensibility; but why do we not see this horniness in the hardly-used tips of the fingers? The skin may become thicker in

order to be equal to the rough usage, but the horniness is not found there, nor do we find the partial insensibility.

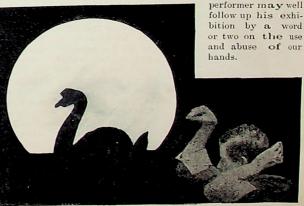
The evils which would be sure to arise from the loss of roundness to the fingers and of the defence of the nails, are best seen in those who through accident have been deprived of their fingers' ends. Without nails man is quite incapable of taking up with facility very fine substances, such as a hair or a delicate needle, for every attempt of this kind so displaces the flesh as to cause it to miss its hold. Cut the nails quite close and make the attempt, and the result will be conclusive, though the entire absence of nails would be much more so. The nails are evidently placed on

the fingers as a support, and they really act as a kind of fulcrum or prop. Nor would the loss have been less striking had the bones grown to the fingers' ends, or had the flesh been of a more soft and pulpy texture. In fact, any imaginable change in the conformation of the human hand would have deprived man of his pre-eminent dexterity, and reduced the race to a dead and dreary monotony, in which it would have been for ever deprived of the thousands of daily comforts and luxuries which the arts have placed within the reach of the poorest.

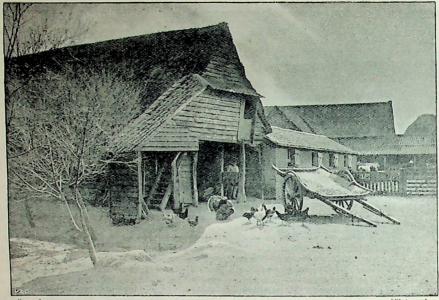
A side accomplishment of the hands may be specially referred to at this Christmas season. In the art of imitation the hands are marvellous in their ingenuity. They answer to the working of the brain with a speed that outrivals the telegraph. The

message seems to be carried from mind to finger tip with a rapidity that we cannot measure. Watch a reciter, for example, and you will note the instant obedience of the hands in every gesture. A most comical effect may be easily produced by a double recitation. That is to say, a tall man recites a stirring ballad, while a thin small man stands behind him and supplies, or tries to supply, appropriate gestures, the tall man having his arms buttoned inside his coat. The result is most laughable, for the second man's hands are invariably too late in illustrating the words. Should a handkerchief be needed to wave farewell or to wipe away tears, the second man's futile efforts to do these things naturally usually send spectators into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

Another amusing and effective use for the hands is in the production of shadow pictures. A clever example is given in our last illustration, the performer's head being used to shadow the body of a swan, while his hands give a wonderful amount of stately movement to the queer black bird. A whole story in scenes may be enacted on the white disc by means of a few dolls. After the shadow show the



A SWAN SHADGW.



From a)

WINTER IN THE FARMYARD.

[Photograph

### Some Famous Frosts.

BY ROBERT MAUDSLEY.



ESPITE the tales of our

grandfathers, a cold winter seldom passes without beating a record. If it is not the coldest season experienced by the oldest and coldest inhabitant, it boasts the lowest temperature ever recorded in the British Isles. Or, we are told, that the Arctic animals in the Zoo actually feel chilly - which they never felt before; or a fountain has frozen fantastically-which it never did before; or, to descend to the lowest

scale of records, one has chilblains-which one never had before. A word or two on some record frosts may make us thankful that frost and snow have, this year, proved less formidable than they might have been.

In 1895 all the world over, where winter comes, there was extraordinary cold. An American told me that he was asked four pounds by the driver of a carriage to take him to business one blizzardous

morning in New York. He usually went by overhead rail for a few pence. For many days the weather was so bad that citizens lacked such necessaries of life as local trains, vegetables, and even milk. Nearer home, the Seine was blocked with masses of ice at Paris, and all the Belgian ports but one were closed. In England the Thames was frozen over at Kingston, and in London the ice was 71 inches thick upon the Long Water.

But most of us have painful recollections of recent frosts. Of the frosts of the olden time less may be known. In 1407, historic records inform us, there was a great frost, when all the small birds perished, and in 1515 the bosom of the Thames was frozen so hard that the Archbishop of Canterbury in a horse litter crossed the river from Lambeth to Westminster. In 1564 there were again "diversions" on the icebound Thames.

The most famous frost of comparatively modern times in England was that of 1684, which split thousands of forest trees, including even the sturdiest oaks, killed all the hollies and nearly all the small fowls of the air. The "cold snap" began in January and continued without intermission for seven weeks, the Thames being frozen to a thickness of eighteen inches. There was held on the ice-bound stream the extraordinary glacial carnival which has been handed down to posterity as "Frost Fair."

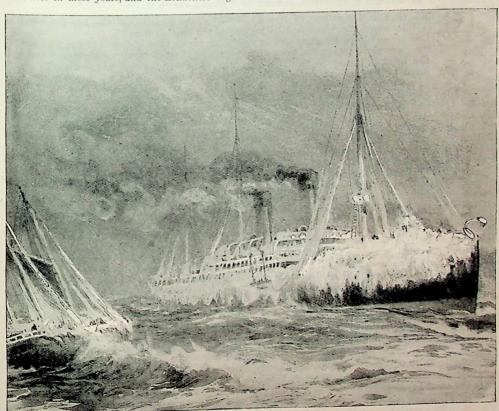
The Thames between the Pool and Chelsea was laid out in streets of booths and wooden shanties, furnished with all manner of commodities, including even a printing press, where "all the ladies took the fancy to have their names printed," and it was estimated that the printer earned five pounds a day, at the rate of sixpence a name, besides what he gained by selling ballads. In this memorable fair hackney coaches plied on the Thames between Westminster and the Temple, just as throughout an ordinary Russian winter droschkies ply on the Neva between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt.

There was another Frost Fair, and oxen were roasted whole on the ice, in 1716; and yet another in 1740, which continued for nine weeks, and was long afterwards popularly remembered as "the hard winter." In 1789 all the river opposite the Custom

House was completely frozen over.

But advancing to a period within the remembrance of many aged persons still in our midst, the year 1814 is famous for its Frost Fair on the Thames. There had been during January several alternate frosts and thaws, but on the 31st the ice in the Thames "packed" as firmly as that of the St. Lawrence does in most years, and the Londoners began

to cross from Westminster to Lambeth. In the first days of February booths were erected on the river at Queenhithe, where the ice was thickest. A sheep was roasted under a tent on the ice and sold at a shilling a slice, under the name of "Lapland mutton." "Moscow mutton" might have been a more appropriate appellation, since less than two years before had occurred that historically severe "hard winter" in Russia which destroyed the legions and wrecked the projects of Napoleon I. The printers were to the fore again, throwing off broadsides and ballads by the thousand. But the drunkenness and gambling propensities of the age were brought into sad prominence, and this last Frost Fair within living memory came to a sudden and somewhat disastrous conclusion. On the fifth day of the fair occurred a sudden thaw. The wise among the gambling booth, dram-shop, and merry-go-round keepers struck their flags and sought safety on terra firma. A few stayed, hoping to fleeco the sightseers for a few hours more. Towards evening masses of ice, with their tents and booths, were floating about the river, and next morning nothing remained of Frost Fair.



THE RESCUE OF THE CREW OF A FISHING VESSEL IN WINTER BY THE "TEUTONIC."



"He made out the figure of a man."-Page 280.

# In the Depths of the Snow. A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY WALTER T. STRATTON, AUTHOR OF "WHERE CLOUD MEETS CLOUD."

EVER L

ERY ONE in the village of Imhof said it would lie between Ulrich Lauener and Peter Werden; and by "it" everybody meant the prize of five hundred francs offered for the finest piece of carving made in the valley before Christmas. The donor was an Englishman, wintering in

Grindelwald, and the award was to be decided by him at Meiringen on Christmas Day.

A stranger might have said that Imhof slept cuddled under the snow, but within its wooden châlets there was wakefulness enough to set tools chipping and tongues wagging.

Only Ulrich Lauener was silent. Every other competitor talked of the wonderful work of art he was perfecting, and invited his friends to come and criticise the unfinished carving. But nobody knew what Lauener was doing in his lonely châlet that stood high above the nestling village—not even Marie. Yet the girl was consumed with curiosity, and her gentle wiles were calculated to unearth the deepest secret.

"Don't you find it dreadfully cold working all alone?" she ventured timidly one Sunday morn-

"Ah, so!" laughed Ulrich. "But the faggots burn well—and carve well, too. I have a fine store—enough to last till Christmas."

"Is it something very big you are making? I am sure father would help you get it down on his sledge, if it is. Peter Werden has nearly finished his table. Ah, you should see it, Ulrich—all flowers and chamois."

"I shall see it on Christmas Day," returned Ulrich, with a smile flitting across his face. "And

shall I not be the only one who has not seen it—except the English Herr?"

"You might have shown it to me, your beautiful carving," urged Marie coaxingly. "Just one peep, and nobody else need be the wiser."

But Ulrich was obdurate, though more than once he was tempted to soften towards the girl. "She will be twice as pleased when she sees it labelled with the first prize," he thought. "Where will the fun be if she knows beforehand that I have done something quite new? Why, all the valley would be talking about it in a day. No—better wait till the Englishman can see and judge for himself."

So the work went on silently, and with no one to admire, in Lauener's châlet. His model of the spears and needles of the Engelhorner as they appeared in the summer, with here and there a thread of snow clinging to their precipitous rocks, grew daily nearer completion. Even the tiny valley and its countless streams seemed to be bathed in sunlight. But the last finishing touches were terribly hard to give. Marie had suddenly become cold to him, and the fact had robbed him of his inspiration. Sometimes he felt inclined to let the wood that had yielded so well to his tools burn among the faggots which crackled on the stone hearth.

But, despite depression, the work prospered, until, a week before Christmas, Ulrich laid aside his tools. He did not regard the carving from near and far, as though anxious to discover any flaw that might be rectified. But, with his back to his bench, he sat staring into the heart of the red embers, and the blue coils of smoke fashioned themselves at the bidding of his thoughts.

First he pictured himself with Marie, and the firelight seemed to dance, and the blackened beams of the châlet to look less gloomy. A smile crept shyly across his face as he fancied he saw Marie setting the white tablecloth on the little square table which had not been used to such adornment. Five hundred francs would go a very long way towards making the dream a reality. For some minutes he enjoyed his thoughts as though they were the first meal Marie had prepared for him.

Then the warm blaze began to die down into little spluttering flames, which came and went, always leaving deeper shadows behind.

What if Peter Werden won the great prize? He would marry in the spring, and not have to wait until another winter should help him to earn more money by his carving. He could only earn money by that. And little Katharine was ready - quite ready, to wed Peter, and never notice his stiff knee all the days of her life.

"He will win if I do not enter," thought Ulrich. "What is the use of liking to see other folk unselfish, if one fights shy of it oneself? Marie will wait for me till the summer, and then I can make some great ascents, and earn more than five hundred francs.

Peter cannot do that, his leg is too bad to let him be even a porter.

But Marie had grown so cold to him since his refusal to show her his carving. Dare he risk the possibility that she should cease to care for him? If he won the prize she would forgive him for keeping his secret. But what if he did not.

Late that evening, when the sky twinkled with stars, Ulrich made up his mind; and next morning he set out to walk over the Great Scheidegg to Grindelwald. There had not been so much snow as usual, and the tracks were easy to find to one who had known the pass from boyhood. Strapped on his back was the model of the mountains; and as he walked steadily forward with even stride, he was calculating how much he dare ask for his masterpiece, now that he had decided not to enter for the prize. He might find a visitor who would give him more than the dealer's agent, and then—who knows?—he might, after all, wed Marie before the snows melted.

The dark pines bore their heavy white burdens, their trunks as upright as ever. Ulrich wondered vaguely if men were meant to bear their burdens as sturdily. At Rosenlaui he noted the heavy lumbering clouds rolling like waggons over the shoulder of the pass. These were no chariot clouds with golden The snow wheels. clogged heavily on his boots, and more than once a détour had to be made to avoid the drifts.

Long before the young guide reached the summit flakes were writhing round him as though trying to make him the very centre of a snowy whirlpool. On his pack a white woollike covering had formed, giving him the appearance of a Father Christmas.

At last he turned the shoulder, and the descent began on the

far side. Scarcely half an hour from the summit he thought he heard a faint cry, coming from no direction of which he could be certain. Up to his knees in snow he stopped short to listen. The wind was gathering the more granular particles and hurling them hither and thither, so that they stung Ulrich's face like a shower of small shot.

Once more he heard a call, and this time made sure that it came from his left. He plunged forward; it was difficult to keep his breath in the face of the storm. Then he halted again; there



"The door the young guide jammed with a heavy dresser."-Page 280.

was not a sound to guide him. Suddenly along the deep tracks he had made came a dog's bark.

Hastily he turned back, feeling rather than seeing his way. Above the howl of the storm he caught the piteous whining of the dog, and followed the sound until he reached a sudden dip in the mountain side. On a broad ledge, partially sheltered, he made out the figure of a man lying, his head pillowed on the body of a huge St. Bernard dog. He was wrapped in a kind of sleeping bag, round which the snow had drifted, and had fallen into that state of torpor which soon becomes the sleep that knows no waking, and only the warmth of the dog had kept him alive so

Ulrich tried vainly to rouse him. Then seeing there was nothing else to be done, he unstrapped his pack, and hid his carving under a huge rock, preparatory to an attempt to carry the stranger down to the nearest châlet, if he might, by the

help of God, happen upon one.

I need not weary the reader with an account of Ulrich's struggle through the snow. Had he not found a châlet within an hour, he would have been forced to abandon the stranger and go for help, thus risking the possibility that before aid could come death might have claimed the lost

Once inside the châlet, the full fury of the bliz-

zard broke. The door the young guide jammed with the aid of a heavy dresser. Then he attempted to light a fire. Happily the châlet was one of the few that are inhabited throughout the winter, and when Ulrich almost despaired of reviving the stranger, the owner hammered at the door for admission.

To make a short story shorter, it is only necessary to add that the stranger whose life Ulrich had saved in the nick of time was the Englishman who had offered the great prize. He had started to walk over the pass to Meiringen, where he was to inspect the carving and make the award. On the way he had been overtaken by the storm and

lost the right track.

The model of the Engelhorner was not recovered until the New Year had dawned, and Peter Werden had won the prize for the finest carving in the valley. But Ulrich is supremely happy, for has not Marie promised to marry him before the spring? and has not the Englishman already given them a wedding present "beyond the dreams of avarice?" And it does but add to his delight that Peter Werden will "make his home" at the same time. But only Marie and the English gentleman know how it was that Ulrich's carving should have been found under a rock on the Grindelwald side of the Great Scheidegg.

#### Sons of Toil.

BY THE REV. F. W. ORDE WARD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "MATIN BELLS," ETC.

ONS of Toil, before ye labour, Kneel in worship to the God Who is nearest all and Neighbour When our path alone is trod: Seek for service that anointing Which will give you secret health, Though the wage be disappointing It shall be the truest wealth: For with His dear early blessing Drudgery will lose its pain, And no work be over-pressing, Or the soil of Duty stain.

Sons of Toil, go forth now, leaning On the Mercy that is Might, With new majesty and meaning In the task, however slight; Nothing now is common, brothers, With the consecrating mark

Of that Presence, when Another's Is the burden or the dark; Nothing is unclean or little Now the Master makes it grand; And the reed, that was so brittle, Is a bulwark in His Hand.

Sons of Toil, your Lord has striven Likewise in the noontide heat: Daily burdened, daily driven, With no rest or calm retreat. He who paints the harvest vellow. Yet despises not your aid And will be a true Yokefellow When the flesh is most afraid. If some weight would fret your shoulder, He is quicker than your call; For he makes the feeblest bolder, And is Servant of us all.

#### "TO MAKE MY MOTHER HAPPY."

ICHARD HOOKER lived many years ago, and was one of the best men that ever lived. He wrote a book on "Ecclesiastical Polity," another on "Justification by Faith," and many more. They are very learned and very valuable books. He once said, "If I had no other reason why I would wish to be religious, I would be religious to make my mother happy!" Those were his very words. No wonder he became a great man. That was "honouring his mother."

### The Story of England's Church.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

THE DANES.—CANUTE AND HIS SONS.—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.—HIS DEATH-—THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

the period preceding the Norman Conquest the success of the Danish invaders must be noted. Ethelred, surnamed "the Unready," the only weak successor of the House of Alfred the Great, opened the way for fresh Danish attacks. His alliance in 1002 with Richard,

Duke of the Normans, and his marriage with his sister Emma, led to the close connection between the two countries which at length rendered possible the Norman Conquest.

Before this event, however, the victories of the Danes resulted in the Danish supremacy; and Swein was followed by his distinguished son Canute. This remarkable man proved to be almost another Alfred. He seemed to have resolved to become an Englishman; and instead of the old Viking hatred of Christianity he manifested a strong feeling for the faith his predecessors had aimed to destroy. His reign of nineteen years proved a season of peace and prosperity. He adopted in the main the Christian faith, and did much to show his sincerity, although superstition clung to him. His visit to Rome, for instance, was one of very mixed motives. In a letter to his subjects he tells them :- "I learnt from wise men that St. Peter the Apostle had received from God great power in binding and in loosing, and that he carries the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and therefore I esteemed it very profitable to seek his special patronage with the Lord."

Canute's son Harold was an unworthy successor of his father. He died soon, and his brother, who proved even a worse king, did the same. Then followed Edward, known as the "Confessor," the son of the Saxon King Ethelred and Emma, the Norman princess.

A new spirit came over England with the new monarch. Anglo-Saxon England became gradually Norman England. Edward was crowned at Winchester in 1043, and he reigned twenty-three years. He was not a great ruler or a scholar like Alfred, but his devotional spirit gained him the national reverence and love. His liberality and generosity won him favour; and the chief complaint against him was his introduction of certain Normans to posts of honour in the State and in the Church. His sympathy with all, however, lessened this feeling; and he became

gathering up the threads of history at the period preceding the Norman one of the old chroniclers writes:—

"Edward the noble, chaste, and mild, Guarded the realm—law and people— Until suddenly came Death the bitter, And seized the so dear one. Angels carried This noble steadfast soul From earth into heaven's light."

Edward's death occurred in close association with the building and rebuilding of Westminster Abbey, a structure which has since given place to a still more splendid minster. At Christmas, 1065, the building was ready for dedication: but the king's strength was rapidly failing, and on the day of consecration he was unable to rise from his bed. It was a period of great national anxiety. England was threatened with two invasions-one from the north by a Viking chief, and the other from the south by William of Normandy. The king became worse, and death was evidently at hand. He gave utterance to some deeply solemn words of warning to "those who held the highest places in this realm of England, who are not what they seem to be in the eyes of men," and the certainty of coming judgment. A few days later, January 5th, 1066, he breathed his Many superstitious legends and so-called miracles concerning the Confessor were put into circulation, which are not worthy of record; but setting these aside, the true nobility of the king's character is recognised by all.

Harold, the son of Godwin, the Earl of Wessex, the great friend of Edward the Confessor, was at once chosen king; and within nine months the country was in the possession of William the Conqueror. Harold came to the throne in a time of threatening evil, and there can be no doubt that Edward's warning words on his death-bed betokened even greater national peril from the condition of things at home than from invaders abroad. Despite the Confessor's personal influence for good, the nation had gone far back since the days of Alfred. Southey indeed regards the Norman Conquest as almost a needed visitation. The people had been degraded by successive changes and invasions. The educational efforts of Alfred the Great had been mainly uprooted, and religion was far more formal than real. "The righteousness" which alone "exalteth a nation" was lacking, and whenever this is the case the national strength and stability must give way.

#### A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

WE may be near, yet far apart,
Far as the East from West—
If Love be absent from the heart
And Kindness from the breast.

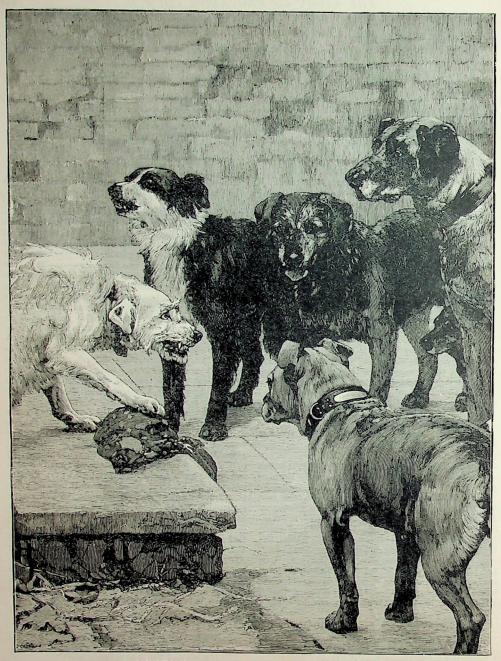
We may be far, and yet how near

To those from whom we're parted—

If Love and Trust be still sincere,

And Sympathy true-hearted.

ALICE PARKES.



DEFENDING HIS MASTER'S DINNER.

### The Doung Folks' Page.

#### DEFENDING HIS MASTER'S DINNER. (See Illustration, page 282.)



HIS is a story without words-a story with barks, perhaps. The big dogs, the little dogs, and the middle-sized dogs as well, are anxious to get the contents of the handkerchief between their teeth. But Fido is a formidable defender of his master's property. He has learnt to take care of that

handkerchief day in day out since he was quite a young and handsome dog. Now he is getting old and grey, but he is still true to his trust.

Are we equally faithful? Would we take charge of Bobbie's dinner, if a dozen other boys threatened to knock us down if we didn't give it up? I am afraid we should let Bobbie's dinner take care of itself.

But there is a Christmas lesson in our picture. If Fido can save his master's dinner let us take a hint from him. We may not be called upon to defend anybody's Christmas dinner, but we can take care that everybody gets one. Every little helps to make somebody happy, and there are few of us who cannot do a little. If we can save nobody's Christmas, at least we can spare a few crumbs for the birds, and in that we shall be doing our best to share the joys of Christmas giving.

#### A NOBLE ANSWER.

Dr. SARGENT states that at a slave market in one of the Southern States of America, at which he was present, a smart, active, coloured boy was put up for sale. A kind master, who pitied his condition, wishing him not to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said, "If I buy you, will you be honest?"
The boy, with an earnest look, replied, "I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

#### A GOOD RESOLVE.

A BOY at an English school before the examination resolved to give a shilling to a Missionary Society if he got the prize. He succeeded, and gave the shilling. But the best plan is to resolve to give our shillings whether we succeed or not.

#### GOLDEN KEYS.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine, To make each day with gladness shine. "Good morning!" that's the golden key That unlocks every day for me. When evening comes, "Good night!" I say, And close the door of each glad day. When at the table, "If you please" I take from off my bunch of keys. When friends give anything to me, I use the little " Thank you!" key : "Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too, When by mistake some harm I do. Or if unkindly harm I've given, With "Forgive me" key I'll be forgiven. On a golden ring these keys I bind: This is its motto : " Be ye kind." I'll often use each golden key, And then how happy I shall be. ANON.

#### SMALL THINGS.

A YOUNG artist once called upon Audubon, the great student of birds, to show him drawings and paintings. Audubon, after examining the work, said,-

"I like it very much, but it is deficient. You have painted the legs of this bird nicely, except in one respect. The scales are exact in shape and colour, but you have not arranged them correctly as to number."

"I never thought of that," said the artist.

Quite likely," said Audubon. "Now upon this upper ridge of the partridge's leg there are just so many scales. You have too many. Examine the legs of a thousand partridges, and you will find the scales the same in number."

This lesson shows how Audubon became great-by patient study of small things.

#### IF YOU'VE WORK TO DO.

"IF you've work to do, boys, Do it with a will; Those who reach the top, boys, First must climb the hill. Standing at the foot, boys, Gazing at the sky; How can you get up, boys, If you never try Though you stumble oft, boys, Never be downcast; Try, and try again, boys, You'll succeed at last.

THE REV. E. J. HARDY.

#### A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

WHEN Robert Hall was a boy, he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try and conquer it: so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer, "O Lamb of God, calm my mind." So completely was he enabled by the help of God to overcome this sin, that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper. He was an earnest and devoted servant of God, and for many years faithfully preached the Gospel of Christ.

### HONOUR THY . . . MOTHER.

THE late Dr. John Todd, the author of "Truth made Simple," wrote in the preface of the book this letter to his own child :-

"Far away from our house lives an aged widow. She has no children near her. She has no home. She has no money. She has been deprived of reason ever since I can remember; she does not even know her own children. That aged woman is your father's mother! For the last twelve years I have had the honour to provide for her, and to do it I have been obliged to use my pen. For this I have written books, and every penny of the proceeds has thus been devoted. Nothing else would ever have made me an author-nothing else would ever keep me one. Have I not done right? I charge you, then, my dear child, and I charge every child who reads this book, that if you live, and as long as you live, you never fail to be kind, affectionate, and grateful to your mother."

"Honour thy father and mother."

### Bible Questions.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

#### QUESTIONS.

- 1. NAME a title which is only once given to our Lord, except
- Ashe a title which is only once.

  by Himself.

  2. Where is the first mention of "the angel of the Lord"?

  3. What man is said to have had a "tender love" to another?

  4. Who was a living instance of the words of the Preacher in Eccles, xii, 3, 4, 5, etc.

  5. When did fire, at the touch of a staff, rise out of a rock and control of the control of the
- of the Lord once asked a man if he sought great things for himself, and told him not to do so. Who was it?

  The names of three daughters were given in memory of special mercies to their father. Mention the names and their significations.

- ANSWERS (See OCTOBER No., p. 239).
- 1. Mark xiv. 71, 72.
- 2. 1 Kings xvii. 20-22; 2 Kings iv. 32-35; xiii. 21.
- 3. Asher. Deut. xxxiii. 24, 25.
- 4. Ps. lxxxiv. 3; exxiv. 7; civ. 17; Eccles. x. 20; Cant. ii, 12;

Deut. xxxii, 11; Matt. viii, 20; xxiii, 37.

- 5. Neh. viii. 5.
- 6. Ezra iii. 2.
- 7. Solomon. 1 Chron. xxii. 9.
- 8. Rom. xvi. 5.

### The Housewife's Corner.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

### PRACTICAL HINTS.

TRUE Beauty. Bright eyes, sweet voices, and smiles about the mouth will add much to one's beauty and to one's circle of friends. A gentle, caressing touch is a rare possession. It goes hand in hand with beauty of character, and that means tenderness of heart, purity of purpose, honesty of soul, and kindliness of thought.

Barley Water.—Wash a tablespoonful of pearl barley in cold water, and then put to it two or three lamps of sugar, the rind of one lemon, and half the juice. Pour a quart of boiling water upon these, and allow it to stand some hours. Then strain it for use. Never use the barley a second time.—Dr. Arnold Lees.

A Cure for Sore Throat. Pat into a jug a handful of dry sage leaves, two tablespoonfuls of salt, four teaspoonfuls of vinegar, and one tablespoonful of Cayenne pepper; pour upon these a pint of boiling water, cover up close, and after standing half an hour, pour clear off through a bit of muslin into a bottle.

A LITTLE bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.
A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.

Vaseline makes the best dressing for brown shoes. Cold tea cleanses paint better than soap and water, unless

the paint is white, when milk is better still.

Greasy baths may be made perfectly clean by lightly scouring with a wet finned dipped in common salt.

Same every scrap of tissue paper that comes into the house for wighte looking classes. It gives a peculiar lustre to the glass. Turpentine will remove paint from woollen or silk fabrics. Saturate the spot with spirits of turpentine, and allow it to remain for hours. But the cloth between the fingers, and the paint will cramble of without injuring the goods.

Tidiness.-Tidy mothers teach their children to fold their clothes neatly on a chair every night. This keeps the sleeping

apartment tidy, and teaches order, but in one respect it is an objectionable habit. Clothes should be thoroughly aired before being worn again, and this is best done by hanging them up. A low row of pegs might be provided for the little people to hang their garments on; and in the morning also, to hang up their inghtgowns to be freely exposed to the air for a few hours before being folded up.

Waking too Early.—As a possible means of anusing a young prattler who wakes too early, nail lightly to the wall opposite the cot or bed some attractive pictures, easy to be understood by a childish mind. Beautiful engravings and coloured reproductions of works of art by men of genius may be procured nowadays for a trifling sum, such as Landseer's dog and deer pictures. The little ones will have delightful talks to themselves about the pictured wall: and they will be insensibly educated to a love of art.

Furniture to Clean.—First rub with cotton waste, dipped in boiled linseed oil; then rub clean and dry with a soft flannel cloth. Care should be taken that the oil is all removed.

To Tell Bad Eggs.—Put them in a pail of water. If good, they will lie on their sides; if bad, they will stand on their small ends, unless they have been shaken considerably.

### THE HOME DOCTOR.

A SPLINTER.—A bit of home surgery practised when a splinter is driven into a child's hand particularly deep is its extraction by steam. A bottle with a sufficiently wide mouth is filled two-thirds with very hot water, and the mouth is placed under the injured spot. The suction draws the flesh down when a little pressure is used, and the steam, in a minute or two, extracts inflammation and splinter together. This is very efficacious when the splint has been in for several hours, long enough to have started up some of its evil consequences.

Critical Periods.—The most critical period of life is the first year. If this is safely passed and old age is reached, the most critical period on the way is just about the age of sixty. "The turn of life," as this is called, is almost certain to lead to the grave or prolonged old age. Be cautious at sixty.

### From the Editor's Chair.

Our Christmas Number we have secured a number of striking features, not the least of which will be found to be the complete illustrated tale by Sydney Watson.

The plot is full of action, and is a notable example of this well-known author's stirring tales. We may safely say that our Christmas Number will be "wanted" more than ever this year.

The Price, with the December Magazine, is Twopence; but further single copies, price One Penny each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

To save disappointment in the supply, the Publisher offers to send a proportionate number both to the Clergy who localize Home Words, and also to the Trade. Copies unsold, if any, would not be charged, if returned before Christmas Day. The Number will be a suitable "Christmas Box" for Parish

The Number will be a suitable "Christmas Box" for Parish Gatherings, Robin Dinners, Railway Employees, Postmen, Cabmen, Police, etc. For quantities for this purpose address: The Manager, Home Words Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Our January
Number.

Happily there is no high-water mark for Home
Words. Each year a tide of new stories and
articles carries us far above the last year's mark.

In 1899 we hope to surpass all former records, and our January
Number may be taken as an indication of what is to come. First
we have a new serial tale by an old favourite, Edward Garrett,
whose story is entitled,

#### "God's Gold."

This is filustrated with six pictures drawn by A. Twidle. The second serial, illustrated in an entirely original way by E. Wool-

mer, has been written for us by Sarah Doudney. It is called

### "A Little Black Cat."

The New Year's Message by the Editor is on the subject of "The Great Giver." Then the Magazine will contain an unprecedented number of illustrated articles: "A Sheffield Blade," by the Rev. W. Odom, with photographic studies of the men at work; "The Story of My First Voyage," by W. Clark Russell, who by his writings has done so much for our merchant sailors: "Outposts of Our Church," by our Colonial Bishops, the first of which deals with Klondyke and its gold miners, and is magnificently illustrated; "Matrimonial Memories," by the Rev. G. A. Sowter, M.A.; a character sketch of the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, Principal of Wyeliffe Hall, by Dr. Moule, and the first of a series of home articles, entitled, "King Baby." The last five articles are fully illustrated by our own artists. We may also mention contributions by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married," and the Rev. F. Langbridge, who writes one of his inimitable songs.

For our young folk we have a splendid reproduction of a prize photograph, "The Duet," one of the most successful of studies from real life. The frontispiece, specially drawn for *Home Words* by Almée G. Clifford, pictures an English Maiden of the Olden Time.

Lastly, we have the illuminated Family Register, a copy of which will be presented with every number of the Magazine. In connection with this there will be a new Prize Competition.

The total number of illustrations will be thirty-eight, and among the artists we may mention A. Twidle, Will Morgan, Alfred Pease, Victor Prout, E. Woolmer and A. G. Clifford.



# HOME WORDS



BY SYDNEY WATSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL MORGAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

T was three days after Christmas, yet the two leading characters of our

the two leading characters of our story were sadder than they had ever before been in their lives; for they were on the eve of a parting that would probably extend for years—five, at the least.

Oh, the subtle bitter ironies that surround us in life, if only we

were not too engrossed amid our pleasures and pains to notice them!

While Steve Elliott and Annie McGill stand, hand locked in hand, and gazing sadly into each other's eyes, a light-hearted young dock clerk, hurrying from one goods office to another, passes the pair, and, all oblivious of them and of their sadness, sings clearly, softly:-

"Oh, it may be for years,
And it may be for ever:
Then, Kathleen Mavourneen—"

Turning a corner sharply, the singer and his song are lost to the listeners—or listener we should say, for Steve Elliott had not noticed the song.

But Annie had, and her already full heart bubbled up: and the welling waters overflowing their eye-banks, she suddenly dropped her face upon her lover's shoulder and gave way to a little storm of sorrowful weeping.

Soothing her with words, as steadily spoken as his shaking voice would permit, Steve urged the weeping girl to come on board the ship. "It will probably be quite another half-hour before she starts," he said.

With a strong effort Annie repressed her sobs, and trying to smile (the effect was very like a struggling beam of sunshine through a leaden, wintry sky) she said:—

"Forgive me, Steve, dear, but that young fellow's song, as he passed us singing, 'It may be for ever,' utterly unnerved me for the moment."

Speaking tender words of comfort, while he explained that he had not caught the words of the song, he led her across the brow that linked the quay-side with the vessel's deck. Passing down the companion-way he managed to secure a comparatively private nook of the great stateroom, where, seated by her side, he tried to say just those last things we all seek to utter on such occasions—and always fail to say.

Peace, good-will, and festivity were the three chief characteristics of London that day; and in spite of the poor, the abject poor, whom we have always with us, even the most wretched dwellers of that East End, near where our docks are, had caught some gleam of gladness from the festival that reigns among us at *Christ*-mas.

An hour ago Steve and Annie had sallied forth into those East End streets to get a little life into their chilled limbs, and had been interested and amused, in spite of the sorrow that filled their hearts, at an adventure that had befallen them.

Walking side by side, close linked arm-in-arm, and talking in tones as low as was practicable amid the rattle and din of the traffic over those granite-blocked streets, they were suddenly assailed by the cries of three or four blue-nosed, blue-toed, barefooted, ragged little lads, who,

standing before them, cried

piteously :-

"Oh, lydy! oh, gennelman! gie us a farden fur a dinner!"

"A farthing for a dinner," replied Steve, "what on earth do you mean? Where can you get a dinner for a farthing?"

"Up here, sir," chorussed the boys, pointing to a flight of three steps that led to what externally looked like a warehouse.

Curious to find out the truth, and the meaning of all this, Steve shouted:—

"Up you go then!" and the boys (their number had swollen to eight by this time) raced up the steps and awaited the slower arrival of their host and hostess.

The pair found that it was true. For a farthing the institution gave to poor children a basin of thick nourishing soup and a huge piece of bread, quite enough in all to make the hungry little folk a good dinner.

Steve paid the twopence for his eight guests, and leaving fourpence with the manager to provide a similar dinner for the boys for the next two days, left the place amid the chorus of



"'Oh, lydy! oh, gennelman! gie us a farden fur a dinner!"-Page 2.

"Good-luck-to-yer, lyda an' gennelman."

The wish was brokenly, chokingly uttered by the boys, whose throats were scalded with the boiling soup, and blocked by the ravenously bolted bread.

Everywhere about the pair, as they had paced those sordid noisy streets, the spirit of the glad season was abroad; but save for the momentary delight of being able to make happy eight ragged, starving street urchins, the two were sad enough themselves.

And now, after their return and a brief twenty minutes' comparative quiet in the state-room of the ship (the time of our story was twenty-five years ago, when the saloon of a ship was called the state-room), the cry rang through the vessel, "All ashore! All visitors leave at once!"

Steve led his fiancée on deck, and amid tears on both sides, the last words had to be uttered.

A few great feathery flakes of snow began to fall, and Annie, smiling sadly through her tears, held out her gloved hand and let one or two of the dainty white morsels rest upon it. Looking up into her lover's face, she said:—

"Steve, dear, it has come to me like a very message of comfort from heaven—a word which dropped from the lips of a great preacher, whom I heard last year at Southampton. He said, 'The feathers of God's promises, fluttering down from His open hand, are seized by His children on earth to wing their arrows of prayer back to His throne of Grace.'"

She pressed Steve's hand, and looked at him with loyal love shining in her eyes, as she said:—

"I too will catch hold upon God's promises, Steve, and will wing my prayers for you with them, that He will keep you safely, bring you back to me, and, above all, teach you more of Him as your Sayjour and Friend."

She was now almost the last shore visitor left on the deck, and urged by the preparations for removing the brow from the ship's side, she gave and received the last kiss. Then, blinded by her tears, she stumbled across the brow, and took her place among the watching friends on the quay.

The snow was now falling thick and fast, great flakes that "meant business," as a bystander muttered. The final movements of the vessel were very rapid in their execution, and before the watchers could scarce realize it, she began to move off. A thick falling snow will blot out objects speedier than a fog, and a moment or two sufficed to shut out the face of her lover from Annie's straining vision.

Something like a thick, scarcely suppressed sob passed through the crowd of watchers. It was one of those moments of anxious strain, when a touch of pathos brought to bear upon the crowd would have led to open weeping. But the pathetic



"Blinded by her tears she stumbled across the brow."-Page 3.

touch did not come. Instead, a note of rough humour was struck that served to save the situation. An old salt, one of those unconscious irrepressibles, who, without intending to pose before others, just yield to their natural habit of free expression of thought, began to talk as he cut himself a "quid." "A very queer world this, very! Take that 'ere wessel as a hillustration. In about four days she'll be baskin' in sunshine as 'ot as our Horgust, 'where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is wile,' as the poet says: while, like as not, us here 'll have a good three month o' frosts, when it 'll be cold enuff' to wrinkle the skin o' a Harmstrong gun."

The few who had heart enough to laugh, laughed heartily enough, and the diversion was sufficient to break the spell that had held the crowd rooted to the spot. Slowly the chilled watchers (there was nothing now to watch save the falling snow) moved away towards the dock gates—homewards.

Two hours later, Annie was at home in the little home at Brixton, where she lived with her mother. The mother was an invalid, a tender, sweet-faced, gracious woman, from whom Annie had inherited her sweetness and strength, and who had been the means of leading her only child

to that knowledge of sin forgiven, and fellowship with God, that makes its possessor strong to serve or to suffer.

The naturally sad-hearted girl could have had no better friend in this hour of her need than such a mother as Mrs. McGill; and as the two talked over the present and the future, Annie's mind fell back on God's promises of supporting grace, and as she entered fully into her mother's suggested plans of increased service for Christ among the needy and the suffering, her spirits rose rapidly from her dejection on parting from her lover.

"You may take it always, as an incontrovertible fact, Annie," said her mother, "that the surest, swiftest antidote for the sorrows of one's own heart and life, is to busy one's self in trying to carry comfort and sunshine to other sorrowing ones whose circumstances are less favourable than one's own."

Annie acted on her mother's counsel, and thus found comfort in her own sorrow:

#### CHAPTER II.

#### THE TWINS.

THE old sailor on the quay was right in his anticipation, for in four days the vessel on which Steve Elliott sailed was basking under the glowing rays of a semi-tropical sun. that time, too, as the weather was all that could be desired, even the ladies had succeeded in throwing off the horrors of sea-sickness, and, though many of them were still pale, and most of them "shaky on their pins," as the fo'c'sle would say, were yet fairly bright in spirits as they sat about in their deck-chairs beneath the white awnings, reading, chatting, some even working.

Four days had blunted a little the anguish of farewell from friends: and under the power of the sparkling sun, and life-giving, energising ozone that was filling all lungs and beginning to warm with colour every cheek, even the saddest began to look up, to get interested in things around, and to make acquaintances among their fellow pas-

sengers.

Steve Elliott's heart and spirits were still sore: but he was a man, and not a milk-sop: and facing things like a man, he began, the very morning after sailing, to cure his own sadness by trying to

help some one else.

He found a couple of the drollest little fellows. twin boys about five years of age, huddled up together under the lee of one of the upper-deck ventilators. They were looking very miserable, for they had been very sick with mal de mer. Always a favourite among children it did not take him five minutes to win their confidence, and but another ten to know their history.

"We's twins!" explained one of the boys.

"We is!" added the other in corroboration of his brother's statement.

"We's five years old now," continued No. 1; "and if we lives long enough we'll be fifty some day, an' have white 'staches, an' bald heads like the platliarches."

"Uncle John said so, an' he knows everyfink; fur Aunt Mary says he 'member fings wot never

happened," corroborated No. 2.

"Helen's Babies" had not appeared in those days, so Steve Elliott could not liken his find to those two prodigies, but he knew he had made a most remarkable discovery.

"My name's Teddy, an' brother's name's

Tommy," explained No. 1.

"We wasn't named like that," added Tommy; "Teddy was called, George, Edward, Planknanny-

"He can't say Planknaggenent," corrected the brother interrupting, "so he says 'Plank-nannygoat,' though I keeps tellin' him nanny-goats have got horns an' long beards on their chins, an' I haven't got no hair there at all."

Scarcely able to speak for choking laughter, Steve said, "Well, George, Edward, Planknaggenent, what is Tommy's full name?"

"Dolphins, Diggusts, Thomas, Benyon."

"Teddy always says, 'Diggusts,' but he means ''Gustus,' an' he says 'Dolphins' for 'Dolphus,' though I tells him lots o' times, that Dolphins is fishes wath turns all sorts o' colours when they's dyin'."

Tommy gazed with awed eyes up into the face of Steve, as, accepting his brother's statement and explanation, he said, in a kind of hushed voice :-

"Teddy wur like a Dolphin last night when the sea-sick come along badly, fur he turned all sorts o' colours, an' I thought he wath goin' to die."

If Steve would have let them, the boys would have talked on in this strain indefinitely, each utterance of Plantagenet serving as a cue for Adolphus. But what our hero was anxious to know was, who had charge of them, or to what party in the ship they were attached.

Leaving out their own funny style of answers, Steve Elliott learned the facts, which we set down

here in sober form.

The family name was Benyon, the father was something in Indigo. Mrs. Benyon had been on a visit to England, taking her eldest born children, the twins, with her. There was one other child, a little girl whom the boys (tripping over the letter K.) spoke of as Taty, and whom they explained had been left behind with the ayah and with "farver, bec'os she wath too little to trabel about by herself like us."

Asked who was supposed to be looking after

them now, in the ship, the boys agreed that nurse "ought, only she's ever so *upspilt* with the seasick, an' so's muvver, only muvver's badder than nurse."

Having acquired all the information actually necessary, Steve told the boys that if they would accept him he would gladly be mother, father, and nurse rolled into one, to them, adding, "There will be just time for me to take you to the bathroom and give you a wash before the breakfast gong goes."

The two irrepressibles looked at each other;

then evidently reading in each other's inscrutable faces what no one else in the world could have read, they smiled and nodded and made themselves over, in trust, to their volunter guardian.

Taking a hand of each he was leading them to the companion-way, when one of them stopped, and looking up into his face, said, without the ghost of a smile:—

"I thay, Mr. Elliott, you must be sure an' wash us both."

"Of course I will," replied Steve, wonder-

ing what had put this strange doubt into the youngster's mind.

Both boys laughed, and began to tell the same story in one breath. Then Tommy giving way to his brother, Teddy went on:—

"It wath such a lark once, when we had this new nurse first. Mother 'gaged her in England; an' the first time she barfed us before we went to bed, we kept on laughin' until we didn't know what to do; an' she spoke cross to us, an' said 'Go to sleep at once, you lickle monkeys'; an' then we laughed ever so much more; so she went down an' told mother, 'cos she thought we'd be ill

laughin' so. 'An' mother came up into the room an' tried to look cross, but she couldn't, 'cos her face is too pretty, an' she asked us what we were laughing about, an' we said, 'Why you'd laugh, mother, if you wath us; 'cos nurse don't know one from the other, an' she's give Tommy two barfs an' not barfed me at all.'"

Before the day was over, and when the two lads had had two good meals, breakfast and luncheon, and their lungs had been fully charged with the ozone of that sun-lit ocean, the very last trace of their sea-sickness had disappeared, and they

> proved themselves an incessant source of delight and amusement to Steve.

On the fourth morning, among the very first of the ladies to appear was Mrs. Ben-She had yon. heard some wondrous stories from her twins of the care and guardianship of their newfound friend; and when Steve, seeing her appear on deck, hastened to lead her to a deck chair, and make her generally comfortable, she gave him almost tearful thanks for all he had done for her boys.



"'My name's Teddy, an' brother's name's Tommy, explained No. 1."-Page 4.

They soon became great friends, a state of things more easily fallen into amid the monotonies of a long ship's voyage than perhaps under any other condition of civilized life.

In her free-and-easy, unconventional style, Mrs. Benyon remarked, one day, "I saw a fair lady on the ship with you in the docks, Mr. Elliott; and there was no need to ask what relation you stood to each other, since your glances were so eloquent. But—but what a pity you could not have married before you left England, and have brought that charming girl out with you to Ceylon. Believe me, it would have been so much happier for you."

Steve smiled at the last statement, as though he wondered that his companion could suppose it necessary to tell him such a very palpable fact.

Then, in explanation, he replied :-

"Ah, Mrs. Benyon, I needed no one to tell me I should be happier with Annie by my side in the new land to which I am going; but it could not be. She has an invalid mother whom she could not leave, and who could not have borne the journey across the seas: and, for all the love I bear her, I dared never ask her to leave her mother."

He sighed softly as the continued:—"Five years will slip by, at last, though it does sound like an eternity in prospect: and, as Annie said 'We shall have more joy in the after-knowledge of having done what was right, than we could ever have had if we studied ourselves only."

They were sitting on the after part of the deck, under the doubled awning; the sea was as smooth as it ever is in that latitude, except when dead calms reigned; a drowsy quiet was over all the ship, amid which the creak of a wheel-rope, the chink of a pan, plate, or pot in the galley forward, or the dull thuds of a seaman's serving mallet, as the man worked in one of the chains, broke upon the drowsy silence with a strange sharpness.

Amid this quietude there came a sudden scream, a splash, and a cry of "Man overboard!" Leaping to his feet and glancing instinctively to where, near the ship's rail, he had seen the twins playing a moment or two before, Steve saw that Tommy was missing, and that Teddy was standing screaming, and the image of frantic despair.

Mrs. Benyon, too, had seen all this, and she raced to the ship's side, an agonized cry upon her

nps

Events move at times like this with lightninglike rapidity. Long before the bulk of the crowding passengers had grasped the true meaning of the alarm, they caught a glimpse of Steve Elliott, standing for one brief moment upon the rail of the ship. Then they heard the splash as he dived into the sea. Rising to the surface a moment later, Steve caught a glimpse of the white Holland suit of Tommy, and struck out for the drowning boy.

A quarter of an hour later, when the ship's engines had been reversed, and a boat had been lowered, the watching passengers, who had seen the boat's crew drag into her the forms of the rescued and rescuer, greeted the return of our hero, as he came up over the side, with cheers that were fairly deafening.

Dropping the dripping but uninjured boy into the mother's arms, Steve just whispered:—"Don't cry; he's all right, Mrs. Benyon." Then with a wave of his hand to the excited watchers on deck, he darted below.

The incident caused a good deal of excitement in the ship, and later on, when Steve appeared,

he had to stand more lionising than he cared for. When Mrs. Benyon came on deck she was the recipient of a wave of universal, sympathetic congratulations. But breaking away from the crowd she made her way to Steve, who was standing alone. Those about her understood her desire to thank the man who had saved her child's life.

The vessel was now pursuing the old track, round the Cape of Good Hope, and there were yet some weeks of steaming before she would arrive at her first port of call,—Colombo,—where Steve Elliott was to land.

Colombo was reached at last, and the friends had to part. Mrs. Benyon felt that she owed Steve a debt greater than any other that a mother could owe.

"If only my husband could see you, Mr Elliott," she cried, "and add his warm thanks to mine!"

Steve himself felt the parting, and a sense of loneliness came over him as he contemplated his shore-going, among total strangers. Tommy, the rescued one, caused a little humorous diversion, by saying, in farewell:—

"Good-bye, Mr. Elliott: an' don't furget, if ever I have to have another farver, an' you wants a place as farver to two little boys an' a gel called Taty, why, me an' Teddy will 'gage you fur the sit-er-ation."

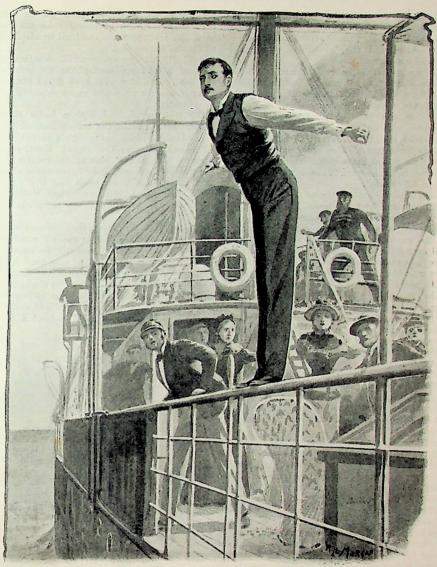
#### CHAPTER III.

ILL NEWS.

"FIVE years will pass, in time," Steve Elliott had said once to Mrs. Benyon, when they talked of the separation of the lovers. And now the five years laid behind Steve, and 'England, Home, and Beauty' lay before him. Under his feet was the deck of the homeward-bound steamer; all around him was the ocean that was to bear him on its bosom; while within him was a heart that beat like a caged, fluttering bird, in its longing impatience for a sight of the face, and the sound of the voice of his loved one.

In the pretty little morning-room of her bright little home at Brixton, Annie McGill is sitting at her piano. There is a far-away dreamy look in her eyes. As she sings she is evidently thinking of something or some one not visible to the natural eye. She knows, that, all well, a few weeks will see Steve Elliott home, and then—then—she laughs in heart-glee when her soul dwells upon this thought, that—then they will be parted no more, until God's call in death shall part them.

Suddenly there is a ring at the front door. She does not notice it, but sings on in her delight of heart expectation. Yet, that same ring is destined to be a very death-knell to all her present hopes and rose-hued dreams.



"Then they heard the splash as he dived into the sea."-Page 6.

The visitor who enters the house a moment later is a very old and very true friend of the McGills; and at his own request is ushered into the presence of the invalid mother. In his hand he holds a folded newspaper. His first words, after greeting his friend, are, "I want you, dear Mrs. McGill, for your daughter's sake, as well as your own, to be very brave, for I have some very bad news for her."

"Steve Elliott?" gasped the invalid.

"Yes." And as he uttered the word, he handed the paper, folded with a blue-marked spot outside.

"Read it to me," murmured the stricken

invalid; and as she spoke she closed her eyes, and there flashed from her heart a swift prayer to God for strength—for help to bear all that was coming.

The visitor read the blue-lined paragraph,

which told a sad story.

"The Spice-Queen (the vessel in which Steve Elliott was known to have sailed in from Ceylon) had caught fire and been blown up at sea. Nearly all the boats, with the passengers and crew, had safely made the port of St. Louis, Mauritius. Two boats were missing. One of these was a cutter, which the survivors from the wreck stated they saw submerged. The other boat was the dinghy, into which Steve Elliott was seen to leap after a return to the vessel in search of a dog that had been left behind.

"There is no doubt," continued the paper, "that Mr. Elliott sacrificed his own life in his endeavour to rescue the poor animal: for nothing was ever seen of the boat or its solitary passenger after the explosion on board of the Spice-Queen, which was witnessed at a distance by the occu-

pants of the other boats."

This was the newspaper record. This was the terrible news which the visitor to the McGills brought that day: the cloud which descending suddenly on Annie's life blotted out all its sunshine. The shock for a time seemed to threaten to deprive her of her reason. For two months she had been busy with her preparations for her wedding; but now, funeral must take the place of bridal robes.

When she recovered from the illness that followed that first terrible shock, she amazed her friends by refusing to wear mourning. "No one," she explained, "saw Steve drowned. There is no proof that he is dead, and something tells me now that he is not."

Her friends, even the doctor, were inclined to think that this thought as to her lover being still alive was a vagary of an over-wrought brain. But, buoyed up with her newly-conceived hope, she learned soon to take an interest again in the

pursuits of her former life.

All who came in contact with her remarked a new and added tenderness and grace of manner about her; though few, save her mother, knew of the secret cause and spring. It was indeed an answer to trustful prayer. Alone, she would often cry aloud, "O God! my God! keep my heart strong in hope! Thou knowest where my darling is; oh bring him back safely to me!" And God heard and answered.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

A SHIP'S dinghy was tossing on the heaving bosom of the Indian Ocean. The tiny boat was

the toy of the waves, for there was neither sail nor oar nor rudder at play for her steerage or help. To all appearance the frail cockle-shell was adrift and uncccupied.

Suddenly the gaunt, wasted, weather-tanned face of a man appeared above the gunwale of the boat. His bloodshot eyes gazed yearningly, wearily around upon the great swelling wilderness of water.

His lips moved, and with a habit that had grown upon him in the sea-solitude of the past eight days, he spoke his thoughts aloud:—

"Always, always the same! Ever, ever the same! Always the blazing, scorching sun by day; always the colder, brilliant moon at night: and both glare down upon me like eyes that mock rather than pity me. They watch me in my misery; they follow me by night and by day."

A deep sigh followed, that became almost a groan, and again his eyes ranged wearily over the world of waters. Presently he continued,—"What do those two mocking eyes see? A cockleshell, not a whit more safe than the single-beam catamaran, a thing which, but for the calm of the past eight days would have been splintered into matchwood, or would have filled and sunk to the bottom, to become a wooden hammock for mermaids to rock in."



"'No one,' she exclaimed, 'saw Steve drowned. There is no proof that he is dead." -Page 8.

He paused again for a brief moment or two; mechanically his eyes swept the sea: then his voice broke the silence once more:

"Always the same! North, east, south, west, the sea locks hands with the sky, till the whole thing looks like some monster hideous trap, made

to grip poor me."

The long, rolling ocean-swell rocked the boat to and fro. The waters beat with a soft, murmuring, musical lap-lap against her sides. Poets may write of the music of the lapping waves, but to Steve Elliott it sounded like the mocking laughter of some deadly, relentless foe.

Again and again his weary eyes swept the ocean waste, but no sail greeted his longing gaze. Gradually there crept into his face a look of mingled despair and fierce desire. A great struggle was evidently going on within him. His eyes became rivetted upon a spot under the stern bench opposite to the one on which he was sitting. His lips slowly parted again, and he murmured.—

"Why shouldn't I? What is the use of mocking myself with a crumb a day Why not have the delight of one fair meal? Perchance I

may then sleep, and-and-"

He paused; life was sweet, and he could not contemplate dying without a certain amount of hesitancy. He did not utter the rest of his thought.

The longing for food shook him like an attack of palsy. His fingers twitched and worked with a clinging, clutching movement. The water trickled from the corners of his mouth. A sudden fierce smile overspread his face: and, stooping, he lifted a small brass-bound breaker, and a black tarpaulin bag, and placed them on the seat by his side.

From the bag he took a whole ship's biscuit—it was a large-sized one, and very thick. They were miser fingers that clutched it, they were miser eyes that gloated over it.

He bit a piece ravenously from the hard biscuit. A crumb, the size of a pea, fell on to the grating in the bottom of the boat. He stooped, picked it up, and transferred it to his black parched lips with the greedy haste of starvation.

He ate ravenously. Occasionally he would lift the breaker, drain a half-gill into the battered tin that had served for a boat's bailer, and drink the liquid slowly, carefully, so that no drop was wasted.

The strange meal was finished at length; the last drop was drained from the keg, the last crumb of biscuit, though little more than a mote of dust in size, had been picked up on the moistened finger-tip and greedily swallowed.

An unwonted drowsiness came over him, and yielding to the influence he laid himself back in the stern-sheets of the boat, put his hand under his head, and in a few minutes was sleeping calmly. His last waking thought had found utterance in the murmured words:—"Poor Annie! God help her!"

Rocked in the cradle of the deep, the little boat with its sleeping occupant drifted aimlessly on.

Would Steve Elliott ever wake again?

#### CHAPTER V.

"THOSE CRIMES! WHAT DO THEY MEAN?"

The derelict boat tossed upon the swelling waters of the great ocean for many hours, and Steve's senses, held in a deep sleep, kept his soul from conscious misery.

But he awoke at last! Awoke to find the tropical heaven brilliant with a myriad flashing stars, and with the great moon flooding all the

blue-grey waters with a silver light.

He awoke from a troubled sleep, with the music of mingled Christmas and wedding-chimes seemingly ringing in his ears. At first it was hard for him to realize that it was all a dream. So vivid had been the meutal picture which sleep had conjured up, that it seemed like a delusion when—instead of the snow-covered ground of Brixton, the carriages, the congratulatory friends, the solemn service, his lovely bride—there should be nothing but the dreary waste of waters, with starry eyes above twinkling down upon him in seeming mockery.

But he realized at last that his fancy had all been a dream, that the ocean wilderness was the reality, and all the pictured happiness was but a dream.

In spite of his thirty years of life, he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

Yet, amid all his newly-realized misery, the sound of those chimes seemed still to ring in his ears; and presently the thoughts of Christmastides of long ago flooded his soul.

Then came the question to his heart: "What does Christmas really mean?"

Of course he knew that it was the anniversary of the wondrous Birth which tells of "Peace on Earth, good-will to men." He was not, he never had been, an irreligious man, but it had been left to this weary time of solitude on the ocean, when death stared him in the face, to discover to him the true meaning of the Angels' Song.

The waters murmured their gentle lappings all about the boat. He looked with wondering awe across the vast, heaving ocean-surface, and some well-remembered words sounded in his heart:—
"The sea is HIs and He made it!" And then there came to him, as it were, the sweet story of old from Bethlehem of One who—



"The boat's crew saw the action, and shouted cheerily to him."-Page 11.

"Laid His glory by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth!"

Before the sun rose in the early eastern morn, Steve Elliott, with a stronger faith than he had ever had before, realized the Glory of God revealed in the Face of Jesus Christ. On the stormy ocean he had seen Jesus the Saviour—and heard in his troubled, fearful soul the Christmas message, "It is I, be not afraid."

Once more drowsiness overcame him and he slept.

The Rangoon, a splendid Indian trader, with accommodation for a dozen passengers, was making all she could out of a sailing breeze, to save her coal and help her passage, by crowding upon her gleaming white spars every stitch of canvas she could set.

One or two of the earlier risers among the passengers were on deck. The second mate had charge. Suddenly from the foretop gallant crosstrees the hail rang out:

—"Deck ahoy!"

"Hullo!" shouted the mate.

"Open boat, away off the port bow, sir!" came ringing down from aloft.

"How far off should you think?" asked the mate.

"Not a mile, sir!" was the response.

"Any one aboard her?" asked the mate again.

"Can't make out ne'er a soul!" came

again in reply.

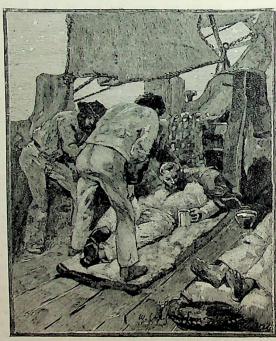
By this time almost every one in the ship was on the alert. Passengers, hastily attired, came streaming up the companion. The captain and all the officers, save the first mate, who was sleeping off the

strain of the middle watch, had reached

The sea was quiet, and the Rangoon sailed on, every moment drawing nearer to that floating speck on the great waters. The captain, having taken charge of the deck, had sent the second mate aloft with the glass, to report upon the sighted boat.

"What do you make out?" he again shouted from the deck. "Any one aboard the craft?"

"I make her a ship's dinghy, sir," floated down in reply from the mate aloft. "And it looks as if there was a man huddled up in her."



"Steve was still unconscious when they lifted him to the deck."-Page 11.

"Lower a boat smartly, Mr. Archer," cried the captain to the third officer.

The "Aye, aye, sir," of Mr. Archer was followed in an incredibly short space by the splash of the lowered craft.

The passengers and all on board watched the eager strain of the boat's crew as they "laid to their oars," and the bounding craft sprang over the waters.

The Rangoon herself swung her yards aback,

they seemed to stretch themselves out to him in a saving, rescuing gesture. He stretched his own thin, gaunt hands out to them in response.

The boat's crew saw the action, and shouted cheerily to him. Moments seemed like millenniums; then, at last, the two boats were alongside. Oars were tossed in the larger craft, willing hands grasped the gunwale of the dinghy; but its occupant had swooned when the cutter took the rocking, rudderless craft in tow.



"'We s'all get to England about Kissmass, Dolly."-Page 12.

and waited. A hush came over the watchers on the ship's deck.

Suddenly the head of a man reared itself from out of the stern of the castaway dinghy. There was a look of bewildered wonder and a strained, wild yearning in the sunken eyes.

Steve Elliott—for it was he—gazed at the rescuing boat as it raced towards him. The gleam of the flashing oars was as the light of life to him. He watched their sweeping stroke; nearer and nearer they came to him. Like longing arms

A few moments more, and the dinghy, with its unconscious occupant, was being skilfully swung on board the Rangoon. Steve was still unconscious when they lifted him, with tender touch, from the dinghy to the deck, and then carried him to a comfortable bunk.

Awaking to semi-consciousness a few minutes after, the doctor administered some strengthening food and a cordial. Then once more the weary derelict slept.

It was late in the afternoon when Steve finally

awoke. Wondering where he was, and what had happened to him, he remained perfectly still, letting his eyes, however, rove round the roomy cabin in which he found himself.

Slowly it all came back to him, and grateful tears rolled down his cheeks, while his lips moved to the silent praise that his heart sent back to

God.

Just as he felt like closing his eyes again, he was arrested by the voice of a child from another part of the ship. Raising himself on his elbow he could see the little one through the open door of his cabin. She looked to be about five years old, and she sat in the doorway of an opposite cabin, playing with a large black doll.

"Now sit up, like a dood dolly," she was saying, "an' I'll sing you a Kissmass callol; we s'all get to England about Kissmass, Dolly, an' g'anpa'll

want me an' you to sing callols to him."

Steve's delighted, interested eyes took in every item of the scene—the fair, golden-haired child, in her pale blue wrapper costume; the striking contrast formed by the sable-hued doll, with its brilliant chintz frock; the tiny camp-stool upon which dolly was perched. The whole picture was framed in the square of the doorway, while the light which streamed through the pink glass scuttle beyond, showed up the varied cabin appointments with a quaintness of effect that would have charmed an artist.

"Dolly sing with Katy!" continued the child, and the next moment the childish treble rang

out in the old, old words :-

"Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"

As he watched and listened, Steve Elliott gave silent thanks for the "Reconciliation" of which the child sang.

She was just commencing another verse, when a shadow fell across the spot where she sat, and the sick man saw a gentleman pause before the quaint picture.

"Well, Miss Katy," Steve heard him say, "and what do you think you are doing?"

"I'se teaching dolly to sing a Kissmass callol, mister doctor, betause the cap'n told my mamma that the ship would be home by Kissmass."

Steve, watching, saw the doctor pat the pretty little golden head, as he said, "Yes, we all hope so! I wonder, Katy, if the poor gentleman we saved from the little boat to-day wants to get home by Christmas. I must go and ask him."

The next minute Steve found the doctor's kindly face bent over him, and his cheery voice asked :-

"Do you feel better?" Answering his own question, he continued, "But I see you are; and if you will only follow my instructions carefully,

you will be sitting among us under the awning on the poop in a few days."

The doctor was a true prophet. In a few days, his story fully known by every one, Steve was led on deck and placed in a comfortable chair in the shadiest spot beneath the awning.

Quite the hero of the hour, the passengers began to press around him to congratulate him on his recovery, and to express their deepest sympathy

with him in his weakness.

As he looked up to thank them, his eyes met the anxious, enquiring gaze of Mrs. Benyon! She took his wasted hand in hers, exclaiming, "You, Mr. Elliott! Oh, my friend, to think that it should be you whom we saved!"

"Who is it, Nanette?" asked a tall gentleman, laying his hand on Mrs. Benyon's shoulder.

Mrs. Benyon looked up into her husband's face, and with rapid, excited speech replied,—

"This is the friend, dear George, who risked his own life to save our dear boy's, when I was coming back to you five years ago—this is Mr. Elliott."

The greeting of George Benyon was as earnest and grateful as that of his wife had been: and when the story of Steve's gallant rescue of Tommy had been told to the people on board, our hero was in danger of being almost idolized.

His recovery was from this time rapid. Mrs. Benyon constituted herself his special nurse. Mr. Benyon also proved a splendid companion: and the child Katy (who was a little older than Steve had supposed) was scarcely ever absent from his side, while she was continually cheering him with the remark, "We s'all be home by Kissmass, you know!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

" SWEETHEARTS CATCH THE TOW-ROPE."

What a wondrous passage home the Rangoon made!

"All the years I've been at sea," the captain declared once at dinner, "I've never known a ship travel as this ship has; and I've never known such perfect weather, such constant freedom from storm, such even, fair winds. It passes my comprehension!"

"It's because of Mr. Elliott," replied Mrs. Benyon, to the amusement of the other passengers.

Steve laughingly protested at being made the good angel of the unwonted blessings that had come to the ship.

"I'm afraid you'll have to allow it," replied the

captain.

"Besides," laughed Mrs. Benyon, "the sailors one and all declare that the pace we are making is caused by the sweethearts of the unmarried men on board having hold of the ship's tow-rope. And if we, living in a nautical Rome, would do as



"He had taken out a reporter's note-book, and busied himself with writing rapidly."—Page 13.

nautical Romans do, we must accept the theory of the tars: in which case, I ask, who is so likely to pull the strongest on that unseen tow-rope to which the *Rangoon* is attached, but the lovely girl to whom, five years ago, I saw Mr. Elliott say good-bye when we, he and I and my two boys, with others, left the East India Docks?"

Steve saw he could do nothing but give in to his kindly tormentor.

The dozen passengers who had elected to come home in this trader, with her specially-tempting roomy berths, were capitally assorted, and had blended into a singularly happy, family-like company; so that pleasantry was quite the ordinary thing among them.

There was no denying that the homeward-bound passage was a phenomenal one, and little Katy's prophecy looked certain to become true, that the ship would reach Southampton (at which place she was due to call) quite a couple of days before the 25th.

Early on the morning of the 22nd of December, they sighted the Start land on the Devon coast. Then disappointment came to all, in the shape of a sudden calm.

At nine o'clock a pilot cutter bore down on them, and put a pilot on board. At the same time he took, as a passenger for the shore, a gentleman who had been perfectly willing to pay down a large sum on condition that they ran him into Dartmouth at once. So great was the eagerness of Steve Elliott, in common with many others of the passengers, to see Annie again, that he was hardly restrained from seeking a passage on the cutter himself. Resisting the impulse, he decided

to remain with the ship and his friends until the last. The truth is he had not yet succeeded in deciding how to approach Annie, on his arrival, without giving her a too sudden shock, since he knew the report of his having been lost must long since have reached her.

Meanwhile, the passenger who had been landed at Dartmouth, had made his way to the railway station, and taken a train to Exeter. In the carriage he entered he came face to face with an old friend, and, within five minutes, was pouring out the story of Steve Elliott's wonderful rescue—this episode being by far the most marvellous of any of the reciter's adventures since he left England.

There were two other persons in the compartment as the friends talked. One was a slightmade, alert-looking man, who almost immediately the late Rangoon passenger began his story, had taken out a reporter's book, and busied himself with writing rapidly on its narrow-lined pages. No one appeared to notice his movements. At the moment of arrival at Exeter he leaped from the carriage, and racing to where the London train was on the point of departure, just caught it.

### CHAPTER VII.

"CHIME AGAIN, CHIME AGAIN, BEAUTIFUL BELLS."

THE old gentleman friend of the McGills, whose sad office it had been to carry the tidings of the loss of the swift mail-ship in which Steve Elliott had left Ceylon, always took a constitutional before breakfast. The chief object of this early walk was to secure his morning paper a full half-hour before it would otherwise be delivered at his house.

Standing in the news-shop, he would take a rapid glance over the head-lines, that he might acquaint himself with the leading news at once. Opening his paper in this way, in the shop where he had purchased it, on the morning of the 23rd of December, his eye lighted upon the heading:—

#### "ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN!

"A DERELICT COFFEE-PLANTER, MR. STEVE ELLIOTT, OF CEYLON, PICKED UP BY THE CLIPPER TRADER, THE RANGOON."

Intensely excited, the old gentleman could scarce give himself time to grasp fully the wonder of the escape of Steve, before he bounced out of the shop, and calling a hansom from the cab-rank just outside, bade the man drive "like fits" to the address he gave—the McGills' villa.

It wanted ten minutes to eight even when he arrived at the house: but he was not too early for Annie, who was seated at her breakfast, having with her own hands already carried her mother's tray to her room.

The sound of his voice, speaking in eager, excited tones to the maid in the hall, aroused Annie, and sent her flying out to meet him, an eager light in her eyes, the words,—"Steve! he is safe!" bursting from her lips.

"Yes, yes, my child, he is; but keep calm and strong!" he replied, as, taking her by the arm, he led her back into the pretty little breakfast parlour.

She turned very pale, but she did not faint; and feeling that her own eyes, love-quickened, would be better than his stumbling speech, he gave her the folded newspaper.

Just a little scud of flying tears blinded Annie's eyes for a moment or two, as she finished her rapid scanning of the startling column. Then, full of an eager alertness, she said, "What is the first thing to do, Mr. Elstone, since, as this paper states, in all probability the vessel will arrive at Southampton some time this afternoon, if not before?"



"Suddenly he caught a glimpse of the face of a lady as she came up over the vessel's side."—Page 15.

"The first thing is to give God thanks," replied the old man. "Then finish your breakfast. If you don't do that I won't help you a bit. The next thing is to acquaint your dear mother with the news. Then take a hansom and catch the 9.30 train from Waterloo, and you will be in Southampton by twelve, or a little before. If you'll give me some breakfast, I'll go with you to Waterloo, and — Well, a cup of tea, please, my child."

There was no resisting this old friend, with his quiet power of resistless force, and though Annie declared she could *not* cat or drink another bite or sup, she did a little of both.

Then while the servant was fetching a cab, and Mr. Elstone was finishing his breakfast, Annie, full-hearted, and silently praiseful, ran to tell her mother how her own long-assured hope was fulfilled. This done, she prepared swiftly for her journey, and in another moment of two had

kissed her mother and commended her to God for the day, and was flying downstairs to the waiting cab.

She caught the quick train from Waterloo, and was soon rushing through Surrey and Hants enroute for the "City of Canute."

It was nearly two o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd, when the Rangoon, after a long tow that day, entered Southampton waters. The ship had turned into the great inlet, with her head pointing up the beautiful river to where the great town along the waterside, seven miles away, spread. She was abreast of Calshot, when a tender was seen tearing down the Waters, evidently on its way to meet her.

Steve saw it, and again his mind was tormented with the question, "What is my wisest course?" He decided that the only thing he could do, was to get ashore as quickly as possible, travel to London, and be guided by circumstances when the time of arrival actually came.

He watched with curious interest the arrival alongside of the tender. Then, as he knew there could be no one for him, he walked across the deck, and through the clear frosty air carelessly watched some of the arrivals on board—for the

medical officer had given the ship her "Clean Bill."
Suddenly, in the light of that early-setting
December sun, he caught a glimpse of the face of

a lady as she came up over the vessel's side, which sent him flying over the deck.

Before she had seen him, he was in front of her—he had seized her hands, and kissed her passionately, oblivious of the many eyes that watched.

"Annie, my love! how came you here?"

But Annie had no words to reply. She had borne all well up to this point, and now her face dropped upon his shoulder, and she could only sob out her joy.

"Bring her down below, Mr. Elliott," said a voice at Steve's elbow: and taking Mrs. Benyon's advice, Steve led Annie down the companionway.

Every one in the ship knew their story. All realized that their meeting was no ordinary one, and no one was inclined to be over-critical that day.

The Christmas Chimes brought gladness to millions of hearts that year, but none were happier than Annie McGill and Steve Elliott. Steve told again the story how he had seemed to hear the bells when, amid his semi-delirium in his derelict state, he had awakened, on the wide trackless ocean, to find himself a castaway instead

of a bridegroom: and how the thoughts of the Christmas Saviour, suggested to his mind, had led him to seek and find the Christmas pardon and the Christmas life.

There was another peal of bells on New Year's Day; and Annie and Steve left a certain church as "Mr. and Mrs. Elliott,"—a kindly vicar, a ring of gold, and a marriage service having united them in the holy bonds of that already.

Annie had thought she wanted another month for preparations, but Steve had insisted that a man so liable to become derelict, as he had proved himself, needed some one to take care of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Benyon, the Twins (who had been at school in England for two years), and 'Taty,' with her 'Kissmass Callol,' were all present at the wedding, and Mrs. Benyon made Annie smile, when they were alone together, by saving:—

"You are a happy girl, my dear, in getting such a husband as Steve Elliott, for he's a—he's a—well, I may as well say what I mean—he's a perfect duck of a noble fellow, and—But, nonsense aside, dear Annie, my dear husband and I both admire your dear one immensely, and we owe him a debt of grateful love which we can never, never repay, since he saved our darling boy. Morning and night, as long as we live, we shall pray for God's blessing to rest upon him, and upon you too, dear, since you are the 'better half' of him, now."

THE END.

# In the Land of the Ried Man.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. RIDLEY, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.



INTERS in the land of the Red Men, as the Indians are called, are very severe. The mercury is frozen in the thermometer, and I have seen the spirit sink to 64° below zero! To get water a hole must be cut through from three to five feet of ice on the river. Washing, therefore, is a serious difficulty, and dirt less insanitary than

in summer, when a bath is a delight. There is some excuse for winter dirt.

Once I was called to see a very old Pagan who was ill. In order to ascertain her condition I wanted to use my stethoscope. Oh, the horror she evinced at the thought of removing or opening parts of her clothing! At last she consented to a woman who was willing to try to bare her bosom. It was like peeling an onion. She had not undressed all the winter, which lasts eight months where she lived. The newest garment was on the surface, and each was dirtier than the last removed. When I stooped over the poor old thing, and placed my ear to the stethoscope, I had

to rush into the open air to avoid the worst consequences of nausea.

Then I made a second attack, holding my breath as long as I could: and, satisfying myself as to the stage of the bronchitis, sought the pure, frosty air without delay.

The Christian Indians have made great progress during the last twenty years. The Red Man's family life, which as a heathen did not exist, is happy and wholesome. He and his children dress neatly, are clean in their personal habits, and are very considerate of each other. They are goodtempered and never have a violent quarrel. I never heard a woman raise her voice in anger, or of a man who ever struck a woman but once, and then he was delirious. He was the head of the constabulary, but his men insisted on his being removed and disrated because he assaulted a woman. Formerly they were great smokers. I have often seen an old woman pass her lighted pipe to her tiny grandchild to keep alight for her while she talked with me. Since our work has been established among them they have gene-



CHRISTMAS IN THE LAND OF THE RED MAN.

rally given up the use of tobacco, and all are teetotallers. What I have written applies to the coast-Indians for the most part. In the interior Christianity is gaining rapidly, but the social progress is less noticeable. Christmas, as the illustration

shows, is duly kept.

The Red Man easily distinguishes between the English as spoken by the Irish, Scotch, or American, and is sure to pick up the pure tones if he once hears it from lips he has learnt to trust. Difficulties he has, and old people rarely overcome them. For instance, the Indian has no R in his alphabet, and when he meets with it in English for a long time he turns it into L. You hear lispers and children do the same in England, but less pronounced. When speaking to the natives I do it myself sometimes, if using our words with an R in them. Richard becomes Lichet; Robert, Lobbat; Mary, Maly; and "Rock of Ages" is Lock of Ages. The hymn beginning "Go bury thy sorrow," and the refrain containing the line, "To wear a Robe and a Crown," provoke a smile even in Church.

An Indian of my crew going up the river Nass, wanted to show off his English, which he had just begun to study, and would exchange the native word meop, which means rice, for another word. In a low whisper I told him what the word rice meant with the R changed to L! He dropped his head and paddle as if in a fit. The other asked what was the matter, and he passed on my information. In a moment the

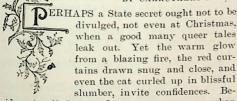
river valley resounded with attempts to say l'rice, ending in a thunder of laughter. For half an hour the rehearsal went on, till they thought they could say rice without the suggestion of lice for dinner. The missionaries, however, do not have the

laugh all on their side.

In India I have seen a congregation of native Christians listen impassively to the missionary's ridiculous mistakes in the language. From them he would never hear any remarks. He is the Padre Sahib. Our Indians rather like to draw attention to corresponding blunders, and are sometimes so tickled by our funny mistakes that they titter. I have before now asked them to tell me of my mistakes, but I gave it up because the stream of correctors became overwhelming at last, and disagreed among themselves in their corrections. This was cold comfort, but better than utter confusion at my strange sayings. A brother bishop, speaking to them one day through an interpreter, addressed them as "Children of the Forest," which was thus translated: "Little boys among big sticks." What they would do if a certain voluble missionary once in the Punjab had been sent to them is easy to see. I remember hearing him say in the pulpit that "the city set on a hill was encompassed by medicine "-he meant a wall, the two words being nearly alike. On another occasion, expatiating on the sinfulness of the human heart, he declared it was an egg; he meant to say it was dark. Something was said to be large, and it was described as sheeps' tails.

# On Ber Majestp's Serbice. A STORY OF CHRISTMAS DIPLOMACY.

BY CARRUTHERS RAY, AUTHOR OF "TOT'S TRAMP."



sides, it all happened some years ago, when young Sir Timothy was simply Tot, as rare a

pickle as you'd find in a day's march.

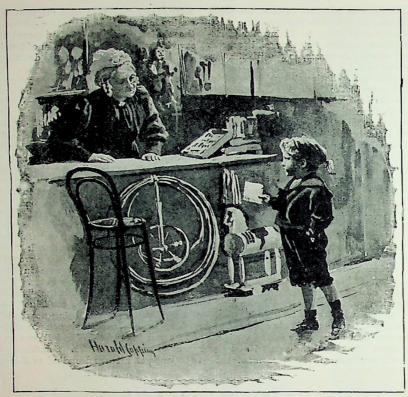
But you must know the ins and outs of the political situation. The Government were again face to face with a crisis. Foreign affairs had long been in a tangle, needing the patience of the most astute of diplomatists to unravel. A week previously everything had pointed to a peaceful solution of the knotty problem; and the Prime Minister had felt so sure of this that he had seized the opportunity to travel down to his

country house among the Surrey hills, where he intended to spend Christmas and obtain a much needed rest.

But no sooner was he there, than telegraphic despatches banished all thought of relaxation. At the last moment diplomacy had failed. To make matters worse the Prime Minister was forbidden to risk the exposure of a journey.

Under the circumstances there was no choice but to summon the Cabinet to Eccleston. Cabinet Councils have been called to meet in strange places, but never in a more obscure corner of the Empire than this Surrey village. Yet there gathered Her Majesty's advisers, and to this day the wiseacres of the village talk of the great men they have met.

At this particular time Lord Thoroughby, whose influence was great with the Premier, possessed a seat at Thornleigh, some five miles from Eccleston. He had only recently purchased



"''Oo won't tell a sec'et if I tell 'oo a vewy teeny one?'"-Page 18.

the estate, and when he received the urgent request to attend a Cabinet Council he was enjoying his first week in his new home.

Thus in brief you have the dry introductory details. Now for Lord Thoroughby's adventure.

His lordship knitted his heavy brows as he read the Premier's despatch, and before he had finished scanning it his rugged face became ominously determined. Hitherto the policy adopted in the foreign crisis had been dictated by himself, but the Premier distinctly hinted at the necessity for a different course of action.

"At all costs that must be prevented," muttered Lord Thoroughby.

For half an hour his lordship strode to and fro in his room. He could always think best when on his legs, and, no doubt, for this reason he hastily made up his mind to walk to Eccleston rather than order his carriage.

Meanwhile a diplomatic scene of a totally different character was being enacted in the village shop of Thornleigh.

Sir Timothy Courtney—otherwise Tot—had paid an afternoon call on old Mrs. Thadgold, keeper and proprietor of the shop of all trades, for a very particular reason.

"Mrs. Tadgowd," he was saying impressively, "'oo won't tell a sec'et if I tell 'oo a vewy teeny one?"

Mrs. Thadgold's twin curls shook in kindly fashion.

"'Cause I'm makin' a c'lection to give a Kismas party to uvver lickle boys, and nobody's knowin' anyfing 'bout it 'cept the ones what gives."

Tot was nearly breathless with this sally, but he managed to produce his "c'lecting paper," which he solemnly handed across the counter.

"You want me to put my name down first, young sir!" ejaculated the old dame. "Just to think of it!"

"The lickle child'en won't mind," said Tot.

Mrs. Thadgold laughed, and glancing out of the shop door caught sight of Lord Thoroughby, who had just started for Eccleston.

"There's your chance, Sir Timothy! Run after

the new squire, and get him to put his name down at the top."

Away went Tot, pulling off his cap that it should not blow off and delay him; but as he followed the great man a fit of nervousness seized him. He would have retreated had not Lord Thoroughby looked round and spied him.

"What do you want, my boy?" he asked.

"P'ease will 'oo put oose name down, 'cause Mrs. Tadgowd pwomised she would if 'oo would first?" Tot thrust the fluttering pink form into Lord Thoroughby's hand.

"Ah," his lordship said, when he had glanced at the "petition," "suppose you earn something for your Robins.\* D'you know the short cut which leads to the Eccleston road?"

Tot did know it, and eagerly agreed to show the great man the right way.

Through the tangled bracken and brushwood the two followed a narrow path, which every now and then threatened to disappear.

"You are sure you are going right?" asked Lord Thoroughby.

Yes, Tot was sure.

In half an hour they reached a copse, on the far side of which Tot declared that the road would be found.

"Then I keep to it until I reach the village?"

"Ess," lisped Tot, trudging manfully along, but breathing too fast to be communicative.

Suddenly Lord Thoroughby stumbled and fell heavily. His foot had caught in a hole half filled with dead leaves.

Tot stopped with a gasp of dismay.

"Is 'oo hurt 'ooself?" he asked.

Lord Thoroughby tried to move, but the effort only served to prove that he had wrenched his ankle far too seriously to allow him to rise.

"I can't get up," he said. "What in the world's to be done? It's most important that I should get to Eccleston as soon as possible." He spoke to himself more than to Tot. Could he trust the boy to return to Thornleigh for help? Or, happy thought, should he not send him along the straight road to Eccleston? "I will write a message," said Lord Thoroughby to himself. "I can jot down my views, so that if I fail to reach Eccleston it will be no great loss."

"You can find your way to Eccleston?" he asked Tot anxiously.

Tot nodded. "I'll wun ever so fast," he said. Lord Thoroughby searched his pockets for a clean sheet of paper, but none was forthcoming. Two letters closely covered with writing offered but little space. Then he remembered Tot's collecting form, with its space for contributors' names.

Tot gave it him readily enough, and in a minute or two it was filled with matters of State scribbled in pencil.

"Take this safely to Eccleston Court, and I'll see that your form is filled up in another way. Don't go too fast. I shall be all right here, and you'll know where to tell the carriage to stop." Lord Thoroughby spoke with difficulty, for his ankle was giving him considerable pain.

When the boy had gone, he began to realize that if his trust in his small messenger turned out to be misplaced, he would be benighted in the wood.

But Tot safely delivered his "c'lecting paper," and Lord Thoroughby was rescued two hours later. The policy written on the pink form was duly adopted by the Government, and proved the most successful piece of diplomacy carried through by the Premier's party.

It was also successful from Tot's point of view; for on that same collecting form, carefully cleaned with indiarubber, were signed the names of some of the greatest men in the country. Lord Thoroughby had told the story of his adventure and Tot's "service to the State" to some effect.



"Away went Tot."-Page 19.

<sup>\*</sup> See our Robin Collecting Form.



lehem for their theme; we know not how many hearts in the last eighteen centuries have imperceptibly grown happier as Christmas led them to Bethlehem. But if all the songs of gladness, and all the happiness of truly happy hearts, could trace the beam of light which made the daylight, and caused them to sing in the sunshine, they would find its source was Bethlehem.

Families gather at Christmas-tide around the same hearth: a genial warmth seems to pervade society, and a thrill of happiness crosses the strong rough current of earnest life. The remembrance comes as a voice which knows the future, and in

the present connects the two. It is to Christmasthateternity will owe its happiness. Because of Christmas the Father will gather His children in His Heavenly Home-a circle which no rude death can break, and no separations can change. Because of Christmas the society of Heaven will be one, one in intention, one endeavour, one in mind, because each is filled with The Christ. rough torrent

will there be a glassy sea, and the sparkling of happiness will fill it with light, because the one joy, "the joy of the Lord," will be upon all.

Yes, Heaven dates its happiness from Christmas. Every heart then will have its Christmas day, the day upon which Jesus Christ was born in it.

And He passes each of us to-day! Bid Him welcome. Let go that unholy desire; wake up that apathy; silence that voice of enmity; bid that great pride lower itself; lift up your whole being, to make room for Him to abide—and you will commence a Christmas joy which will never dim,

but which shall increase with the increase of God. For "of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end." We shall indeed "rejoice in the Lord alway."

#### II. CHRISTMAS SONGS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

\*HE first Christmas Song was "a song in the night": and that is just what Christianity is—a Song for all sinners and for all sorrowers—a Song to make the heart glad with a Home joy that is the promise of "joy for evermore" in the Father's Home above. There is the Song of Justifying Faith: there is the Song of Sustaining Grace in trouble: and there is the Song of Delivering Grace from the power and dominion of sin. And these Songs are Christmas Songs for all to sing. Let us try to sing them ourselves and then help others to sing them too. "The good tidings of great joy" the angel brought are tidings for all—"Good-will towards men." No one may say, "There is not a Song for me." Let us, if we have learned to sing our Songs, tell forth, with loving hearts and tender sympathy, the Saviour's wondrous grace, till others share our joy and join our Carol—"Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakable Gift."

### III. TWO CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

"Unto us a Child is born."-Isa, ix. 6.

Onto us a Child is born.—1st. N. O.

NTO you the Child is born
On this blessed Christmas morn;
Unto you, to be your Peace;
Unto you, for He hath found you;
Unto you with full release
From the weary chains that bound you;

Unto you, that you may rise
Unto Him above the skies!

"The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit."-2 Tim. iv. 22.

POR the weariest day
May Christ be thy Stay;
For the darkest night
May Christ be Thy Light;
For the weakest hour
May Christ be Thy Power;
For each moment's fall
May Christ be thy All.
Frances Ridley
Havergal.

# IV. THE HOME AT NAZARETH.

BY DEAN ALFORD.

AS the Lord came in our flesh to bless and sanctify infancy, and childhood, and youth, and manhood, and the relations of son, and brother, and friend, so He came to bless and sanctify that place in which all these meet and have their abode, even Home, with His pure presence, and His subjection, and His perfect obed-

ience.

Let our homes
be like that Home at Nazareth,
in that truth and justice rule
there—in that the fear of God

and the worship of God are practised there; let them be like it in that their matters of interest and their themes of converse are the troubles and the triumphs, the prospects and the promises, of the everlasting Gospel.

Let them be like it, in that though there be in them no child without sin, there are many of whom it is true that they cannot live in sin, "because they are born of God, and His seed remaineth in them."

# V. THE FESTAL HEART.

Now list with hearts by love prepared, While Christmas bells are ringing; Who hath his feast with others shared Shall hear the angels singing:

And while they fill the shining skies
With rare surprise of splendour,
Upon the humble soul shall rise
The Dayspring soft and tender.

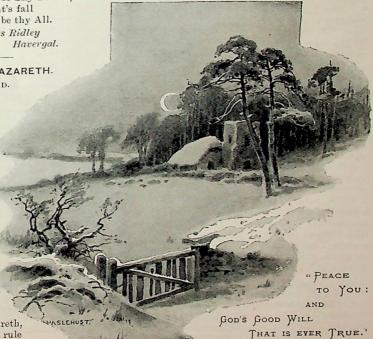
A. M.

F. R. H.

# VI. A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

"now" Peace and Hope may brighten, and patient Love may glow,

As we listen in the starlight to the bells across the snow."—F. R. Havergal.



# Jamous Rursery Rhymes.



ILLUSTRATED BY COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. L. GARRETT CHARLES.

HEN Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water I don't pretend to know. In my nursery days it never struck me that the summit of a hill was a queer place for a well. But then many things happen in topsy-turvy fashion in our young

Once upon a time there was a learned professor of languages who condescended to talk to a small friend of my acquaintance.

"Don't 'oo sink Jack was vewy silly to fall "ight down?" she asked. "And wasn't it good of Jill to fall after him and pick him up?"

"Possibly the young lady fell on the top of the young gentleman," suggested the professor. "But I hope some day a poet will improve those old rhymes. How can you 'fetch a pail of water?"

"It's quite easy if 'oo have two peoples," said the small girl.

"You can fetch a pailful of water," corrected the professor. "Nobody who is educated ought to talk about a pail of water."

It was a little later in the day, when the professor returned from a long walk, just before afternoon tea.

"Yes," said the professor in answer to an invitation, "I should like a cup of tea-but a glass of water would do quite well if it is not ready."

"Jack fell down and broke his crown,

And Jill came tumbling after."

"You had better ask Jill to help you up, Professor," I said. "Did I not hear you telling Dorothy not to say 'pail of water?' Isn't it quite as bad to say 'cup of tea?'"

The professor was fairly caught, and he does not now talk of improving nursery rhymes.

I think our readers will admit that Mrs. Garrett Charles has been most successful in her striking photograph of Jack and Jill. Few, who have not tried to take portraits, know how difficult it is to pose children; but when in addition one has to induce them to look like real nursery rhyme char-



From a Photograph)

"' Jack and Jill went up the hill."

acters the difficulty is trebled. If you think you could manage it, try!

"Little Jack Horner" or "Goody Two Shoes" would be excellent subjects for the camera.

In our second example of Mrs. Charles's skill we have "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," in delightful old - fashioned costume. The only alteration I should have been to chop off some of Miss Mary's high heels. But no doubt they are only a subtle sign of her contrariness! "Little Boy Blue" would make an excellent companion picture.

It is a strange fact that nobody knows who wrote our nursery rhymes, yet they contain the most famous characters in fiction. An editor ence asked his readers to decide by voting on the question, and Jack and Jill came in an easy first as the most widely-known of all the inhabitants of book-land. Wherever the English language is spoken, there you will find the old nursery rhyme. In the Colonies our small brothers and sisters learn them by heart in their open-air nurseries; in China, in Africa, in India, baby lips have lisped the dear old English jingles.



[by L. Garartt Charles. "' Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, how does your garden grow?'"

# Christmas and the Poets.

OY rises in me, like a summer's morn, Peace, peace on earth! The Prince of Peace is born." —Coleridge.

"A Christmas greeting oft will cheer

The poor man's heart through half the year."

—Scott.

"Christ came on Christmas Day
To give the rose and take the thorn away."

—F. R. Havergal.

"Ring out the darkness of the land:
Ring in the Christ that is to be." — Tennyson.

"O blessed Day which gavest the eternal lie
To self and sense, and all the brute within."

-Kingsley.

"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

-Keble.

"Hail to Thee, Christ of Christendom;
O'er all the earth Thy kingdom come."
-Longfellow.

"Christmas hath a beauty
Lovelier than the world can show,"—C. Rossetti.



our January Number! Surely we cannot do better than wish the readers of "Home Words" our best. Some authors have said in answer to questions as to their favourite among their own works, that their last child is always the dearest to them. So it is with the

editors, too. When our readers have seen the list of contents of the January Number, we feel sure that they will pardon a little editorial pride in the firstborn of the New Year.

First we have secured a tale by the Author of "A Black Diamond," Edward Garrett. It is entitled "God's Gold," and is illustrated with six

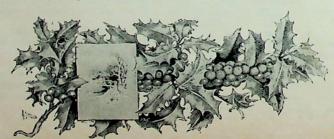
pictures, drawn by A. Twidle.

The second serial is by the well-known authoress, Miss Sarah Doudney, and is illustrated in a new style by Miss Woolmer. The Rev. W. Odom will appeal to those who are proud of their country and her industries in "A Sheffield Blade," dealing with the cutlery industry at Sheffield. With this are two copyright photographs and two illustrations, specially drawn for us. Following articles will deal with other great industries of Great Britain. Clark Russell, the great sea writer, tells of his first voyage, and contrasts it with life at sea to-day. Three illustrations are drawn by Will Morgan. An article for mothers on "King Baby: His Care and Culture," by Lina Orman Cooper, is well illustrated, and contains much sensible and helpful advice.

A Portrait Sketch of the Rev. F. J. Chavasse, by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D., with views of Wycliffe Hall and Magdalen Tower, Oxford, make a delightful page. The Editor writes "The New Year's Message" under the title "The Great Giver." An article, "Outposts of our Church," deals with Klondike and the Bishops of Selkirk and Caledonia. Four realistic views are given. The Rev. G. Arthur Sowter commences a series of interesting papers on "Matrimonial Memories," whilst the Author of "How to be Happy though Married" continues his "Nuts with Kernels." "Our Book of Common Prayer," and "Our Marching Orders" may also be named among other interesting papers. The Rev. Frederick Langbridge also contributes a popular song, "Some Other Time."

Again "Home Words" presents its readers with a Coloured Frontispiece, but this year a distinct novelty is given. Our illuminated Family Register, with space for entry of Baptism, Confirmation, and Marriage, will, we venture to think, be highly prized, and not only so, but will be found a real help in Church work. We hope the card will be found hanging in many homes before the month of January is out. It should be framed and preserved. One says of it—"Worth sixpence alone!"

We have only space for a brief mention of *The Fireside* Christmas Number (6d.), which contains a complete tale of strange adventure, entitled "Suspected," by Captain Maynard. *The Day of Days* special Christmas Number (1d.), issued in a new and attractive form, gives a striking story by the Rev. P. B. Power, which he has called "The Golden Lock."



THE

# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

# WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

# EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

#### BAPTISMS.

1897.

Dec. 5. Mabel Maggie, daughter of Oliver Sydney and Hannah Maria Barnard.
, Leonard George, son of John and Mary Ann Elliott.

## MARRIAGE.

Nov. 26. Joseph John Johnson and Mary Reeve.

#### BURIALS.

Nov. 25. Robert Weddall Bond, aged 37 years. Dec. 13. George Bartram, aged 74 years.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

When these lines reach you, we shall have entered upon a new year. Very heartily do I wish you, in good old phrase, A Happy New Year! May it be happy with that happiness which lies beyond "the changes and chances of this mortal life," and yet which lends to all earthly happiness, its best joy.

We all allow that the beginning of a new year, whether it be the Church's year or the civil year, is a time for thought and reflection: a time to consider and take count; a time to look forward, and to look backward that we may look forward the better; a time to plan for the future, and therefore to consider the past.

In the fore-front, of course, of such thought and consideration stands the question—personal, individual, momentous beyond all calculation—which no man can afford to set aside. We know Who has told us of two ways, in one of which we all are walking; and of two ends, to which, if we continue to tread them, those ways will certainly lead us. Another stage of my journey is finished; I have passed another milestone in the road; I am so much nearer the end for which I am making. Which road, which end is it? Ought I to thank God and take courage, to press forward, more trustfully, more diligently, more hopefully than ever? or ought I, while yet there is time, to stop, and consider and return?

But while there can be no truly Happy New Year till this first great question can be satisfactorily answered, there are other things to be attended to if the full

happiness of a Christian life is to be enjoyed.

And first, I think to be happy we must be whole-hearted in the service of God. What I long to see among us (thank God, we do see it in many) is more steady, hearty, zealous perservance in the Christian life. "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him." I have no faith in excitement, and novelty, and attractiveness, as the phrase goes. I do not doubt that many good people adopt these things with good intentions; but I think they are mistaken. Since the Master made me a "fisher of men" I have never found such baits in the equipment with which He furnished me. What I want to see is those who began well going on well. Take, for example, the test of Confirmation. After three and twenty years in the parish I can apply that test. Have all who have been confirmed in those years lived up to their Confirmation? Have all become communicants? Have all who once knelt at the Holy Table continued regularly, devoutly, with increasing delight and profit, to kneel there still? Are all consistent and persistent members of the Church of their Baptism and their Confirmation? Or, are they inconstant and fitful in their religious life and worship? or have they turned their backs on worship and on God altogether?

Daney

And this whole-heartedness, this "patient continuance in well-doing," I would fain see exhibited in direct work for God. Now I believe with my whole heart, as you know I have always taught, that work for God (next after our "own salvation," and very intimately connected with it) begins in the family. There are many among us who not only cannot, but ought not to undertake definite work beyond their home. "He went down to Nazareth with them and was subject to them" is the example which, for the most of His disciples, the Master has left, that they "should follow His steps." But when this has been said, ought we, in a parish like ours, to look in vain for Sunday School Teachers and District Visitors, as, alas! we do? Thank God for those who do help us in these and other like ways, our "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God, which have been a comfort unto us." But we want more, and want them greatly. The illustration used in the case of an over-worked clergyman who needs a curate is a homely one, but it is forcible, and it is applicable here. If I have a carriage which is too heavy for one horse I really gain two horses by supplying a second; for I gain the full strength and vigour and heart of the first horse by giving him the help of a fellow. And there is other gain beside: "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." "He that

reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

I should like to add a word as to the place of recreation in the Christian life. It has a place, and not an unimportant one. But, like all other good things, it is only good in its proper place. You may have heard me say that it fell to my lot to live in my college at Cambridge during the time when a great change came over the University as regards athletics. Instead of being looked upon doubtfully, or with disfavour, by those in authority, they came to be countenanced and encouraged. I believe the change was distinctly for good, and that it improved the moral tone of the University. But it needs watching and regulating and keeping in its right place. "Bodily exercise profiteth a little." But it is not the first thing. We all know what that is. Nor is it the second thing, for that is "like unto" the first, the seeking to secure for our neighbour that first thing which we have made sure of for ourselves. Nor is it the third thing, for the cultivation of the mind is a nobler thing than the exercise of the body. Nor is it even the fourth thing, for business will fare ill if pleasure takes precedence of it. All prosperity, then, to our recreation. if only it be in its proper place, the handmaid, and not the mistress of the higher pursuits of life. I think the captains of some of our clubs will thank me if I add, if only we stick to it. For here, too, the habit of steady perseverance is essential

I end, as I begun, A Happy New Year, dear friends, to you all! So may the Christmas blessing be vouchsafed to us all, that we may live to Him Who as at this time came to live for us; so may we share the growing beauty of His Epiphany on earth, that we may be partakers of its perfected glory in heaven!

I am, your Friend and Pastor,

T. T. PEROWNE.

# THE PARISH CHURCH.

We purpose to dedicate to Almighty God, to the glory of His Name, and for the service of His House, the new reredos and organ gallery, at the Morning Service on Christmas Day. We hope to give a description of them both in our next number. We are obliged to send our MS. to the printer too early to include it in the present number.

# INTERCESSION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Services, of which notice was given last month, were duly held on St. Andrew's Day. At the 8 a.m. service there were twenty communicants, and the offertory, amounting to £1, was equally divided between S.P.G. and C.M.S. At the 10.30 a.m. service a very interesting and helpful address on the subject of Intercession was given by the Rev. C. O. Blakelock, Rector of Shelfanger. With very real sorrow we record the fact that it was the last sermon he lived to preach. Shortly after he was taken ill, and on the 8th of December, little more than a week after his visit to us, he entered into his rest. "And considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."

# GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

On Monday, November 29th, a very interesting lecture was given in the Girls' Schoolroom at Harleston by Mrs. Sancroft Holmes on the work of this useful Society. The lecture conveyed a clear idea of the growth of the Society, and of the good work it is now carrying on in and beyond the limits of our own country. Excellent views of the Society's Homes and work were exhibited by the kind help of Mr. Yallop and his magic lantern. The room was well filled by a most attentive audience. A very pleasing feature was the singing at intervals of G.F.S. songs by the Candidates.

THE

# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

ANL

# WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



PRICE ONE PENNY.

# EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

1898. BAPTISMS.

- Jan. 2. Winifred Kate Gardiner, daughter of William Oliver and Katherine Mary Brock.
  - ,, ,, Henry George, son of John and Anna Turner.
  - ", ", Ellen May, daughter of William and Eliza Meadows.

    Alfred Robert, son of William and Eliza Meadows.
  - Maurice Arthur, sou of William and Eliza Meadows.
    Minnie Maud, daughter of William and Eliza Meadows.

1897.

MARRIAGE.

Dec. 24. Edward David Earl and Harriett Maria Frost.

1898. BURIALS.

Jan. 1. Ellen Weedon, aged 31 years. ,, 11. Emma Rodwell, aged 60 years.

# CONFIRMATION.

The Bishop of the Diocese has given notice that he will hold a Confirmation, God willing, in our Parish Church, on Friday, 1st April next, a week before Good Friday. Candidates, who should not, as a rule, be under fifteen years of age should give their names without delay to the Rector, either directly, or through the Assistant Clergy or District Visitors. Names will be received in the Vestry of either Church, after any Sunday Service up to and including Sunday, February 6th.

The sympathy and prayers of the parishioners are earnestly invited in connec-

tion with the coming Confirmation.

# CHURCH NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

13. S. Holy Communion, Redenhall, 8 a.m.; St. John's, 10.30 a.m. Annual Sermons for C.M.S. Preacher, Redenhall, afternoon, and St. John's, evening, Rev. A. G. Blyth, Vicar of St. Philip's, Heigham.

14. M. Annual Meeting for C.M.S., Corn Hall, Harleston, 7.30 p.m. Speaker,

the Bishop of Travancore, S. India.

23. W. Ash Wednesday. Service, 11.15 a.m. and 7.30 p.m., St. John's.

24. Th. St. Matthias. Service at St. John's, 11.15 a.m.

A List of Lenten Services and Subjects will appear in our next number.

"Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast By starving sin, and taking such repast As may our faults control; That every man may revel at his door, Not in his parlour; banqueting the poor, And, among those, his soul."

GEORGE HERBERT.

Doney

# EASTERN COUNTIES ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS.

DISS DISTRICT.

|            |     |                |      |     | £   | 8. | d.             |  |
|------------|-----|----------------|------|-----|-----|----|----------------|--|
| Harleston- | Per | Miss Crisp     | <br> |     | 2   | 7  | 0              |  |
| ,,         | ,,  | Miss F. Bailey | <br> |     | 1   | 1  | $5\frac{1}{2}$ |  |
| "          |     | Mrs. Broughton | <br> |     | 2   | 11 | 3              |  |
| "          | ,,  | Mrs. Stacey    | <br> |     | 2   | 2  | 0              |  |
| Redenhall  | ,,  | Mrs. R. Bond   | <br> |     | . 3 | 7  | 6              |  |
| Wortwell   | ,,  | Miss Perowne   | <br> | *** | 1   | 8  | 6              |  |
|            |     |                |      |     |     |    |                |  |
|            |     |                |      |     | £12 | 17 | 81             |  |
|            |     |                |      |     | -   |    |                |  |

This year we are more grateful than ever to all our kind collectors and subscribers; for £87 ls. 7d. is the result of their efforts—the largest collection ever made in our Diss District. It had been feared that Jubilee year claims would be so numerous that our Association would suffer; and therefore the Red Books were very anxiously scanned as their cheering covers came into the Secretary's hands. We need collectors for Bunwell, Carleton Rode, Earsham and Moulton; and could any of our kind helpers assist us to secure these, we should have a complete district, with workers in forty-three parishes. To care for the weak-minded and imbecile must be the object of all, and by placing them in the Colchester Asylum we not only give them the chance of learning to earn their living, but in some cases save them from ill-treatment or neglect at home. We would again urge you to continue your aid.

EDITH SANCROFT HOLMES, President.

# OUR NEW REREDOS AND ORGAN GALLERY.

On Christmas Day, 1897, the new Reredos and Organ Gallery were set apart to the glory and for the worship of Almighty God, by the following short Office of Dedication, immediately before the usual Morning Service for the day.

HYMN 13-"Hark! the herald Angels sing."

# Then the Rector shall say:

Let us pray, my beloved brethren, that Almighty God will graciously vouchsafe to accept this Reredos and Organ Gallery which we here offer and present to Him for the beautifying of His House, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

# Then, all Kneeling, the following Prayers shall be said:

Oh, Almighty God, who hast taught us in Thy Holy Word that the gifts and freewill offerings of Thy servants are acceptable in Thy sight, be pleased, we humbly beseech Thee, favourably to receive these offerings, which we now humbly dedicate to Thee, for the glory of Thy name and the adorning of Thy House, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may so faithfully serve Thee in this Thy House on earth, that we may come at last to the perfect service of Thy House above, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Redenhall.]

1.

Angel-voices, ever singing
Round Thy Throne of light;
Angel.harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night.
Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee,
Lord of Might!

2.

Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs and works of man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yes, we can!

Yes, we know that Thou rejoicest O'er each work of Thine; Thou didst minds and hands and voices For Thy praise design. Craftsman's art and music's measure

For Thy pleasure All combine.

4.

In Thy House, Great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and gifts and hands and voices,
With our choicest
Psalmody.

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Henour, glory, might and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee.

Then shall follow Morning Prayer, beginning with the Confession.

After the Nicene Creed, a short address was given from the words: "When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts."—St. Matthew ii. 11.

It was pointed out that at two periods of His earthly life, at its beginning and at its close, costly gifts were made to our Lord personally. The wise men, opening their bales or treasure-chests, presented unto Him in His cradle, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. Mary, crushing in her hand the alabaster vase of very precious ointment, poured its fragrant contents on His sacred feet, to anoint Him for His burial; while rich men brought their costly weight of spices to strew among the fine linen in which His holy body was wound in preparation for the tomb.

On one of these occasions only, could He signify His own acceptance or rejection of the gift; and on that occasion He made known His gracious approval. "She hath wrought," He said, "a good work upon Me." Might we not learn from it and those other gifts, made doubtless with the like gracious acceptance, the law of

acceptable gifts to Christ our Saviour and our King?

1. Acceptable in the motive that prompts them. The wise men first "fell down" beside His cradle "and worshipped Him," and then "opened their treasures and presented unto Him gifts." Mary gave Him her best, because she loved Him most; loved Him because she believed that He had first loved her, with a love stronger than death. Adoring love, such love as is kindled beside His cradle and His Cross, is the only motive which can render alike the costliest and the humblest gift

acceptable in His sight.

2. Acceptable in the form which they assume. Love to Him is in the truest sense an inclusive love. It includes all our powers, all our affections, all our duties, all our relations to our fellow-men, our whole selves, to be gathered up into and pervaded by that love. Hence the form which our gifts assume is manifold. Of the least even of the multiform gifts of service to His brethren for love to Him, He vouch-safes to say, "Ye did it unto Me." But we learn also from the instances before us, that gifts which might be regarded as more directly personal to Him, because

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perhaps less directly beneficial to our brethren, are accepted by Him. Such gifts were those which we humbly offered to Him to-day. Doubtless other motives, consecrated by His love, entered into them; doubtless the desire that the beautifying of His House might conduce to the highest benefit of the parish, by promoting more general attendance and more spiritual worship, was very near to the heart of the donors. But in all and above all, the gifts were made to Him, to His glory, to beautify the place of His Sanctuary, and make the place of His feet glorious. Might He graciously purify the motive, and accept the gifts!

The Reredos and Organ Gallery owe their exceedingly beautiful design to the genius and pains of the skilful architect, Mr. J. Arthur Reeve, of Westminster; while the work has been executed in a highly satisfactory manner, by a man of our

own county, Mr. G. E. Hawes, of Norwich.

We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Reeve for the following full and lucid description of the works.

#### REDENHALL CHURCH.

"The interior appearance of this church has lately been considerably altered by the erection of a carved oak reredos, and by the removal of the very unsightly old organ gallery, and the substitution of a new oak gallery front supported on a solid oak screen.

The reredos itself is composed of five panels, of which the central one is rather wider than the other four. These panels have richly cusped heads, and they are separated from each other by delicate turned columns, with moulded caps and bases, while at the northern and southern ends these columns, being doubled, with a deep and narrow recess or panel between them, a strong vertical line is produced, against which to stop the general lines of this design; and this strong line is further emphasized by plain weathered buttresses, which form the northern and southern termi-

nations of the reredos.

Above the capitals of the columns which have been mentioned, a pleasing effect is produced by what may perhaps be termed a coved canopy of fan tracery vaulting. This vaulting springs in well-defined bays from the top of each shaft, and spreads sideways over the heads of the main panels of the reredos, while the whole is surmounted by a cornice and a richly carved cresting of vine leaves of somewhat conventional form. From the coupled columns, at either end, the ribs of the cove spring straight forwards, thus producing square ends to the reredos where it is viewed directly in front, but when viewed from towards the sides, the coved form of the canopy tells out strongly, and it is then also seen that the square ends of the cove are enriched with tracery. Two delicately carved pinnacles occur at either end of the cresting immediately above the coupled shafts, already mentioned, by way of giving a finish to this part of the design.

In front of the central panel of the reredos occurs a carved oak cross, which stands on a moulded pedestal, and in other respects is entirely free from the rest of the work. Behind this cross, and in the panel itself, a scroll starts out from the base of the cross, and after filling the central panel it is made to spread to the two side panels on either hand. Thus the five panels are filled with a flowing arabesque of vine and, in order to add further interest to these side panels, shields have been introduced in the centres of the main scrolls of the arabesque upon which are carved monograms symbolical of our Lord,  $A \& \Omega$  occupying the two outermost shields,

and I. H. S. and X. P. the two innermost ones.

The reredos itself being 10 ft. 6 in. wide and the chancel being about 20 ft. wide, the spaces thus left on either side of the reredos have been treated with wall

panelling, the upper part of which is filled with cusped tracery, the whole being finished at the top with a strongly moulded cornice.

The total height of the reredos from the level of the floor to the top of the

cresting is 9 ft. 6 in.

# THE ORGAN GALLERY.

The former organ gallery, as will be recollected by those who have known the church, was of the full width of the nave, and it projected from the west wall right up to the first pillar of the nave arcade, thus entirely blocking up the first arch of the

arcade on both sides of the church.

It has long been felt that this, together with the large organ placed in the centre of the tower arch, on the level of the gallery floor, formed a very unsightly block at the west end of the church, and it was therefore determined, when the design for the new gallery came to be made, to reduce the area of the floor space round the organ to the smallest dimensions which would meet the existing conditions.

The organ, which has, of course, been left in its original position, measures 10 ft. in width, and it projects 8 ft. from the face of the tower arch. The floor upon which it stands has now been reduced to 16 ft. in width, by 11 ft. in depth from the tower archeastwards. Thus it will be seen that by giving three feet on either side of the organ and three feet in front, just sufficient space has been obtained for easy access all round the organ and for the organist's seat in front. A panelled front has been erected all round this floor 2 ft. 6 in. in height.

Below the gallery floor an enclosed space has been formed by means of a screen, the upright posts of which practically carry the whole of the weight of the old floor

and of the organ.

The total projection of the central portion of the screen from the tower arch being the same as the projection of the gallery, the east front of both form one vertical face, but the width of the western part of the screen being less than the width of the gallery, the projecting sides of the latter are supported on ribbed coves which introduce a pleasing effect into the whole design.

The sides of the screen start from the jambs of the tower arch, and are carried about 7 ft. 6 in. straight out in an easterly direction. They are then sloped inwards, at an angle of 45 degrees, for about 3 ft. 9 in., and the eastern face of the screen

forms a square projection of about 1 ft. 3 in. by 9 ft. wide.

The coves mentioned above occur both above the straight sides and the sloping sides, and from what has been said, it may be seen that they eventually stop against

the sides of the projecting face which forms the eastern front of the screen.

This somewhat peculiar form, which is very difficult to describe clearly in writing, was adopted in order to meet the various existing conditions: for instance, the doorway leading to the tower stair turret occurs on the south side of the tower arch, and so close to it that if the total width of the gallery had been brought down vertically the door would have been rendered practically useless. Thus it became necessary to make the screen narrower than the gallery, and the cove followed as a natural means of passing easily from the less to the greater width above the head of the stair turret doorway.

Then again, the sloping sides, which have been mentioned, were adopted for the purpose of obtaining more easy access to the church, for in these sloping sides occur swing doors, which will form the usual means of entrance and exit, and from being placed in sloping sides it will at once be seen that they offer a much easier Davey

means of ingress and egress than would be the case if they occurred in square faces.

Finally, the eastern projection, described above, was adopted for the double purpose of providing a square mass against which to stop the coves, and also to produce an effect of great strength under the organ when it is viewed from the body of the church. Had the cove been continued round in front of the gallery, as well as at the sides, this appearance of strength would have been lost, and the great mass of the organ would have been certain to produce an effect of top-heaviness which would have been most disagreeable.

In the centre of the eastern projection occur large double doors, under an arched head, being on wrought iron strap hinges. These doors will be used as the entrance in case of marriages and funerals, and possibly on the occasion of the Bishop attending a service in the church, and they can be opened at the end of any service in order to provide means of more rapid exit than would be afforded by the

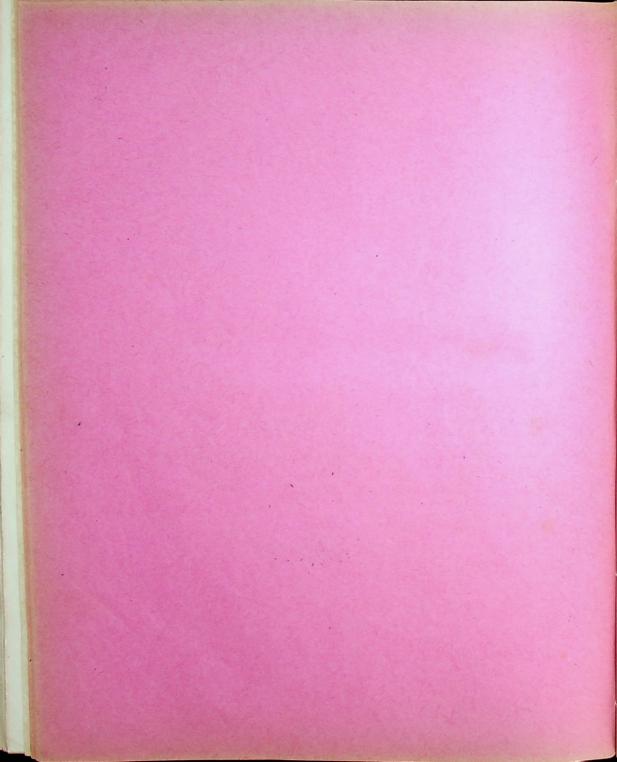
swing doors on either side.

In construction, both the gallery front and the screen, including the doors, are simply divided up by solid moulded framing into a series of panels which are filled with the linen-fold pattern which is so frequently met with in the beautiful woodwork of the East of England, dating from the latter end of the fifteenth century onwards, a considerable amount of which already exists in Redenhall Church in the north and south doors and in the screen under the tower arch. Point, however, has been given to the whole design of the screen and gallery, by the introduction in the central panel of the gallery front facing east, of the monogram of Queen Victoria, namely, V.R.I., above which an imperial crown has been carved in high relief; while in shields placed in the spandrils on either side of the arch of the main doors occur the dates 1837, 1897, thus showing that the whole work forms a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee of, perhaps, the greatest monarch who has ever sat on the English throne.

It should be mentioned, in conclusion, that the removal of the old gallery front has laid bare a very interesting monument on the south side of the church, to Tobias Frere, who was an ancestor of the well-known East Anglian family of that name, and consequently of the late Sir Bartle Frere, K.C.B., who did so much for the English Empire in Central and North-West India and elsewhere in the

middle of the present century."





MARCH, 1898.

THE

# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

# WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



It was agreed to amend the rule relating to allotments, so that for this and future years it should be:--

"That Cottagers whose rent does not exceed £7, exclusive of their allotment,

be allowed to compete for prizes."

Mr. Prentice having tendered, with great regret, his resignation of the office

of Secretary, it was resolved unanimously :-

"That the Committe accept, with great regret, the resignation by Mr. Prentice of the office of Secretary, and desire to put on record their high sense of the very valuable services which he has rendered to the Society during his tenure of office, and of the skill, energy, and courtesy with which he has discharged its duties."

It was agreed that Mr. A. Cann should be invited to become Secretary; and

we are glad to announce that he has accepted the invitation.

### CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Annual Sermons were preached in both our Churches on Sunday, February 13th, the special preacher being the Rev. A. G. Blyth, Vicar of St. Philip's, Heigham. The collections amounted to £3 5s. 4d. at Redenhall, and

£4 1s. 11d. at Harleston, making a total of £7 7s. 3d.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Corn Hall, Harleston, on Monday evening, February 14th, when a very interesting and instructive address on Missionary Work in South India' was given by the Lord Bishop of Travancore and Cochin. The collection amounted to £1 17s., the sum of £1 4s. being also taken by Mrs. Everson at her stall in the room for articles left over from her summer Sale of Work.

The Bishop also gave a most useful Address in the afternoon of the same day, in the Parish Church, to the members of Mrs. Everson's Working Party and other friends and neighbours, who were invited to meet him at the Rectory.

Offerings were made to his Diocesan Fund, amounting to £4 13s. 11d.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The Prizes for the year 1897 were distributed on three successive evenings, January 31st, February 1st and 2nd, to the Redenhall girls, Wortwell and Redenhall boys Sunday scholars respectively, and on February 10th (with the additional attraction of a tea) at Needham. In each case the distribution was preceded by a most successful and enjoyable series of recitations and songs, reflecting much credit both upon children and teachers.



No. 4.

# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

## WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



## EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS. ,

1898. BAPTISMS.

Feb. 25. Annie Dorothy, daughter of Frederick John and Emma Teresa,
Bedford.

Mar. 11. Dorothy Kathleen, daughter of Arthur John and Elizabeth Mary Estcourt.

14. Albert, son of Henry and Susanna Goldsmith.

... Kate, daughter of Henry and Susanna Goldsmith.

### MARRIAGES.

Feb. 22. Leonard William Baldry and Maude Atkinson.

Mar. 7. Henry Jones and Alice Martha Castleton.

... 14. Charles Gillman and Emma Calver.

### 1898. BURIALS.

Mar. 12. Janet Rolfe, aged 68 years. ,, 19. Kate Goldsmith, aged 11 days.

### LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE JEWS.

REDENHALL, HARLESTON AND WORTWELL CONTRIBUTIONS, 1897-8.

Secretary.—The Rector. Collector.—Mrs. Stebbings.

| Aldous, Miss Aldis, Mrs Aldis, Mrs. Jn. Brown, Rev. P. C. Brown, Mrs Buckingham, Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Crisp, Miss Candler, Mrs. Cracknell, Miss Churchyard, Mr. Durrant, Mrs. Dowson, Mrs. Everson, Mrs. Everson, Mrs. Engledow, Mrs. |      | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 |             | d. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 | Miles, Mrs. J. Miles, Mr. F. Pipe, Miss Pratt, Mrs Prentice, Mrs. Perowne, Archde Roberts, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Stacey, Mrs. Stebbings, Mr. Small Sums A Friend Crisp, Miss Bank House | acon |     | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 | s. 1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1<br>1 | 0 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------|-------------|------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Everson, Mrs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | <br> | 0                                       |             | 6                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                       |      |     | 0                     | 4                                                                                              | 0 |
| Estcourt, Mrs.<br>Gissing, Miss<br>Lyus, Miss                                                                                                                                                                                         | <br> | 0                                       | 1<br>2<br>2 | 6 6                                      | Rectory                                                                                                                                                                               | То   | tal | _                     | 6                                                                                              | - |

Danely

### CHURCH PASTORAL-AID SOCIETY.

REDENHALL, HARLESTON AND WORTWELL CONTRIBUTIONS, 1897-8.

Secretary.—The Rector. Collector.—Miss Pipe.

| Secretary.—The Rector. Contector. Miss 111 E. |       |         |   |    |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |     |    |    |    |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------|---------|---|----|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|----|
|                                               |       |         | £ | s. | d.  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |     | £  | S. | d. |
| Brown, Rev. P. C.                             |       |         | 0 | 2  | 6   | Hart, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Buckingham, Mrs.                              |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Hall, Mrs. C                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Buckingham, Miss                              | 5     |         | 0 | 2  | 6   | Lyus, Mr                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     | 0  | 5  | 0  |
| Brown, Mrs                                    |       | 200     | 0 | 1  | 0   | Miles, Mrs. J                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Brock, Mrs                                    |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Miles, Mrs. F                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Buck, Mrs                                     |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Rusthall, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Bond, Mrs                                     |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Pipe, Mr                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     | 0  | 1  | .0 |
| Broughton, Mrs.                               |       | 7 5.19  | 0 | 1  | 0   | Poll, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Bradley, Mrs.                                 |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Roberts, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |     | 0  | 2  | 0  |
| Candler, Mrs.                                 |       |         | 0 | 2  | 0   | Rayner, Mrs. A                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Chappell, Mrs.                                |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Robinson, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     | 0  | 2  | .6 |
| Crisp, Mrs                                    |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Stebbings, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |     | 0  | 1  | .0 |
| Churchyard, Mr.                               |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Stacey, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Cann, Mrs. J                                  |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Shibley. Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Crisp, Miss A.                                |       |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | Scolding, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
|                                               |       |         | 0 | 5  | 0   | Stanton, Miss                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Curl, Messrs                                  |       |         | 0 | 2  | 0   | Vincent, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Durrant, Mrs.                                 |       |         | 0 | 2  | 0   | Warnes, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Durrant, Mrs. G.                              | • • • |         | 0 | 1  | 0   | A Gift                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     | 0  | 1  | 0  |
| Dowson, Mrs                                   |       |         | 0 | 2  | 0   | Archdeacon Perowne                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |     | 1  | 1  | 0  |
| Everson, Mrs.                                 |       | •••     | 0 | 1  | 0   | Boxes.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |     |    |    |    |
| Estcourt, Mrs.                                | •••   |         | Ö | 1  | Ö   | Pipe, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |     | 0  | 3  | 0  |
| Fuller, Mrs                                   | •••   |         | 0 | 1  | o l | Rectory                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 1   | 0  | 10 | 5  |
| Gambrill, Miss                                |       | • • • • | 0 | 1  | 0   | Yallop, Mrs                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |     | 0  | 4  | 0  |
| Gill, Mr                                      | •••   | ***     | 0 | 1  | 0   | Tamop, zazat                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |     |    |    |    |
| Gedney, Mrs                                   |       |         | 0 | 0  | 6   | To                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | tal | £5 | 0  | 5  |
| Gissing, Miss                                 |       |         | 0 | 0  | 0   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | -   |    | -  | -  |
|                                               |       |         |   |    |     | The second secon |     |    |    |    |

## ADDRESS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

On Thursday evening, 24th February, a very useful and instructive address on Scientific Methods in Sunday School Teaching was delivered in our Girls' Schoolroom at Harleston, by the Rev. J. A. Hannah, Principal of our Diocesan Training College for Schoolmistresses.

A Service was held in St. John's Church, at 5.30 p.m., with a short Address, in which the place both of the understanding and of the spirit in the work of teaching was deduced from St. Paul's words, "I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also" (1 Cor. xiv. 15).

After tea Mr. Hannah gave his Address to a goodly number of Sunday School Teachers, representing the parishes of Dickleburgh, Fressingfield, and St. Cross, as well as Redenhall, Wortwell, and Needham.

We wish we could give the lecture in full, but the following heads may serve to recall some of its chief features to the minds of those who heard it.

- 1. Preparation.
- 2. Matter.
- 3. Method.
- 4. Questioning.
- 5. Discipline.

The use of the blackboard, and of pictures and illustrations, was strongly advocated. Mr. Hannah paid a high tribute to the value of the help rendered by Sunday Schools to religion and the Church, and explained that his object was in no way to depreciate them, but, if possible, to increase their efficiency. He recommended the following books as useful to Sunday School Teachers:—

Peasant Life in Palestine, by Robinson Lees: Published by Stock. Sunday School Teaching, by Bailey: Published by Culley. Principles and Practice of Teaching in Sunday Schools, by Hobson: S. P. C. K. Taylor's Graded Lessons

on New Testament : National Society.

### CHURCH NOTES FOR APRIL.

1. F. 3 p.m., Confirmation, Redenhall Parish Church, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. 8 p.m., Confirmation at St. John's, for adults only.

3. S. Palm Sunday. 3 p.m., Children's Service at St. John's.

4. M.

5. Tu. 11.15 a.m. and 8 p.m., Service at St. John's. 6. W.

7. Th.

8. F. Good Friday. Services, Redenhall, 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. (for Children).
St. John's, 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Instruction on Holy Communion.

9. Sat. Easter Eve. 11.15, Morning Prayer.

10. Easter Day. Holy Communion, St. John's, 8. a.m., Redenhall, at 10.30 a.m. Service.

11. M. St. John's, Morning Prayer at 11.15 a.m.

12. Tu. S. Holy Communion, Redenhall, 8.m.; St. John's, at 10.30 a.m. Service.

24. S. 2nd After Easter. Holy Communion, Redenhall, at 10. 30 a.m. Service.

25. M. St. Mark. Service for Children, St. John's, 11.30 a.m.



MAY, 1898.

No. 5.

THE

# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

## WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



#### THE PARISH REGISTERS. EXTRACTS FROM

BAPTISMS. 1898.

Mar. 30.

Victoria Alexandra Gladys, daughter of General and Georgiana White. Bessie, daughter of George William and Rosanna Ayton. Norah Rose, daughter of William and Rose M. Olley. Apr.

22 Gilbert, son of Lancelot and Sarah Ann Matilda Dashwood. 22 Charles Frederick, son of Joseph and Harriett Pulford.

" Edward Beacham, son of Joseph and Harriett Pulford.

Mabel May, daughter of William Joseph and Minnie Rose Stacey.

Kate Ellen, daughter of Arthur and Charlotte Larter. Annie Maude, daughter of Charles and Eliza Clarke. Harry John, son of John and Maria Ringer.

May, daughter of John and Maria Ringer. 77 Ernest Ephraim, son of John and Maria Ringer.

Hilda Ellen, daughter of Francis James and Ellen Clarke. 12.

#### MARRIAGE.

Apr. 11. George Francis and Mary Louisa Harper.

#### BURIALS.

George Riches Reeve, aged 66 years. Mar. 28 Apr. 12. George Millican, aged 68 years.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS.

On Friday evening, March 25th, the members of the Children's Working Party on behalf of this useful Society and their friends assembled, by kind invitation, at Miss Rolfe's School, Harleston, to hear an address from Miss Tillard, Secretary of the Children's Union of the Society. The address, which dealt chiefly with the work carried on at the Society's Home for Crippled Children, was full of interest and information, and was listened to with unflagging attention in a well-filled room. The Rector presided, and Mr. Dowson, of Geldeston, our Diocesan Secretary, was also present, and helped us greatly by his bright and kindly remarks.

### CONFIRMATIONS.

On Friday afternoon, April 1st, a Confirmation was held in our Parish Church, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. From our own Parish there were 25 boys and 35 girls confirmed, and from Needham 5 boys. There were also 1 boy and 3 girls from Alburgh, 2 boys and 2 girls from Denton, and 2 boys and 4 girls from St. Cross, making a total of 79 confirmed.

The service was most impressive, and the Bishop's addresses, which were listened to with devout attention, were well calculated to help those who were confirmed both to take upon them with seriousness and humility, and by God's grace, sought in the holy ordinance itself and afterwards continually in the appointed means, to keep faithfully the great vow and promise which they then renewed.

The Bishop most kindly held a second Confirmation for adults in the evening, in St. John's Church, Harleston, at which 17 from our own Parish and 1 from the neighbouring Parish of Metfield were confirmed. This service was also of a most impressive character. It is a day much to be remembered, and we cannot but hope and believe that by His blessing, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, it will leave its mark for good not only on many a heart and many a family, but upon our Parish at large.

#### EASTER DAY.

One happy result of the recent Confirmations may be traced in the unusually large number of communicants on Easter Day. There were 103 at the 8 a.m service at St. John's, and 87 at midday at Redenhall, making a total of 190. God give those who came for the first time, and us all, grace to persevere!

The offertories, which were for the Diocesan Branch of the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund, amounted to £7 7s. 2d. at Redenhall, and £2 16s. at Harleston,

making a total of £10 3s. 2d.

Davey

### Church Missionary Society.

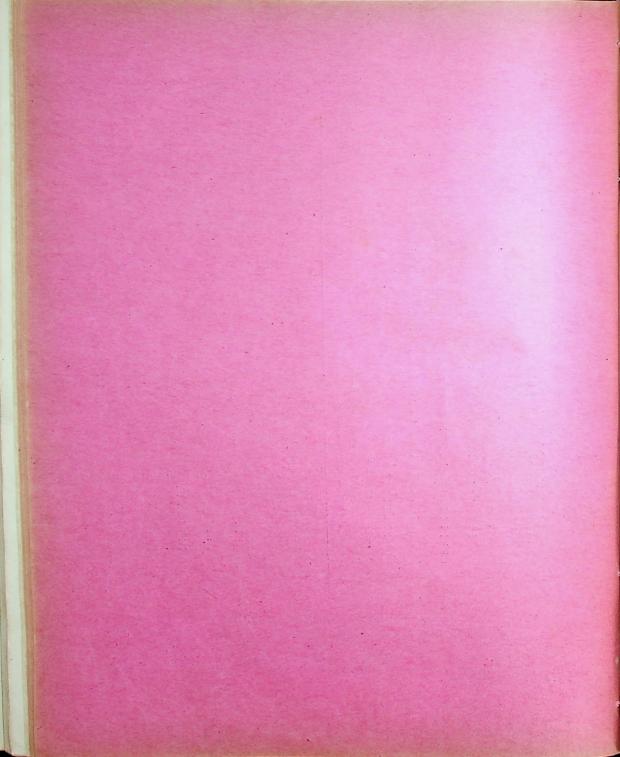
STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 28TH, 1898.

Treasurer: The Rector. Collector: Mrs Everson

| Treasurer: The Rector.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Collector: Mrs. Everson.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
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| Annual Subscriptions-                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | · Youngman, Mrs 0 2 6                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
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| Candler, Mrs 1 1 0                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | £39 0 5                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
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### HARLESTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the Cottagers' Show, on Thursday, July 7th, of which notice was given in our last number, will be held, by kind permission of Mrs. Youngs, in the grounds at Caltofts. No more convenient or agreeable place could be found for the purpose, and we have every confidence that if the weather be favourable a most successful Show will be the result.



# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

## WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



## EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

### BAPTISMS.

April 29. Ellen Vincent, daughter of James and Emma Vincent Taylor. Edward William, son of James Frederick and Mary Ann Calver.

### BURIALS.

April 25. Eliza Tidnam, aged 90 years.

" 29. Betsey Frost, aged 47 years.

" 30. John Davis, aged 68 years.

### NIGHT SCHOOL TEA.

On Tuesday, 10th May, the usual tea was given to scholars who had attended regularly during last winter's session of the Redenhall Evening Continuation School. A pleasant evening was spent, of which the chief feature was a very interesting account of active service in Burmah, kindly given from his own experi-

ence as a soldier on campaign by Sergeant-Major White.

The Managers have not yet received the report of H.M. Inspector on the School, but they have every reasen to believe that a good season's work has been done. The report on drawing was "Excellent," the highest result attainable. They would again urge lads and young men who have their evenings at their own disposal to avail themselves of the opportunity which the Night School offers them of keeping up and increasing their stock of useful knowledge.

### CHURCH NOTES FOR JUNE.

1, 3, 4. Ember Days.

5, Sun. Trinity Sunday. Holy Communion, Redenhall, 8 a.m. Children's Service, St. John's, 3 p.m. Collections in both Churches throughout the day for the DIOCESAN FUND.

11, Sat. St. Barnabas. Morning Prayer, St. John's, 11.15 a.m.

12, Sun. 1st after Trinity. Holy Communion, St. John's, at 10.30 a.m. Service.
24, Fri. St. John Baptist's Day. Services in Commemoration of Consecration of St. John's. 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11.30 a.m., Children's Service; 8 p.m., Evening Service.

26, Sun. 3rd after Trinity. Holy Communion, Redenhall, at 10.30 a.m. Service.

Anniversary Sermons for S.P.G.

29, Wed. St. Peter's Day. Holy Communion, Redenhall, 8 a.m. Morning Prayer, St. John's, 11.15 a.m.

### JUVENILE CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

We have received a copy of the Report of the Mid-China Diocesan Mission Fund for the year ending 31st January, 1898, acknowledging the contribution (£5 4s. 7d.) of our Juvenile Association. Of many interesting things in the report, perhaps that which will most interest our young readers is the account of which some of them have already heard in Church, of the celebration of Bishop Moule's 70th birthday, on 28th January of this year. It should be said that Bishop Moule has been a missionary in China since 1857, and Bishop there since 1880.

The people had been talking about it for a year before, and they had spoken of presenting the Bishop and his wife (whose birthday fell shortly after his) with "scarlet umbrellas of state." He let them know, however, that "nothing would vex him more than anything expensive or showy." So they turned their attention

Dancey

to presenting an address with all the names of their Christian Chinese signed to it

Here is an account of the presentation:-

"On January 28th the Chinese placed in Church, before the Communion Table, a very cunningly made handsome silver-inlaid box, of mahogany-like wood. A short service took place. After this, the Chinese Churchwardens and others came forward. They uncovered the box and in part unrolled the scroll which was within, and which had at its head, followed by signatures of almost 3,000 Chinese Churchmen, an address by one of the Chinese clergy. In part it was unrolled, for in whole it could not be. It is on this wise: it is nearly, or quite, 90 feet (nearly the height of Redenhall Church tower!) long, of white satin lined with blue silk, on rollers which are quite a work of art. So is the scroll itself, for down each side of the white satin there is a margin of most lovely embroidery, portraying the flowers and butterflies of the four seasons. After the scroll had been shown, it was replaced in the box and the whole offered to the Bishop. He, moved to the heart, received it, and said to the Chinese, 'Shall I present your names to the Lord?' There was a very general 'Yes,' and he then laid the box on the Holy Table, with a short prayer that God would accept the offering.

"This sketch," it is added, "will doubtless be filled out by many a heart into a moving picture of the white haired western Bishop kneeling among his orientals, and in his adopted tongue pouring out their united thanksgiving to God." We may well be encouraged to bear our willing part in misssonary work which bears such

fruits as these.

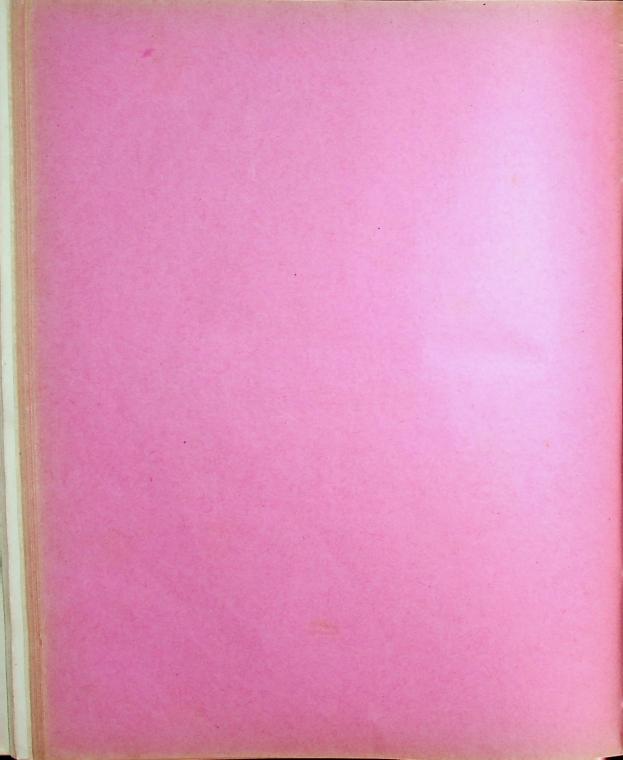
### THE DIOCESAN FUND.

This Fund, to which we shall be again invited to contribute on Trinity Sunday, continues to do a most important work, and is well worthy of the support of Churchmen. At the half-yearly meeting of the Council held on 9th May, the sum of £420 was voted in grants for Clerical and Lay help in large and poor parishes, for building or restoring churches and mission rooms, for helping Church schools to meet special requirements of the Education Department, and for various other purposes, including a Clerical Distress Fund, which is administered by the four Archdeacons. We hope that a liberal response will be made in our parish to the appeal on behalf of the fund.

### BENEFIT SOCIETIES' HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

The Annual Hospital Service of the Benefit Societies in Harleston and the neighbourhood, will be held in Redenhall Church on Sunday, 19th June, at 10.30 a.m.





# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

## WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

### BAPTISMS.

June 1. Walter Thomas, son of Thomas Henry and Mary Elizabeth Abel.

", 10. Kate Elizabeth, daughter of John and Rosina Scrivener.

Alice Jessie, daughter of Frederick and Rachel Strutt.

Horace Sidney, son of James Frederick and Eliza Sillett.

,, Cecil John, son of George and Ellen Bindley.

" 16. Ruby Anna, daughter of George and Jane Elizabeth Warnes.

### MARRIAGE.

June 21. Dennis Edwardes and Emma Brown.

### BURIALS.

May 24. Albert Goldsmith, aged 2 months. ,, 26. Susan Hubbard, aged 83 years.

, 28. John Lynch, aged 36 years. Sarah Cooper, aged 70 years.

### BENEFIT SOCIETIES' HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

The Annual Service of the Benefit Societies for Harleston and its neighbourhood was held in our Parish Church on Sunday morning, 19th June. There was a good attendance of members. The Sermon was preached by the Rev. A. R. Upcher, Rector of Halesworth. Mr. Upcher took for his subject the healing of the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda (St. John v. 1-9). After speaking of the usefulness of Benefit Societies in promoting self-help and mutual sympathy, teaching men to "bear one another's burdens and so to fulfil the law of Christ," and specially commending the Juvenile Branches, by which habits of thrift were early taught, he went on to deal with the question, "Wilt thou be made whole?" as it was addressed by our Lord to the impotent man at the Pool, and as it is still addressed by Him to ourselves individually. It was addressed to us with reference not only to the body but to the soul; not only to the forgiveness of sin, but to the healing us of the disease of sin. After describing some of the wrong answers given to the question, "Wilt thou be made whole?" Mr. Upcher concluded with an earnest exhortation against the sin and the folly of leaving this great question unanswered till it was too late to answer it effectually.

The collection in Church amounted to £5 5s.  $8\frac{3}{4}d$ . This will be largely augmented by members' collecting cards. The total sum, after deducting expenses, is divided between the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the Lowestoft Convalescent Home, and the Fakenham Nurses' Home. The benefits of these Institutions are extended to members in return for the contributions thus sent to them.

### CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNT.

The account of receipts and outgoings in respect of the Services in our two Churches has been made up for the year ended Easter, 1898, and we regret to have to announce that there is again a serious deficit amounting to £20 17s. 11d.

We cannot regard the standing difficulty in maintaining and working this fund, and the frequent occurrence of a large adverse balance, as creditable to a parish like ours. We have a noble old Parish Church, and a beautiful modern Church in Harleston. Both our Churches are in good repair. Both of them are fitly furnished. The clergy are supported by the liberality of past ages. Their support

does not cost the parishioners a farthing. The only charge upon them for the Services of God's House, which so many of them attend, and by which we would fain believe so many of them profit, is a sum of about £100 a year to meet the necessary expenditure. These Services are not only necessary to our own soul's health and salvation, but they are the continual expression of our worship as a parish of Almighty God. In them we "show forth" continually "His most worthy praise." In them we declare that the Lord is our God. We owe a duty to Christ's poor around us, to our Diocese, to the Church at large, and to Jews and Gentiles who are without the Gospel. But our duty begins at home, and it would be perfectly easy in a parish like ours, without in any way lessening our other gifts—rather let us seek to increase them—to place our Church Fund permanently on a good footing. We need more and larger annual subscriptions. We need larger offertories for Church expenses. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

### DIOCESAN FUND.

On Trinity Sunday, 5th June, the annual collections, in accordance with the Bishop's request, were made on behalf of this Fund, amounting to—Redenhall, £8 6s. 4d.; Harleston, £2 11s. 10d. Total, £10 18s. 2d.

### DOVE TRUST ACCOUNT.

|     |                                       | DO V E | 1. | LUCE | I HOUGOTII.                  |     |       |   |
|-----|---------------------------------------|--------|----|------|------------------------------|-----|-------|---|
|     | 1897. RECEIPTS.                       | £      | 8. | d.   | EXPENDITURE.                 |     |       |   |
| -   | 200                                   | 2 6    | 15 | 0    | Treasurer, Redenhall Schools | 40  | 0     | 0 |
| 1   | By balance brought forwar £ s.        |        | 10 |      | Fire Insurance               |     | 1     |   |
| ,   |                                       |        |    |      | Treasurer, Redenhall Schools |     |       |   |
| . ( | Nichols 1 yearrent 35 0               |        |    |      | Building Fund Account        | 112 | 0     | 0 |
|     | Less Tithe 3s. 4d.,                   | 10     |    |      | Balance forward              | 4   | 1     | 7 |
|     | P.T. 17s. 6d 1 0                      | _ 33   | 19 | 2    |                              |     |       |   |
| -   | harity Commissioners' In              |        |    |      |                              |     |       |   |
| -   | terest on Capital                     | . 3    | 9  | 3    |                              |     |       |   |
| -   | terest on Capital, Tool               |        |    |      |                              |     |       |   |
| (   | harity Commissioners' Loan<br>Account | 112    | 0  | 0    |                              |     |       |   |
|     | Account                               |        |    |      |                              |     |       | _ |
|     |                                       | £156   | 3  | 5    | £                            | 156 | 3     | 5 |
|     |                                       | ===    | _  | _    |                              |     | - 10- |   |

(Signed) J. SANCROFT HOLMES, Trustees.

Examined and found correct, (Signed) John Pipe.

## CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR JULY.

7. Th. Cottagers' Flower Show, in the grounds of Caltofts.

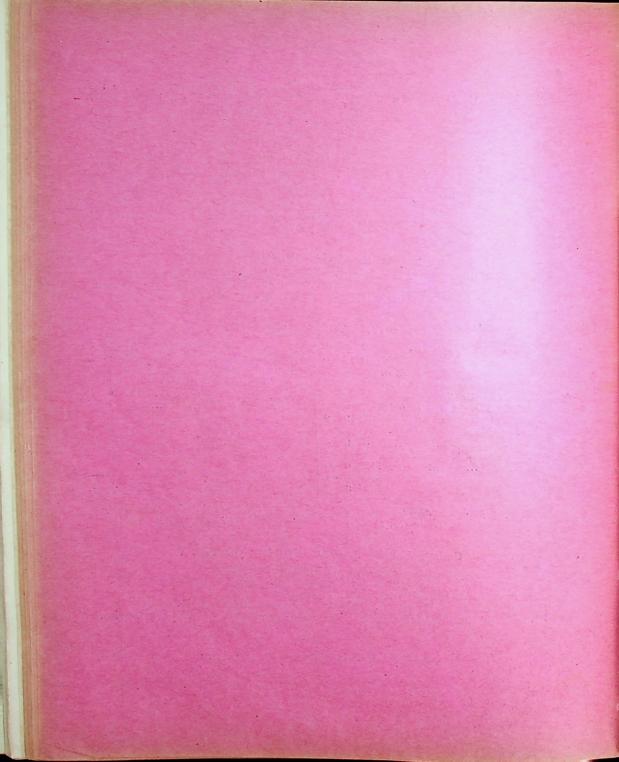
10. Sun. 5th after Trinity. Holy Communion, St. John's, at 10.30 a.m. Service.

22, Fr. C.M.S. Sale of Work at Mrs. Everson's.

25, M. St. James the Apostle. Morning Prayer, St. John's, 11.15.

31, Sun. 8th after Trinity. Holy Communion, Redenhall, at 10.30 a.m. Service.



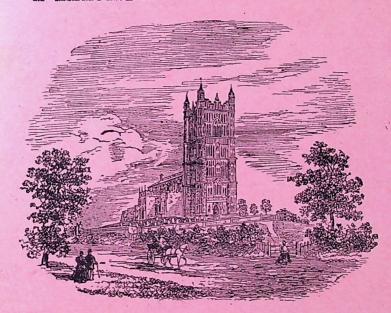


# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

# WORTWELL

PARISII MAGAZINE.



### FXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

### BAPTISMS.

Hilda Dora Delphine, daughter of Charles and Lucy Hannah Skinner. June 26.

Florence Eliza May, daughter of Robert and Rosa Easy Vyse. 29. Dorothy Ettie, daughter of Herbert and Henrietta Mehew.

July Alice Maud, daughter of Ernest and Jane Barrett. 3.

Nellie Victoria, daughter of John Henry and Ellen Leggett.

11 Henry Thomas, son of George and Miriam Mason.

Julia Dorothea, daughter of Christopher Claydon and Julia Hall. 13. Ida Gladys, daughter of Frederic George and Minnie Helen Miles.

#### BURIAL.

June 28. Alice Martin, aged 26 years.

### DIOCESAN INSPECTION OF OUR SCHOOLS.

The Diocesan Inspector, the Rev. R. H. Sneyd, Rector of Earsham, paid his annual visit of inspection to the Wortwell School on 21st June, and to the Redenhall Schools on 23rd June. He reports upon them as follows to the Managers :-

### WORTWELL,

"The children in the Upper Division passed a very good examination in the Scripture subjects, but the Prayer-Book was not so well known. The class consisting of Standard I. and Infants answered very well in all subjects and the repetition throughout the whole School was excellent.

"The following children are deserving of special commendation:-

Standards IV. to VI. Harry Barrett (prize). Jesse Blogg (certificate). Rose Palmer (c.). Levi Skinner (c.).

Standard III. William Dove (pr.). Ethel Rackham (c.). Arthur Dove (c.). Rose Mary Clarke (c). Arthur Bush.

Standard II. Catherine Skinner (pr.). Arthur Calver (c.).

Standard V. John Markwell (pr.). Kate Meen (c.)

Infants. John Sharman (pr.) Harry Skinner (c.)."

### REDENHALL: BOYS.

"The School has passed a good examination in Scripture and the Catechism, but the Prayer Book subject was not well known in the Upper Division. Much of the written work was very good.

"The following boys deserve special commendation :--

Standards V. to VII. Albert Brown (pr.). Fred Titlow (c.). Arthur Bugg (c.). Leonard Rayner (c.). George Smith. Horace Webb. Harry Barber.

Standard IV. Ben Johnston (pr.) Percy Rendall (c.). Charles Taylor. Harry Bugg. Arthur Colls.

Standard III. Wm. Tidnam (pr.). Fred Barber (c.). G. Gower (c.). Ernest Bussie (c.).

Standard II. Herbert Gardner (pr.). Arnold Rendall (c.).

Standard I. Jasper Lewis (pr.). Albert Cook (c.). Albert Bacon (c.). Percy Crowe."

### REDENHALL: GIRLS.

"The girls throughout the School answered very well in the Scripture subjects and the Catechism, but not equally well about the Order for Evening Prayer. Most of the written work was very satisfactory.

The following children deserve special commendation:-

Standards V. to VII.
Beatrice Barnard (pr.).
Mabel Goffin (c.).
Alice Barnard (c.).
Florence Peek (c.).
Nellie Clarke.
Bessie Rayner.
Agnes Barber.
Annie Taylor.
Annie Lynch.

Standard IV.
Lila Clarke (pr.)
Rose Webb (c.).
Standard III.
Nellie Rayner (pr.).
Ethel Taylor (c.).
Beatrice Bussie (c.).

Standard II.
Bessie Keeley (pr.).
Standard I.
Annie Reeve (pr.)
Jessie Rayner (c.).
Maggie Rose.
Hilda Keeley."

### REDENHALL: INFANTS.

"The two classes of Infants showed an intelligent knowledge of the subjects in which they had been instructed, and the repetition was very good.

"The following children deserve special commendation:—

Elsie Calver (pr.). Ethel Spence (c.). Eva Warmoll (pr.). Mildred Clarke (c.)."

### VOLUNTARY SCHOOL RATE FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

### REDENHALL WITH HARLESTON.

The estimated cost of maintaining these Schools for the year ending 30th September, 1898, is £529 16s., which, added to an adverse balance of £66 15s. 11d. at the beginning of the year raises the sum required by the Managers to £596 11s. 11d. To meet this requirement we have Government grants, £378 6s.; endowments, £59; balance of last year's rate, £39 0s. 1d.; payment for fuel, etc., from Night School, £1 0s. 8d., making a total of £477 6s. 9d. If to this be added £125, the sum calculated to be raised by a voluntary rate of 6d. in the £, the Managers will have an income of £602 6s. 9d. for the year, to meet the above-mentioned expenditure of £596 11s. 11d.

The cost of the new buildings recently erected in connection with the Girls' and Infants' Schools was £197 8s. 7d. To meet this the Trustees of the Dove Trust have, with the consent of the Charity Commissioners sold out stock amounting in all to £172. There is consequently a small deficit of £25 on this account to be met also.

The Managers therefore earnestly appeal to the parishioners generally to give them a sixpenny rate this year in order to place the Schools in a satisfactory financial position.

### SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

The Annual Sermons on behalf of this venerable Society, which in three years' time will complete its two hundredth year of service to the Church, were preached in our parish on Sunday, 26th June. The collections amounted to £5 16s. 6½d. in the Parish Church, and £3 13s. 7½d. in St. John's, making a total of £9 10s. 2d.

### HARLESTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.]

A very successful Cottagers' Show was held in the grounds of Caltofts, Harleston, by kind permission of Mrs. Youngs, on Thursday, July 7th. The flowers and fruit and other things exhibited were of a highly satisfactory character, and reflected great credit on the skill and taste of the exhibitors. The weather was most favourable, and the attendance exceptionally good. Two excellent Concerts were given, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, by the Harleston Musical Society under the direction of Mr. Wilson.

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The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Meade, of Earsham Hall.

# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

## WORTWELL

PARISII MAGAZINE.



#### BAPTISMS.

July 27. Edward Victor, son of William and Emma Tidnam. Ethel May, daughter of Edward Albert and Laura Ann Hurren.

### C.M.S. SALE OF WORK.

At the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Everson, a Garden Party and Sale of Work was held in their garden at Harleston, on Friday, 22nd July. The articles for sale, useful and ornamental, were the product of Mrs. Everson's Monthly Working Party, supplemented by gifts from friends, and they made a goodly array, as they were tastefully arranged on stalls under the trees. Unfortunately, the weather was anything but propitious, and everything had to be removed to the friendly shelter of a tent. The rain interfered not a little with the attendance, but in spite of it a considerable number both of parishioners and of neighbours assembled.

The Rev. C. Romilly, Missionary of the Society, who had promised to give an Address, was unavoidably prevented from fulfilling his engagement, but his place was kindly and ably taken by the Rev. Horace Price (also a missionary of the Society), who gave a very interesting account of work in Japan, and of the opportunity which, in the Providence of God, is now given for preaching the Gospel in that country. At the close of the Address, Mr. Price's father, the Vicar of Wingfield, exhibited and explained various articles connected with his

own Mission Work in India and East Africa.

The proceeds of the Sale will doubtless be augmented at some future time by a supplementary sale of what was not disposed of, as was the case last year.

While we sympathize in the disappointment which a wet day occasioned, we rejoice in the conviction that no such effort can be "in vain in the Lord." It is fruitful both in maintaining and increasing missionary zeal and interest, and in rendering material assistance to the great work of Missions.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

This Festival, or Treat, which is one of the brightest and most enjoyable of our annual parochial gatherings, was arranged this year for the usual day, the last Friday in July, so as to coincide with the breaking-up of the Day Schools for their harvest holidays. The weather, however, on the appointed day, was hopelessly against us. The frequent showers of the morning settled, by the time for assembling, into a constant downpour, while the soaked condition of the grass made games on the lawn out of the question. It was decided, therefore, to postpone the Treat till the next day in the hope of better weather. Happily, the better weather came, and Saturday proved a perfect day for our purpose. As is usually the case when days have to be changed, we lost some who would otherwise have been with us, not only Day School teachers, who kindly postpone their start for home in order to help us at the Treat, but parents and friends, and possibly some children also. However, it was a goodly gathering, and a most successful Treat. We have again to acknowledge the ready and valuable help of all the willing friends who contributed in so many ways to the success for which we have to be thankful.

We earnestly hope that we shall neither lose sight nor fall short of the true object which is contemplated by these Festivals. We would venture once again to impress upon parents the very great importance of making good use both of

our Sunday Schools and Day Schools in the education of their children. Especially we would plead that Church-people should send their children from their earliest years (we admit them at three years old) to our Church Sunday Schools, that so they may be trained from the beginning for the life and worship which their parents profess, and in which it should be their earnest desire that their children should follow them.

### MOTHERS' UNION FESTIVAL.

The annual gathering of our parochial branches of this Union was held this year at the Rectory, on Thursday, August 11th. The opening Service was held in the Parish Church, the Address being given by the Rev. C. F. Blyth, Rector of Witheringnett. Mr. Blyth took for his text some words in Psalm cxvi. 14: "Behold, O Lord, how that I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant, and the son of Thy handmaid." He said that this pleading with God by the Holy Psalmist, on the ground not only that he was himself the servant of God, but that he was the son of a mother who was His servant also, was very suggestive as to the influence and responsibility of a mother in respect of her children. The same expression occurred, he said, in another Psalm (lxxxvi. 16). In the course of a very clear and useful Address, Mr. Blyth worked out this thought, and gave many lessons of counsel and encouragement to Christian mothers.

After tea, Mrs. Slack, who had kindly come over from Diss for the purpose, spoke some very earnest and helpful words as a mother to mothers, on the duties

of women to their husbands and children.

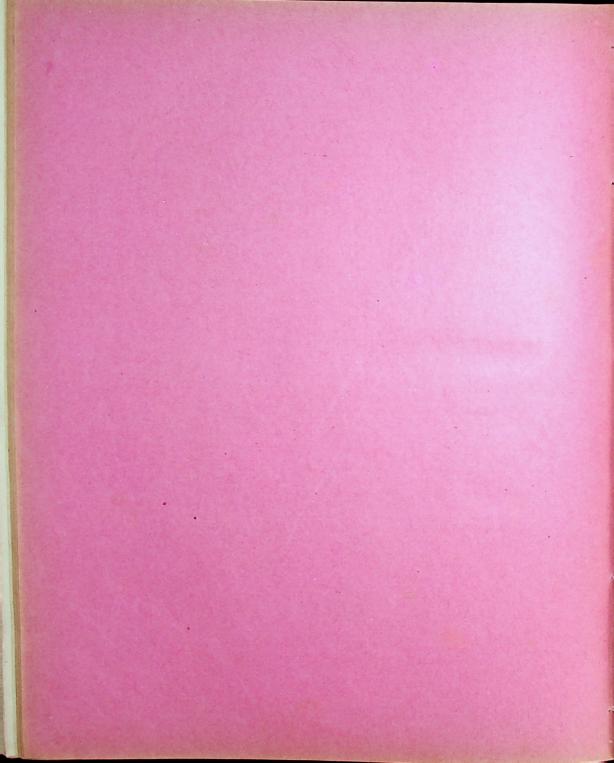
We speak on behalf of all who were present when we say that we are most thankful to both these friends for Addresses, which, by God's blessing, cannot fail to further the great cause of pure and wholesome and holy family life, which

the Mothers' Union has in view.

We must not omit either to thank Miss Jessie Dowson and Mr. Blyth for the charming songs they sang us in the course of the afternoon, adding greatly to the pleasure of our successful Festival. Not least were we thankful that Mrs. Sancroft Holmes, without whom our meeting would have been sadly incomplete, was able to be with us.

The Harleston section of our parochial Branch has suffered recently a great loss through the removal from the parish of Mrs. Stacey, who had kindly conducted at her house the meetings for that part of the parish, to the great help of all who attended them. Their parting gift of grateful esteem and affection touched and gratified her not a little. We are thankful to announce that Mrs. Youngs has very kindly consented, with the kindly promised aid of Mrs. Dowson, to carry on the Harleston meetings for the future at Caltofts.





# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

# WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



# EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

### BAPTISM.

Aug. 31. Stanley Arthur, son of Edward and Hannah Goshawk.

### BURIAL.

Aug. 25. Robert Rayner, aged 75 years.

### OUR NIGHT SCHOOLS.

These Schools will open for the winter session early in October. We hope to be ready to begin at Harleston on Monday evening, October 4th. The Managers are thinking of introducing this year a different course of instruction in connection both, as has been hitherto the case, with the Education Department, and also, as a new departure, with the County Council. The subjects taught would then be Drawing, Carpentry, and Lantern Lectures (on such a subject as geography). The plan has been tried with marked success in the neighbouring parish of Starston, and it ought to be at least equally successful in a parish like our own. There must be many lads in Harleston to whom such a course of instruction would be a real boon. Only we warn them that it is quite useless to take up this or any other thing worth doing, unless they mean to stick to it. Last winter our Night School began with 42, and ended with 21, in attendance. We wonder what good the 21 who came and went away again suppose they got by it. It is not so that we prosper, either for this world or the next.

We shall be glad to know if there are any Wortwell lads who would like to have a Night School this winter. Names may be sent either to Miss Green at the Day School, or to the Clergy. Anyhow, we hope to do something for the good people of Wortwell, as well as for other parts of the Parish.

### CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

- 9. S. 18th Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at St. John's after Morning Prayer.
- 18. Tu. St. Luke. Holy Communion at St. John's, S a.m.; Morning Prayer,
- 28. F. SS. Simon and Jude. Morning Prayer at St. John's, 11.15.
- 30. S. 21st Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at Redenhall after Morning Prayer.

### HARVEST FESTIVAL.

A Harvest Festival is not of distinctively Christian or even Jewish origin. It was not unknown among the heathen. The Roman law appointed holidays to be kept at the time of in-gathering of the fruits of the earth. The law courts were closed for all but urgent cases of crime. Law-suits, as we call them, had to stand over. The object of this enactment was that the country people might not be interrupted in their harvest. But the festal character of the season was not lost sight of. Some of us may remember the bright little picture, which Macau-

lay sketches of merry vintage-time, when the women had to do the work, because the men were all impressed for soldiers:—

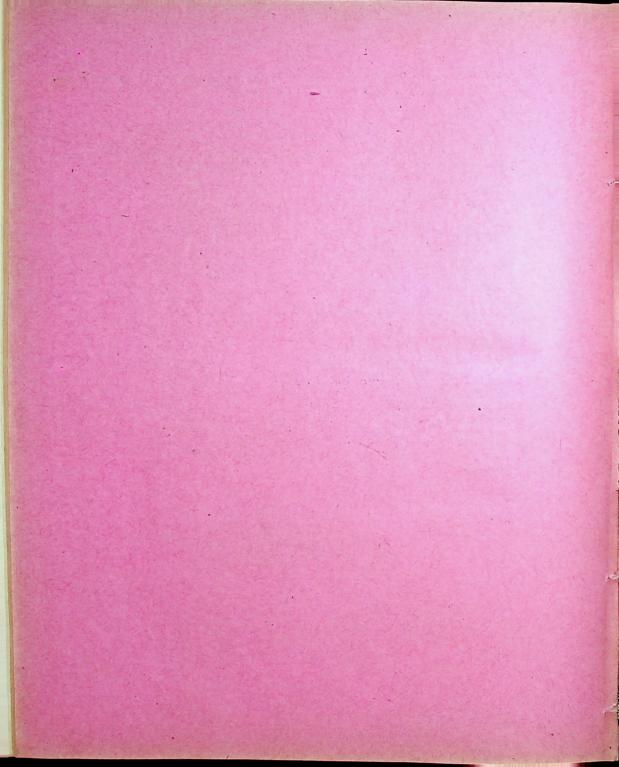
"This year the must shall foam Round the white feet of laughing girls, Whose sires have marched to Rome."

Among the Jews the Harvest Festival was lifted to a higher level. It was one of the three great feasts at which all their males were commanded to appear before God in the place which He had chosen. Two principal directions were given: Thou shalt rejoice in thy Feast; They shall not appear before the Lord empty. A spirit of murmuring and complaining, a cold, dull reception of God's good gifts was to be put away, and a selfish, niggardly spirit was no less to be avoided. God had crowned the year with His goodness. He had filled men's hearts with food and gladness. Those who received His benefits were to render Him the sacrifice of joyful hearts and thankful lips, and they were to give Him

of His own in willing, liberal gifts to His poor and needy.

In Christian times no rule is laid down. Our own branch of the Catholic Church has marked Rogation Days, but has no appointment for harvest. We may be thankful, however, that the religious observance of it as a festal season is now so generally recognised and sanctioned amongst us. Taking with us in our observance the lessons (for they are ours) of the Jewish Festival, thankful hearts and joyful lips, and bright services, and liberal offerings, we find in it also new lessons in Christ of spiritual and eternal import. We are reminded of the harvest of the life of each of us: Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. We are warned of the great separation in that harvest which is "the end of the world": Gather the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into My barn. We see in the glad in-gathering of the rich, earthly harvest a type of that Great Feast of the In-gathering, when the great multitude which no man can number, shall be safely brought in, and the great Harvest Hymn shall be sung by that countless throng: Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!





# REDENHALL, HARLESTON

AND

# WORTWELL

PARISH MAGAZINE.



### EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

### BAPTISM.

Oct. 15. Edward, son of Robert and Mary Ann Revell.

### BURIALS.

Sept. 24. Edward Victor Tidnam, aged 3 months.

,, 26. John Ward, aged 74 years.

28. Thomas Rayner, aged 81 years.

" 29. Henry Thomas Mason, aged 6 months.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Though his name does not appear in the monthly list of Extracts from our Parish Registers, for he was laid to rest beside his late wife in Weybread Churchyard, the death of James Watson Stote Donnison must not be suffered to pass without record in the pages of our Parish Magazine. Though he was, strictly speaking, a parishioner of Mendham, he had so long identified himself-both in the ministry and worship of the Church, and in his daily life and interest-with our parish, and especially with the Harleston portion of it, that he seemed to belong to us: and we feel his loss accordingly. We miss his familiar face and figure from amongst us, and bear in mind the cheerfulness and courtesy by which he was distinguished. For several years he was one of the Clergy of the Parish, ministering chiefly, though not exclusively, in the Old Chapel at Harleston, in the Registers of which he signs himself, "Curate of this Chapel." This was in the days when Archdeacon Oldershaw was Rector. During the time of the present Rector, until growing infirmity prevented him, he was a regular and devout worshipper at St. John's, and so long as his strength permitted, he was always ready to take part in the services. When no longer able to attend Church, it was his custom to join his old friend, Mr. Metcalfe (he, too, a former Curate of the parish), in the service for the Communion of the Sick, at his house. Not twenty-four hours before his death he was able, with perfect consciousness and evident enjoyment, to receive the Holy Sacrament. The epitome of his long life-for he lived to be more than 90 years of age-may be given in the text of a sermon, in which allusion was made to him, on the Sunday after his funeral: "Follow Me, by self-consecration to My service, by imitating My example in earthly life, by passing through 'the grave and gate of death,'" and through the Paradise of God to a joyful resurrection.

### HARVEST THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

Our Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in both our Churches on Sunday, 25th September. The sermons were preached by the clergy of the parish, and in the evening at St. John's by the Rev. K. Prescot, Rector of Denton. Willing offerings were again made of fruit and flowers, and of time and skill in arranging them, for the suitable decoration of the sacred edifices. The thank-offerings in money amounted to £7 14s. 2d. at Radenhall, and £6 10s. 1d. at Harleston, making a total of £14 4s. 3d. Of this sum, £7 7s. was sent to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and £4 4s. to the Lowestoft Convalescent Home, leaving a balance of £2 13s. 3d., which, in accordance with notice previously given, was applied to our Fund for Church expenses.

#### CHOIR TEA.

A tea, in lieu of an excursion, which it was not found possible to arrange for during the past summer, was given to the junior members of our Redenhall and Harleston choirs, on Friday, 30th September, After tea, a lecture was given on "Old London," illustrated by Magic Lantern slides. A happy evening was spent, and the encouragement given to the choir by the interest shown by the parishioners, out of whose subscriptions to the Choir Fund these entertainments are provided, is a help to us in our efforts to improve the singing in our Churches.

### CHURCH AND PARISH NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Tu. All Saints' Day. Service at St. John's at 11.30 a.m.

6. S. 22nd Sunday after Trinity. Children's Service at St. John's, 3 p.m.

S. 23rd Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion at St. John's after Morning Prayer.

20. S. Sunday next before Advent. Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for 25th Sunday after Trinity.

27. S. Advent Sunday. Holy Communion, St. John's, 8 a.m.; Parish Church, after Morning Prayer.

30. W. St. Andrew. Intercession for Foreign Missions. St. John's: Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Service of Intercession, 11,30 a.m.

#### THE CLERGY OF OUR PARISH.

With sincere and general regret we have parted with Mr. Brown, who, for nearly five years, has faithfully and earnestly discharged his duties amongst us as a Curate of the parish. We are sure that the regret is mutual, and that no less urgent call than that of a father upon a son for help in declining strength in the work of his parish would have induced Mr. Brown to leave us. He takes with him the kindly regard of us all, and our good wishes and prayers for his happiness and usefulness in his future life and ministry. His place will not be permanently filled up till the end of the year. It is hoped that at the General Ordination of the Bishop of Norwich, on the 4th Sunday in Advent next, Mr. G. H. Goddard, B.A., of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, will be ordained Deacon, to serve in our parish. At the same Ordination, Mr. Thurburn hopes to be admitted to the Order of Priesthood. In view of so important a day for our parish, we shall do well to forestall the Ember season, and begin at once to use our Ember Prayers.

